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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

A DISTANT RELATION TO THE

POET OF THEBES.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

D U B L I N:

Printed by William Porter,

FOR A. COLLES, L. WHITE, P. BYRNE, J. JONES, AND
J. MOORE.

M,DCC,XCI.



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MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES

OF

PETER PINDAR, Esq.

THE lives of literary men are generally so little employed in the bustle of the world, that their characters are perhaps more properly deducible from the nature of their compositions, than from any observations of their conduct. The present subject, however, of our biographic notice has mixed so much with mankind, and has been distinguished for such an extensive intercourse with the various conditions of human life, that nothing of the usual barren uniformity of literary pursuits

is

is to be deemed descriptive of his career; though indeed it must be acknowledged that all representations of it, not furnished by himself, must necessarily be considered as partial and inadequate.

THE gentleman then who has figured in the Poetical World under the appellation of PETER PINDAR, in reality bears the name of W—LC—T, and is descended from a respectable family in Devonshire. He was bred to the study of physic, and practised sometime with success in Cornwall; but notwithstanding that he applied himself very seriously to his profession, a genius like his could not be restrained within the dull limits of formal business; he was therefore found frequently addressing the ladies of Helicon. In this country he formed a connection with the late Sir William Trelawny, and followed his fortunes to Jamaica, of which island he was made Governor during the Administration of Lord Shelburne. At this place we find the Doctor at the summit of medical elevation, by being appointed Physician General

neral to the Island, enjoying and enjoyed by the lively inhabitants. If we do not mistake, the Doctor, during his residence in this island, was induced to enter into the clerical function, on a prospect of important preferment: but being disappointed, he relinquished the profession of a divine before his departure for England, and has never since resumed it. This circumstance of his life we understand honest Peter has always been unwilling to acknowledge; but as impartial Biographers, we think it our duty to reveal it to our readers.—On his return to England, he resumed and pursued his original profession for several years; but chusing, as it is said he often has wisely declared, rather to live happy on *one* guinea than miserable on *ten*, he quitted the gloomy chambers of sickness for the chearful region of Parnassus. It is needless to observe what opportunity of penetrating into the character, and observing the weakness of human nature, the Doctor must have derived from his profession; and how far this might tend to assist him in his poetical

tical pursuits. The Doctor's attachment to poetry, however, at last obtained such an ascendancy over him, that though his reputation as a physician was very high in his native country, and consequently productive of considerable emolument, he found it impossible to extinguish the poetic fervor: and as the confined sphere in which he moved in Cornwall could not afford sufficient materials to exercise, or sufficient entertainment to gratify a genius like his, he entirely relinquished his medical profession, and commenced his literary career in a place more adapted to his powers, the ample field of the Metropolis.—

And here it must be observed, that the Doctor enjoyed an advantage seldom possessed by poets in general; for having some family inheritance of his own, large enough to supply all the decent comforts of life, he was under no necessity of courting the favour or submitting to the controul of Booksellers; and he was therefore enabled to give an unbridled indulgence to the bent of his genius, which seems vehemently to have directed him

him to satire; in which he has certainly equalled the first writers this country has produced.

It now becomes us to make such references to the works of this versatile author as may justify the high opinion we have declared of his genius; which indeed is of so Protean a kind, that it appears in almost every shape; and while one fallacy of his fancy excites our admiration, another perhaps immediately occurs of so very different a species, that it is hardly possible to suppose they were both the progeny of the same mind. In one respect we confess, however, there is a drawback on our partiality to this author; and that arises from the freedom in which he has suffered his Muse to indulge herself on the character of a Great Personage. Kings are characters should not be slightly sported with, for they are actually necessary to the peace and decorum of Society; which, besides the solid support of useful laws, derives considerable strength from the reverence in which the first Magistrate of a country is held
by

by the generality of the people: for however just the censure, the character should be sacred; though to the credit of our author it must be acknowledged, that his effusions seem more characterised by good humour than by the acrimonious severity which disgraces the lays of Churchill, and the Letters of the elegant but virulent Junius. There is, however, one circumstance in the life of our author which, as it tends to the support of a beautiful art, deserves to be recorded. Let it then be mentioned, that to him is PAINTING indebted for OPIE. This great Artist was found by our author in the mines of Cornwall, where his genius first discovered itself in such rude efforts as might have passed unobserved by a less intelligent eye than that of the Doctor, who saw in its roughest shape the excellence which has since expanded into such importance.

As far as we have been able to trace the poetical career of our author, his works have appeared in the following order. His first production

tion was an *Epistle to the Reviewers*, a composition of truly ironical and laughable satire. The next offspring of his Muse was *Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians*, which, with all their merit, we must confess, in some of the strictures, are deficient in candour, and appear to flow more from a love of satire, than from a conviction of the demerits of the objects of his critical severity. We dare cite Mr. *West* as an instance, who, though far from a perfect painter, was entitled to more respect from our author. His next work was *Lyric Odes* on the same subject, with the same severity and humour, and, we are afraid, with the same want of candour.

DURING the intervals of his Odiac effusions our author produced *The Loufiad*, a Mock-Heroic Poem, abounding in wit, humour and strength; but at the same time defective in that respect due from a subject to his sovereign *. Peter should
have

* The foundation of the *Loufiad* was a discovery made by his Majesty one evening at supper of a *something* on his plate

have recollected the old adage, that " Truth is
 " not to be spoken at all times." Our au-
 thor's next performance was his *Epistle to James
 Boswell, Esq.* The subject was undoubtedly fair
 game, and fully justified the lash of his *Juvena-*
lian severity. This Poem, for novelty of ima-
 gery, strength of satire, and glow of poetry,
 may rank with any production in our language.
 The next labour of his pen was *Bozzy and Piozzy*,
 a just ridicule of vain and ignorant biographers.
 After this appeared *Ode upon Ode*, in which Kings,
 Laureats, Lords, Ladies, Knights, Fiddlers, and
Amateurs, are treated with unmerciful severity.
 To this succeeded *An Apolegetic Postscript*, ironi-

plate that had green peas on it. We have endeavoured to
 detect the object that created so much disgust. From the best
 information we find it to have been a *hair* from the human
 head; which PETER, by a *licentia poetica*, converted into a
 LOUSE. Thus much happened in consequence of his Ma-
 jesty's discovery, viz. the cooks, scullions, &c. &c. were forced
 to submit to the dreadful operation of shaving, to the number
 of fifty, and great was their displeasure thereat. This we can
 vouch for; but whether it is a *proper* subject for the poet's
 ridicule or not, is a question that may admit of some contro-
 versy.

cally

cally justifying the wanton ridicule of the preceding publication; and which indeed may be considered as a witty repetition of his satirical offences. The next work in order, as well as we can recollect, was the *Second Canto* of the *Loufiad*, breathing the same spirit of ridicule, replete with the same novelty of imagery and strength of numbers. The ensuing production is entitled *Instructions to a celebrated Laureat*, possessing a vein of ironical wit and humour equal if not superior to any of his publications. The next performance of our author was *Brother Peter to Brother Tom*, an expostulatory Epistle, no way inferior to any of his former productions in wit and satire.

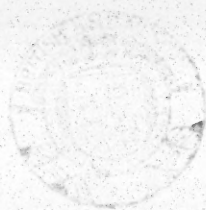
The pieces added in the new Edition, are the following—*Peter's Pension*; in which our author displays a vein of the most elegant irony, but tinged with the same disrespect for *Majesty*, which has stained some of his other Works.—*Peter's Prophecy*, followed by, *Sir Joseph Banks*
and

and the Emperor of Morocco—In these two highly-wrought productions, the *mania* of a *Virtuoso* is finely caricatured, in a strain of humour, which, in the latter particularly, we fancy must have extorted a smile from the risible muscles of Sir Joseph himself, the Quixote of the piece. The latter seems to be founded on a passage in Dr. Young's Satires.—These are followed by, *An Epistle to a Falling Minister, Subjects or Painters, Expostulatory Odes, &c. &c.* in all of which appear the same ebullitions of fancy, wit and genuine humour, which characterize even the smallest *morceaux* which flow from the pen of this eccentric and truly original Genius.

A
POETICAL, SUPPLICATING, MODEST,
AND
AFFECTING EPISTLE
TO THOSE
LITERARY COLOSSUSES,
THE
REVIEWERS.

Carmines, Di Superi placantur, Carmines, Manes.

B



TO THE
R E V I E W E R S.

FATHERS of Wisdom—a poor wight befriend!

O hear my simple prayer in simple lays:

In *formâ pauperis* behold I bend,

And of your Worships ask a little praise.

I am no cormorant for fame, d'ye see;

I ask not *all* the laurel, but a *sprig*!

Then hear me, Guardians of the sacred Tree,

And stick a leaf or two about my wig.

In sonnet, ode, and Legendary tale,

Soon will the press my tuneful works display;

Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the sale;

And your petitioner shall ever pray.

My labours damn'd, the Muse with grief will groan—

The censure dire my lantern jaws will rue!

Know I have teeth and stomach like your own,

And that I wish to *eat* as well as you.

I never said, like murderers in their dens,

You secret met in cloud-clapp'd garret high,

With hatchets, scalping-knives in shape of pens,

To bid, like Mohocks, hapless authors die:

Nor said, (in your Reviews, together strung)
 The limbs of butcher'd writers, cheek by jowl,
 Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung
 Before the hungry spider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declar'd that frightful as the Blacks,
 In greasy flannel caps you met together,
 With scarce a rag of shirt about your backs,
 Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather.

Heav'n knows I'm innocent of all transgression
 Against your honours, men of classic fame!
 I ne'er abus'd your critical profession,
 Whose *dictum* saves at once or damns a name.

I never question'd your profound of head,
 Nor *vulgar*, call'd your wit, your manners *coarse*;
 Nor swore on butcher'd authors that you fed
 Like carrion crows upon a poor dead horse.

I never said, that, pedlar-like, you sold
 Praise by the ounce, or pound, like snuff or cheese;
 Too well I knew you silver scorn'd and gold—
 Such dross, a sage Reviewer seldom sees!

I never hinted that with half-a-crown
 Books have been sent you by the scribbling tribe;
 Which fee hath purchas'd pages of renown:
 No, for I knew you'd spurn the *paltry* bribe.

I ne'er averr'd, you critics to a man,
 For pence, would swear an owl excell'd the lark;
 Nor call'd a coward gang, your grave divan,
 That stabb'd, like base assassins, in the dark.

I never prais'd, or blam'd, an author's book,
 Until your wise opinions came abroad;
 On these with holy rev'rence did I look;
 With you I prais'd, or blam'd, so help me G-d!

The fam'd Longinus all the world must know :

The gape of wonder Aristarchus drew,
As well as Alexander's tutor, lo!

All! all great critics, gentlemen, like *you*.

Did any ask me, " Pray, Sir, your opinion,

" Of those Reviewers, who so bold bestride
" The world of learning, and with proud dominion,
" High on the backs of crouching authors ride:"

Quick have I answer'd, in a rage, " odst blood!

" No work like theirs such criticism conveys :
" Not all the timber of Dodona's wood
" E'er pour'd more sterling oracle than *they*."

Did others cry, " whate'er their brains indite,

Befure is excellent, a partial crew!
With Iö Pæans usher'd to the light,
And prais'd to folly in the next Review:"

This was my answer, to each snarling elf,

(My eye-balls fill'd with fire, my mouth with foam)
" Zounds! is not justice due to one's dear self?
" And should not charity begin at home?"

Full often I've been question'd with a sneer—

" Think you one could not bribe'em?" ' Not a Na-
' tion.'

" A beef-steak, with a pot or two of beer,
" Might save a little volume from damnation."

Furious I've answer'd, " Lo! my Lord Carlisle

" Hath begg'd, in vain, a feat in Fame's old tem-
" ple;

" Tho' *you* applaud, their wisdoms will not smile,
" And what they disapprove is curst simple.

" Could

- " Could gold succeed, enough the peer might raise,
 " Whose wealth would buy the critics o'er and o'er:
 " 'Tis merit only can command their praise,
 " Witness the volumes of Miss Hannah More *.
 " The *Search for Happiness*, that beauteous song,
 " Which all of us would give our ears to own;
 " The *Captive Percy*, that like mustard strong,
 " Makes our eyes weep, and understandings † groan."

Hail, Bristol town! Boeotia now no more,
 Since Garrick's Sappho sings, tho' rather slowly.
 All hail, Miss Hannah! worth at least a score,
 Ay twenty score of Chatterton and Rowley.

Men of prodigious parts are mostly shy;
 Great Newton's self this failing did inherit;
 Thus, frequent, *you* avoid the public eye,
 And hide, in lurking holes, a world of merit.

Yet oft your cautious modesties I see,
 When from your bow'r with bats you wing the dark:
 And Sundays, when no catchpoles prowl for prey,
 On æther, dining in St. James's-Park.

Meek Sirs! in frays you choose not to appear,
 A circumstance most natural to suppose,
 And therefore hide your precious heads, for fear
 Some angry bard abused should pull your nose.

The world's loud plaudit, lo! you don't desire,
 Nor do you hastily on books decide;
 But first at ev'ry coffee-house enquire,
 How, in is favour, runs the public tide.

* A Lady talked of for her poetical Productions, and emphatically called by a certain Class of Readers, the tenth Muse.

† A pair of Tragedies.

There, Wisdom, often with a critic's wig,
 The face demure, knit brows, and forehead scowling;
 I've seen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,
 Mousing for faults, or if you'll have it, *owling*.

Herculean gentlemen! I dread your drubs;
 Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes!
 Strung with new strength beneath your maffy clubs,
 Alas! I shall not an Antæus rise.

Lo, like an elephant along the ground,
 Great Caliban, the giant Johnson stretcht!
 The British Roscius too your clubs confound,
 Whose fame the furthest of the stars hath reach'd.

If such so easy funk beneath your might,
 Ye Gods! I may be done for in a trice:
 Hurl'd by your rage to everlasting night—
 Crack'd with that ease a beggar cracks his lice.

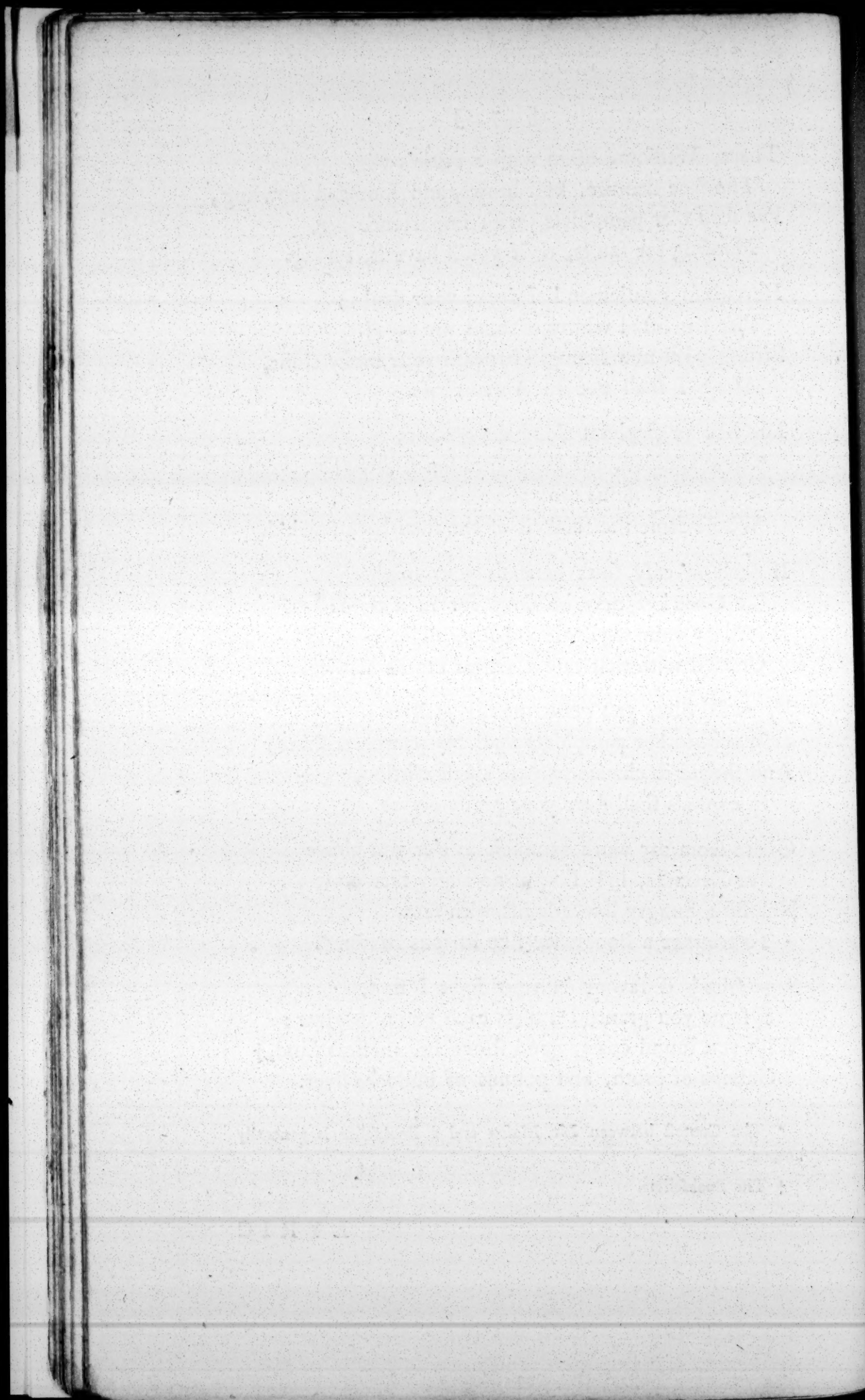
If, awful Sirs, you grant me my petition;
 With brother pamphlets shall my pamphlet shine;
 And should it chance to pass a first edition,
 In capitals shall stare your praise divine.

Quote from my work as much as e'er you please
 For Extracts, lo! I'll put no angry face on;
 Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fist with fees,
 To trounce a Bookseller like furious Mason*.

Sage Sirs! if favour in your sight I find,
 If fame you grant, I'll bless each gen'rous giver:
 With you sound coats, good stomachs, masters kind,†
 Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullocks liver.

* The Contest between Mr. Mason and a Bookseller is generally known.

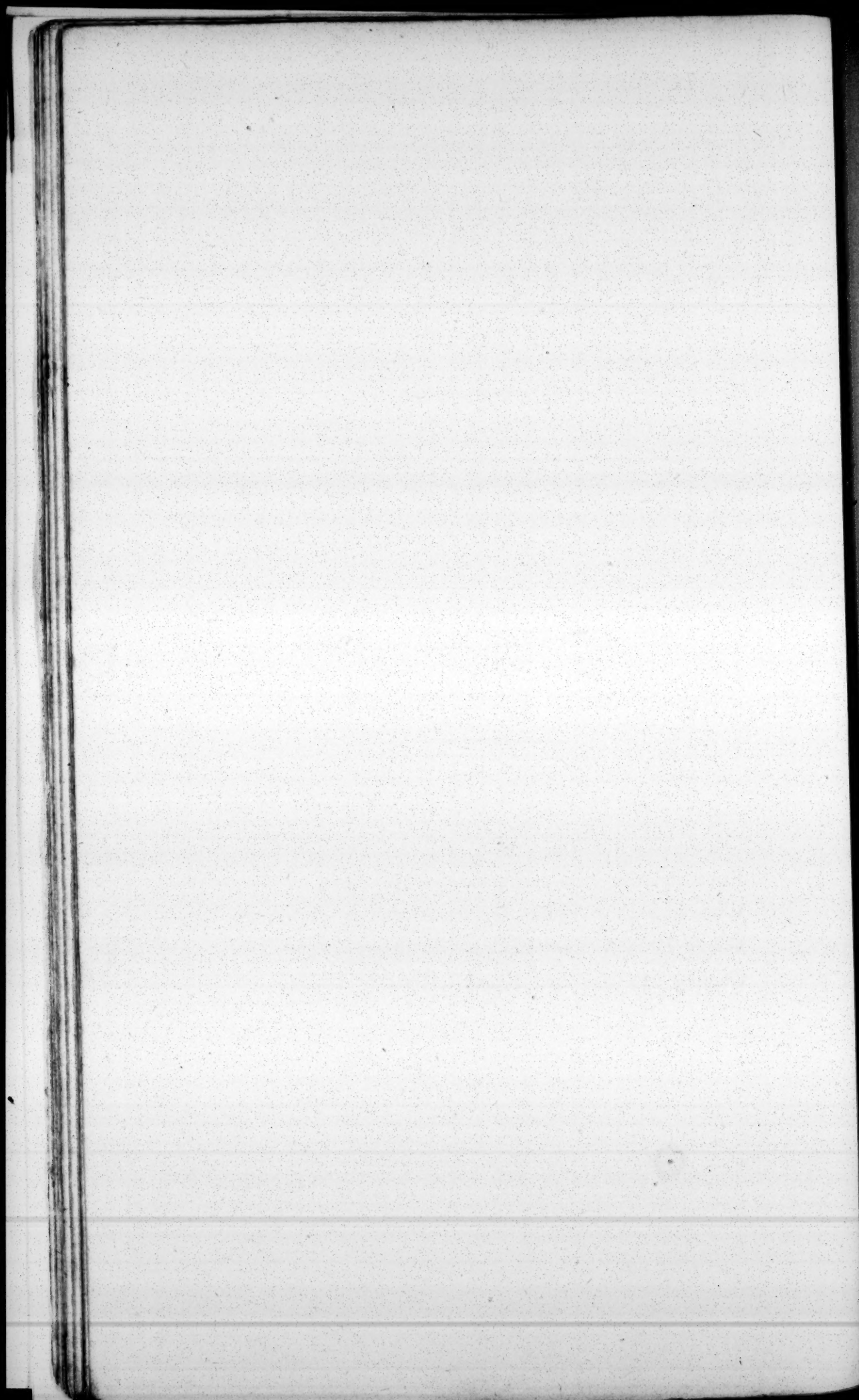
† The Booksellers.



LYRIC ODES,
TO THE
ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,
FOR THE YEAR M.DCC.LXXXII.

— *Arma virosque cano.*

Paint and the Men of Canvas fire my Lays,
Who show their Works for Profit and for Praise;
Whose Pockets know most comfortable Fillings—
Gaining *two Thousand Pounds* a Year by *Shillings*.



LYRIC ODES.

O D E I.

PETER giveth an Account of his great RELATION—
boasteth—*praiseth* Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS and
SOMERSET HOUSE—*applaudeth* Sir JOSHUA REY-
NOLDS, and *sheweth* deep classic Learning.

MY Cousin Pindar, in his Odes,
Applauded Horse-jockeys and Gods,
Wrestlers and Boxers in his verse divine!
Then shall not I, who boast his fire,
And old hereditary lyre,
To British Painters give a golden line?

Say, shall yon Dome stupendous rise,
Striking with Attic front the skies—
The nursing-dame of many a Painting Ape;*
And I immortal rhyme refuse,
To tell the nations round the news,
And make posterity with wonder gape?

Spirit

* *Painting Ape*.—This expression is by no means meant to convey the idea of insult.—There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it.—The reader

Spirit of Cousin Pindar, ho!
 By all thy Odes, the world shall know,
 That *Chambers* plann'd it—Be his name rever'd!—
 Sir *William's* journeymen and tools,
 (No pupils of the Chinese schools)
 With stone, and wood, and lime the fabric rear'd!

Thus having put the Knight in rhyme,
 Stone, men, and timber, tools and lime;
 Now let us see what this rare Dome contains—
 Where rival Artists for a name,
 Bit by that glorious mad-dog Fame,
 Have fixt the labours of their brush and brains.

O Muse! Sir *Joshua's* master-hand
 Shall first our lyric laud command—
 Lo! Tarleton dragging on his boot so tight!
 His Horses feel a godlike rage,
 And long with Yankies to engage—
 I think I hear them snorting for the fight!

Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing!
 I wish indeed their manes so flowing
 Were more like hair—the brutes had been as good,
 If, flaming with such classic force,
 They had resembled less that horse
 Call'd Trojan—and by Greeks compos'd of wood.

Now to yon Angel let us go—
 A fine performance too, I trow,
 Who rides a Cloud—indeed a poorish hack—
 Which to my mind doth *certés* bring
 That easy bum-delighting thing,
 Rid by the Chancellor—yclep'd a Sack.

reader will please to recollect, that Painting is an imitative art—Monkeys are prodigious imitators—witness my own Odes.—Besides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton by a similar allusion.

Yet,

Yet, *Reynolds*, let me fairly say,
 With pride I pour the lyric lay
 To most things by thy able hand exprest—
 Compar'd, alas! to other men,
 Thou art an eagle to a wren!
 Now, Mrs. Mule, attend on Mr. *West*.

O D E II.

PETER *falleth foul on Mr. WEST for representing our
 Blessed REDEEMER like an OLD-CLOTHES-MAN—
 and for misrepresenting the APOSTLES—PETER de-
 scribeth St. PAUL, and JUDAS and the APOSTLES—
 Cutteth up Mr. WEST's Angels—Attacketh another Pic-
 ture of Mr. WEST's—Weepeth over the hard Fate of
 PRINCE OCTAVIUS and AUGUSTUS, Children of our
 Most Glorious Sovereign.*

O WEST, what hath thy pencil done?
 Why, painted God Almighty's Son,
 Like an Old-clothes-man, about London Street!
 Place in his hand a rusty bag,
 To hold each sweet collected rag;
 We then shall see the character complete.
 Th' Apostles too, I'm much afraid,
 Were not the fellows thou hast made—
 For Heav'n's sake, *West*, pray rub them out again—
 There's not a mortal who believes
 They look'd like old * *Salvator's* Thieves,
 Although they might not look like *Gentlemen*.

* *Salvator Rosa*, happy in his characters of *Banditti*.

St. Paul most candidly declares,
 He could not give himself high airs
 Upon his person—which was rather homely—
 But really, as for all the rest,
 Save Judas, who was a rank beast,
 They all were decent labourers, and comely.

Thy *Spirits* too can't boast the graces—
 Two Indian Angels by their faces—
 But speak—where are their wings to mount the wind?
 One wou'd suppose M'Bride * had met 'em—
 If thou hast spare ones, quickly get 'em,
 Or else the lads will both be left behind.

Ghost of Octavius! tell the Bard,
 And thou, Augustus, us'd so *hard*,
 Why *West* hath murder'd you, my tender lambs?
 You bring to mind vile Richard's deed,
 Who bid your Royal Cousins bleed,
 For which the world the Tyrant's mem'ry damns.

West, I must own thou dost inherit
 Some portion of the painting spirit—
 But trust me—not extraordinary things—
Some merit thou must surely own,
 By getting up so near the throne,
 And gaining whispers from the Best of Kings.

* Capt. M'Bride, famous for *winging* men of war, as well as partridges.—See his Letter to the Admiralty.

O D E III.

PETER *administereth sage Advice to very young Painters.*

PEOPLE must mount by slow degrees to Glory—
 'Tis Stairs must lead us to the Attic story—
 Thus thought my GREAT old Name-fake, PETER CZAR;
 Who bound himself, in Holland, to a trade;
 A very pretty Carpenter he made;
 And then went * home, and built a Man of War.

The Lad who would a 'Pothecary shine,
 Should powder Claws of Crabs, and Jalap, fine,
 Keep the Shop clean, and watch it like a Porter:
 Learn to boil Glysters—nay, to *give* them too,
 If blinking Nurfes can't the bus'ness do;
 Write well the Labels, and wipe well the Mortar.

Before that Boys can rise to Master-Tanners,
 Humble those Boys must be, and mind their man-
 ners;
 Despising PRIDE, whose wish it is to wreck 'em:
 And mornings, with a bucket and a stick,
 Should never once disdain to pick,
 From street to street, fair lumps of *Album Gracum*.

Thus should young Limning Lads themselves de-
 mean;
 Learn how to keep their Masters Brushes clean,
 And learn to squeeze the Colours from the Bladders—
 Furbish up Rags—the shining Pallet set—
 Keep the Knives bright—and eke the Easel neat—
 Such arts, to Fame's high Temple are the Ladders.

* To Russia.

Young Men—so useful are the arts I mention ;
 (Believe me, not an atom is invention).
 The Instant that I pen this Ode, I know
 A Jew-like, shock-poll'd, scrubby, short, black Man,
 More like a Cobler than a Gentleman—
 Working on Canvass, like a dog in dough.

 By Heavens ! with scarce more knowledges than
 these,
 He earns a Guinea ev'ry Day with ease ;
 Attempteth heads of Princes, Dogs, Cats, 'Squires—
 Now on a Monkey vent'reth—now a Saint—
 Talks of *himself*, and much himself admires,
 And struts the veriest *Bantam Cock* of *Paint*.

 But mind me, Youths, I don't Conceit advise,
 Because 'tis fulsome to men's ears and eyes ;
 Whose tongues might cover you with ridicule—
 And pray, who loves the appellation, *Fool* ?

 Yet, if in spite of all the Muse can say,
 You will *insist* on going the wrong way,
 And *wish* to be a Laughing-stock—
 Copy our little old black Bantam Cock—

 Whose soul, moreover of such sort is—
 With so much acrimony overflows,
 As makes him, wherefoe'er he goes,
 A walking Thumb-bottle of *Aqua-fortis*.

O D E IV.

*The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH'S
PIG—Recommendeth LANDSCAPE to the Artist.*

AND now, O Muse, with song so big,
Turn round to *Gainsb'rough's* Girl and Pig,
Or Pig and Girl I rather should have said:
The Pig in white, I must allow,
Is really a well-painted Sow:
I wish to say the same thing of the Maid.

As for poor St. Leger and Prince,
Had I their places I should wince,
Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high:
Just like your felons after death,
On Bagshot, or on Hounslow Heath,
That force from travellers the pitying sigh.

Yet *Gainsborough* has great merit too,
Wou'd he his charming *fort* pursue—
To mind his Landscape have the modest grace—
Yet there sometimes are Nature's tints despis'd:
I wish them more attended to, and priz'd,
Instead of Trump'ry that usurps their place.

O D E V.

PETER quarrelleth with FAT—proveth its fatal Inconveniences—Accounteth for the Leanness and Rags of the MUSES—Displayeth Military Science—Telleth a wonderful Story of a SPANISH MARQUIS—Talketh sensibly of a Greyhound, a Hawk, and a Race-Horse—Painteth out the proper Subjects for Grease.

PAINTERS and Poets never should be Fat—
 Sons of Apollo! listen well to that.
 Fat is foul weather—dims the Fancy's sight:
 In poverty, the wits more nimbly muster:
 Thus Stars, when pinch'd by frost, cast keener
 lustre
 On the black blanket of OLD MOTHER NIGHT.

Your heavy Fat, I will maintain,
 Is perfect Birdlime of the Brain:
 And, as to Goldfinches the birdlime clings—
 Fat holds Ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat flattens the most brilliant Thoughts,
 Like the Buff-Stop on Harpsichords, or Spinnets—
 Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,
 That would have chirp'd away like Linnets.

Not only Fat is hurtful to the Arts,
 But LOVE, at Fat—ev'n LOVE ALMIGHTY starts—
 LOVE hates large, lubberly, fat, clumsy Fellows,
 Panting and blowing like a Blacksmith's Bellows.

In Parliament, amidst the various chat,
 What eloquence of NORTH's is lost by Fat!
 Mute in his head-piece on his bosom hung,
 How many a Speech hath slept upon his Tongue!

So far Apollo's right, I need must own,
 To keep his Sons and Daughters high in bone:
 The NINE too, as from History we glean,
 Are, like Don Quixote's ROSINANTE, lean;

Who likewise fancy all incumbrance bad,
 And therefore travel very thinly clad;
 Looking like Damsels just escap'd from jails,
 With backs *al fresco*, and with tatter'd tails.

How, with large rolls of Fat, would act
 A Soldier, or a Sailor?

And 'tis a well-attested fact,

Apollo was as nimble as a Taylor.

How could he else have caught that handsome flirt,
 MISS DAPHNE, racing through the pools and dirt?

The Marquis of CERONA, of great Parts,

Could scarce support himself, he was so big—

He starv'd—drank Vinegar by pints and quarts,

And got down to a Christian—from a Pig.

Some Author says, his skin (but some will doubt him)

Would fold a half-a-dozen times about him.

Reader!—of lie I urge not an iota:

His skin would really round his body come,

Though tight before as parchment on a drum—

Just like a Portuguese Capota.—

Yes—yes—indeed I solemnly repeat,

Painters and Bards should very little eat:

No matter, verily, how slight their fare—

Nay, though Camelion-like they fed on air—

Else they're, like Ladies much inclin'd to Feeding,
 Who, often when they fatten, leave off Breeding;
 Or, like the Hen, facetious Æsop's story,
 So known—I shall not lay the Tale before ye.

You would not load with Fat, a Running-Horse,
 Or Greyhound you design to course;
 Nor would you fatten up the Hawk,
 You mean to nimble birds to talk.

Then pray, young Brushmen, if you wish to thrive,
 And keep your Genius, and the Art alive,
 Gobble not quantities of flesh and fish up:
 BEINGS who can no harm from Fat receive,
 May feast securely—then for Heav'n's sake leave
 Grease to an Alderman, a Hog, or Bishop.

○ D E VI.

PETER *flattereth* Mr. MASON CHAMBERLIN—and *that*
most brilliant Landscape-Painter, Mr. LOUTHER-
BOURGH—PETER admireth, praiseth, and consoleth the
English Claude, WILSON.

THY Portraits, *Chamberlin*, may be
 A likeness, far as I can see;
 But, faith! I cannot praise a single feature:
 Yet, when it so shall please the Lord,
 To make his people out of Board,
 Thy pictures will be tolerable Nature.

And, *Loutherbrough*, when Heav'n so wills,
 To make Brafs Skies, and Golden Hills,

With

With Marble Bullocks in Glafs Pastures grazing;
 Thy reputation too will rise,
 And people gaping with surprise,
 Cry, " Monsieur *Loutherbourg* is most amazing!"

But thou must wait for that event—
 Perhaps the change is never meant—
 Till then, with me, thy pencil will not shine—
 Till then, old red-nos'd *Wilson*'s art
 Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
 By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But, honest *Wilson*, never mind;
 Immortal praises thou shalt find,
 And for a dinner have no cause to fear—
 Thou start'st at my prophetic rhimes—
 Don't be impatient for those times;
 Wait till thou hast been dead an hundred year,

O D E VII.

PETER breaketh out into Learning, and talketh Latin—
*Advise*th young Artists to do no more than they can do—
Recommendeth to each the Knowledge of his Genius.—
 PETER talketh of *Æsop*'s Fables and Mr. STUBBS—
 PETER ventureth on the Stage—Recordeth a Story of an
Actor, and concludeth facetiously.

"QUI fit, *Mænas*, ut nemo quam sibi sortem"—
 Was partly written for those fools
 Who slight the very art that would support 'em,
 In spite of Gratitude's and Wisdom's rules.

It

It brings to mind old Æsop's tale, so sweet,
 Of a poor country-bumpkin of a Stag,
 Who us'd to curse his clumsy Legs and Feet,
 But of his Horns did wonderfully brag.

Unlike our London poor John-Bulls,
 Who, from the wardrobe of their sculls,
 Could, with the greatest pleasure, piece-meal tear
 Such pretty-looking ornamental geer.

But, to the story of the Buck,
 Like (many English ones) much out of luck.
 When to a thicket Master Buck was chas'd;
 His fav'rite Horns contriv'd to spoil his trot—
 By keeping the young 'Squire in limbo fast,
 Till John the Huntsman came and cut his throat.

Unfortunately for the Graphic Art,
 Painters too often their true genius *thwart*;
 Mad to accomplish what can ne'er be done,
 They form for criticism—a world of fun.

The Man of Hist'ry longs to deal in *little*,
 Quits lasting oil, for perishable spittle:
 The Man of Miniature to Hist'ry springs,
 Mounts with an ardour wild the broom-like Brush,
 Makes for Sublimity a daring push,
 And shows, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis said that nought so much the temper rubs
 Of that ingenious Artist, Mr. STUBBS,
 As calling him a Horse-painter—How strange,
 That STUBBS the title should desire to change!

Yet doth he curses on th' occasion utter,
 And foolish quarrels with his bread and *butter*,
 Yes, after Landscape, Gentlemen and Ladies,
 This very Mr. STUBBS prodigious mad is;

So quits his Horse—on which the Man might ride—
To Fame's fair Temple, happy and unhurt;
And takes a Hobby-horse to gall his pride,
That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt.

The self-same folly reigns, too, on the Stage,
Such for impossibilities the rage!
The Man of Farce, to Tragedy aspires,
And, calf-like bellowing, feels heroic fires—

WESTON for *Hamlet* and *Othello* sigh'd,
And thought it dev'lish hard to be denied.—
The courtly ABINGTON's untoward Star
Wanted her reputation much to mar,
And sink the *Lady* to the Washing-tub—
So whisper'd—"Mrs. Abington, play *Scrub*"—
To folly full as great, some imp may lug her,
And bid her sink in *Filch*, and *Abel Drugger*,

An Actor, living at this time,
That now I pen my verse sublime,
Could not, to save his soul, find out his *fort*—
But lo! it happen'd, on a lucky night,
He on the subject got a deal of light;
And thus doth Fame the circumstance report.

After exhibiting to Pit, and Boxes,
To take a dram, the Actor stroll'd to * Fox's—
Where soon his friend came in, such fine things saying,
Offering a thousand pretty salutations,
With full-confirming Oath-ejaculations
Unto this Son of Thespis, for his playing.

"By Heav'ns!" quoth he, "unrivall'd is thy merit—
"Thou play'dst to-night, my friend, with matchless spi-
"rit:

* A Tavern near the Playhouse.

"Zounds!

“ Zounds! my dear fellow, let me go to H—ll,
 “ If ever part was acted half so well!”

The Actor blush'd, and bow'd, and silly look'd,
 To hear such compliments so nicely cook'd—
 Getting the better of his *mauvaise honte*—
 And staring at the other's steady front,

He ask'd—‘ What part, pray, mean ye? for, in troth,
 ‘ I know of none that you should so commend’—
 “ What part!” replied the other with an oath:
 “ The *hind-part* of a JACK-ASS, † my dear friend!”

The Player, pleas'd instead of being hurt,
 Thank'd him for the discovery of his *fort*—
 Pursued his genius—fought no higher game,
 And by his JACK-ASS won *unenvied* fame.

O D E VIII.

PETER *abuseth* Mr. and Mrs. COSWAY.

FIE, *Cosway*! I'm asham'd to say
 Thou own'st the title of R. A.—
 I fear, to damn thee 'twas the devil's sending—
 Some honest calling quickly find,
 And bid thy Wife her kitchen mind,
 Or shirts and shifts be making, or be mending.

† A Part in one of the Pantomimes, which contains a large portion of kicking, braying, obstinacy, and tail-wriggling.

If Madam cannot make a shirt,
 Or mend, or from it wash the dirt,
 Better than paint—the Poet for thee feels—
 Or take a stitch up in thy stocking,
 (Which for a wife is very shocking)
 I pity the condition of thy heels.

What vanity was in your skulls,
 To make you act so like two fools,
 T' expose your daubs, tho' made with wond'rous pains
 out?

Could *Raphael's* angry ghost arise,
 And on the figures cast his eyes,
 He'd catch a pistol up, and blow your brains out.

MUSE, in this criticism, I fear,
 Thou really hast been too severe:
 COSWAY paints Miniature with truth and spirit,
 And Mrs. COSWAY boasts a fund of merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page;
 And shun of furious Juvenal the rage,
 Of whom old Scaliger asserts—" *qui jugulat*"—
Id est—the fellow would not murder, boggle at.

This Scaliger employs, too, the word *trucidat*:
 That is, the Bard would dash thro' thick and thin,
 And, like a ruffian, would so use ye, that
 He would not leave a whole bone in your skin.

ODE

O D E IX.

PETER *exhibiteth Bible Knowledge — Condemneth Imitators, and maketh Comparisons.*

SIR JOSHUA—for I've read my Bible over,
 Of whose fine art I own myself a lover,
 Puts me in mind of Matthew, the first chapter—
 Abram got Isaac—Isaac, Jacob got—
 Joseph to get, was lucky Jacob's lot,
 And all his brothers,
 Who very *nat'rally* made others,
 Continuing to the end of a long chapter—
 A genealogy I read with rapture.

Yet, possibly, not with so much delight,
 As Queensb'ry's DUKE delighting in *good courses*,
 Reads (which I'm told he doth, from morn to night)
 The noble pedigrees of Running-Horses,
 Penn'd with a deal of subtlety, and labor,
 By that great Turf-Apostle, Mr. HEBER.

Sir JOSHUA's happy pencil hath produc'd
 A host of Copyists, much of the same feature;
 By which the Art hath greatly been abus'd—
 I own Sir JOSHUA, *great*—but Nature *greater*.
 But what, alas! is ten-times worse—
 The progress of the Art to curse:
 The *Copyists* have been *copied* too;
 And that, I'm sure, will never do.

Such Painters are like Pointers hunting game—
 Intent on pleasure, and Dog-fame;

Suppose

Suppose a half-a-dozen dogs, or more,
Snuffing, and scamp'ring, crossing the field o'er.

One Pointer scents the Partridge—points—
Fix'd like a statue on the pleasing gale!
How act the others?—Stop their scamp'ring joints;
And, lo! one's *Nose* is on his neighbour's *Tail*.

Perhaps this Dog-comparifon of mine,
Though vastly natural, and vastly fine,
May not be fully understood
By all the youngling Painter Brood;
Therefore, that into error they mayn't roam,
I think I'll be a little more *at home*.

Suppose a Damsel of the Cyprian clafs,
A fresh-imported, lovely, blooming lafs,
Gay, careless, fmiling, ogling in the Park—
Suppose thofe charms, fo pleasing to the eye,
Catch the wild glance, and start the am'rous figh,
Of fome young roving military Spark!

Lo! as if touch'd by bailiffs, or by thunder,
Sudden he stops—all-over ftaring wonder—
A thoufand fancies, his warm brain furround;
And nail'd, as if by magic, to the ground,
He *points* towards thofe fascinating charms
That rous'd the hoft of Paflions up in arms.

A brother Ensign fpies the ftock-ftill lad,
And fudden halts—grave pond'ring what it means—
Another Ensign, taking *this* for mad,
Upon his fupple-jack, deep-marv'ling leans:

Another Ensign after *him*, too, fauntering,
Stops fhort, and to his eye applies his glafs—
To know what ftay'd his brother Ensign's cantering,
Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the LASS.

Thus

Thus nosing one the other's back,
 Stands in a goodly row the King's red Pack ;
 Except the *first*, whom NATURE's charms inflame—
 His nose is properly towards the game.

E'en so, the PRESIDENT, to NATURE true,
 Doth mark her form, and all her haunts pursue ;
 Whilst half the silly Brushmen of the land,
 Contented take the NYMPH at *second-hand* ;
 Imps, who just boast the merit of *Translators*—
 Horace's *servum pecus*—*Imitators*.

O D E X.

PETER *jeereth* Messieurs SERRES and ZOFFANI, and
praiseth and condemneth Mr. BARRET.

SERRES and ZOFFANI! I ween,
 I better works than yours have seen—
 You'll say, no compliment can well be colder—
 Why, as you scarce are in your prime,
 And wait the strength'ning hand of Time,
 I hope that you'll improve as you grow older *.

Believe me, BARRET, thou hast truth and taste ;
 Yet sometimes art thou apt to be *unchaste* :
 Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius, flags—
 Too oft thy Landscapes, Bonfires seem to be ;
 And in thy bustling Clouds, methinks I see
 The Resurrection of OLD RAGS.

* The first is about 70 years of age, and the last 63 or 64.

O CATTON, our poor feelings spare!
 Suppress thy trash another year;
 Nor of thy folly make us say a hard thing—
 And lo! those daubs amongst the many,
 Painted by Mr. EDWARD PENNY!
 They truly are not worth a half a farthing.

O D E XI.

PETER cannonadeth FASHION — *Adviseeth People to use
 their own Eyes and Noses: and ordereth what is to be
 done with a bad Nose.*

ONE Year the Pow'rs of Fashion rule
 In favour of the Roman School—
 They hey, for Drawing! Raphael and Pouffin.
 The following year, the Flemish Schools shall strike—
 Then hey, for Col'ring—Rubens and Vandyke;
 And, lo! the Roman is not worth a pin.
 Be not impos'd upon by FASHION's roar—
 FASHION too often makes a monstrous noise,
 Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore
 The poorest trash, the meanest toys.
 And as a Gang of Thieves a bustle make,
 With greater ease your purse to take,
 So FASHION frequently, her point to gain,
 Sets up a howl enough to stun a stone,
 And fairly picks the Pocket of your Brain,
 That is, if any Brain you chance to own.

Carry

Carry your Eyes with you where'er you go—
 For not to trust to them, is to abuse 'em,
 As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know,
 The wise old Lady meant that you should *use* 'em;
 And yet, what thousands, to our vast surprise,
 Of Pictures judge by other people's Eyes!

When Nature made a present of a Nose
 To each man's face, we justly may suppose
 She meant, that for itself the Nose should *think*,
 And *judge* in matters of Perfume and Stink;
 Not meant it for a mule alone, poor hack!
 To bear Horn Spectacles upon its back—
 “Suppose it cannot smell, what then?” you'll say.
 Fling it away.

O D E XII.

*The LYRIC BARD groweth witty on Mr. PETERS's An-
 gel and Child—and Madam ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.*

DEAR *Peters!* who, like Luke the Saint,
 A man of Gospel art, and Paint,
 Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury:
 If Heav'n's fair Angels are like thine,
 Our Bucks, I think, O grave Divine,
 May meet in t'other world the Nymphs of Drury.

The Infant Soul I do not much admire:
 It boasteth somewhat more of flesh than fire—

The

The picture, *Peters*, cannot much adorn ye—
 I'm glad though, that the red-fac'd little Sinner,
 Poor soul! hath made a hearty dinner,
 Before it ventur'd on so long a journey.

Angelica my plaudit gains—
 Her art so sweetly canvass stains!
 Her Dames, so Grecian! give me such delight!
 But, were she married to such gentle males
 As figure in her painted tales—
 I fear she'd find a stupid wedding night.

O D E XIII.

PETER *laspeth the Ladies.*—*He turneth Story-teller.*—

PETER *grieveth.*

ALTHO' the Ladies with such Beauty blaze,
 They very frequently my passion raise—
 Their charms compensate, scarce, their want of *Taste*—
 Passing amidst the EXHIBITION crowd,
 I heard some Damsels *fashionably* loud,
 And thus I give the Dialogue that pass'd.

“ Oh! the dear Man! (cried one) look! here's a bon-
 “ net!

“ He shall paint *me*—I am determined on it—

“ Lord! Cousin, see! how beautiful the Gown!

“ What charming Colours! here's fine Lace, here's

“ Gauze!

“ What pretty Sprigs the fellow draws!

“ Lord, Cousin! he's the cleverest Man in town!”

“ Ay,

- “ Ay, Cousin,” cried a second, “ very true—
 “ And here, here’s charming green, and red and blue—
 “ There’s a complexion beats the *Rouge of WARREN*!
 “ See those red Lips, oh la! they are so nice!
 “ What rosy Cheeks then, Cousin, to entice!
 “ Compar’d to this, all other heads are carrion.—
 “ Cousin, this Limner quickly will be seen
 “ Painting the PRINCESS ROYAL, and the QUEEN:
 “ Pray, don’t you think as I do, *Coz*?
 “ But we’ll be painted *first*, that’s *poz*.”

Such was the very *pretty* Conversation

That pass’d between the *pretty* Misses,
 Whilst unobserv’d, the glory of our Nation,

Close by them hung SIR JOSHUA’S matchless pieces—
 Works! that a TITIAN’S hand could form alone—
 Works! that a RUBENS had been proud to own.

Permit me, Ladies, now to lay before ye
 What lately happen’d—therefore a true Story.

A S T O R Y.

WALKING one afternoon along the Strand,
 My wond’ring eyes did suddenly expand
 Upon a pretty leash of Country Lasses.

“ Heav’ns! my dear beauteous Angels, how d’ye do?”

“ Upon my soul, I’m monstrous glad to see ye.”

“ Swinge! PETER, we are glad to meet with *you*;

“ We’re just to London come—well, pray how be ye?”

“ We’re just a going, while ’tis light,

“ To see St. PAUL’S before ’tis dark.—

“ Lord! come, for once, be so polite,

“ And condescend to be our spark.”

“ With

" With all my heart, my Angels."—On we walk'd,
And much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd:

Now did I hug myself to think
How much that glorious structure would surprise—
How from its awful grandeur they would shrink
With open mouths, and marv'ling eyes!

As near to Ludgate-Hill we drew,
St. PAUL's just opening on our view;
Behold, my lovely strangers, one and all,
Gave, all at once, a diabolic squawl,
As if they had been tumbled on the stones,
And some confounded cart had crush'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,
And sticking to a Ribbon-Shop their eyes—
They all rush'd in, with sounds enough to stun—
And clattering all together, thus begun.—

" Swinge! here are Colours then to please!

" Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n!

" Why! not to see such things as these,

" We never should have been forgiv'n.—

" Here, here, are clever things—good Lord!

" And, Sister, here, upon my word—

" Here, here!—look! here are beauties to delight;

" Why! how a body's heels might dance

" Along from Launceston to Penzance,

" Before that one might meet with such a fight!"

" Come, Ladies, 'twill be dark," cried I—" I fear:

" Pray let us view St. PAUL's, it is so near."—

" Lord! PETER, (cried the girls) don't mind St. PAUL!

" Sure! you're a most *incurious* soul—

" Why—we can see the Church another day,

" Don't be afraid—St. PAUL's can't *run away*."

READER,

If e'er thy bosom felt a Thought *sublime*,
Drop tears of pity with the Man of Rhime!

O D E XIV.

PETER *disclaimeth Flattery—Describeth the GRAND MONARQUE—and promiseth critical Candour.*

TIS very true, that Flattery's not my *forte*—
I cannot to Stupidity pay court—
And swear a face *looks sense*, (the picture passing)
That boasts no more *expression* than a muffin.

And yet, a Frenchman can do this,
And think he doth not act amiss;
Although he tells a most confounded lie—
King LEWIS leads me into this remark,
Call'd by his People all, LE GRAND MONARQUE—
A Demi-God in every Frenchman's eye.

His Portrait by some famous hand was done,
And then exhibited at the *Salon*—
At once a courtly Critic *criticises*—
“ Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,
“ The sense profound that marks the Royal Face—
“ The *Soul* of LEWIS, that so very *wise* is ?”

Yet when he bawl'd for Sense, he bawl'd, I wot,
For furniture the head had never got.
Reader, believe me that this *Gentleman*
Was form'd on Nature's very homely plan.—

Clumsy

Clumfy in legs and shoulders, head and gullet,
 His mouth abroad in seeming wonder lost,
 As if its meaning had given up the ghost :
 His eye far duller than a leaden bullet ;
 Nature so slighting the poor Royal Nob,
 As if she bargain'd for it, by the *job*.

Therefore, should mighty G , or great LORD
 NORTH,

Both *Gentlefolks* of high condition,
 Think it worth while to send their Faces forth,
 To stare amidst the ROYAL EXHIBITION—
 If Likenesses, I'll not condemn the Pictures,
 To compliment those mighty People's polls.—
 I scorn to pass unfair, and cruel strictures,
 By asking for the *Graces*, or their *Souls*.

O D E XV.

PETER *praiseth* Mr. STUBBS, and *administereth whole-
 some Advice*—*Surpriseth* Mr. HONE with a *Compli-
 ment*—*Concludeth with suspecting the Ingratitude of the*
 ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

WELL-pleas'd thy Horses, *Stubbs*, I view,
 And eke thy Dogs, to nature true :
 Let modern artists match thee if they can—
 Such animals thy genius suit—
 Then stick, I beg thee, to the Brute,
 And meddle not with Woman, nor with Man.

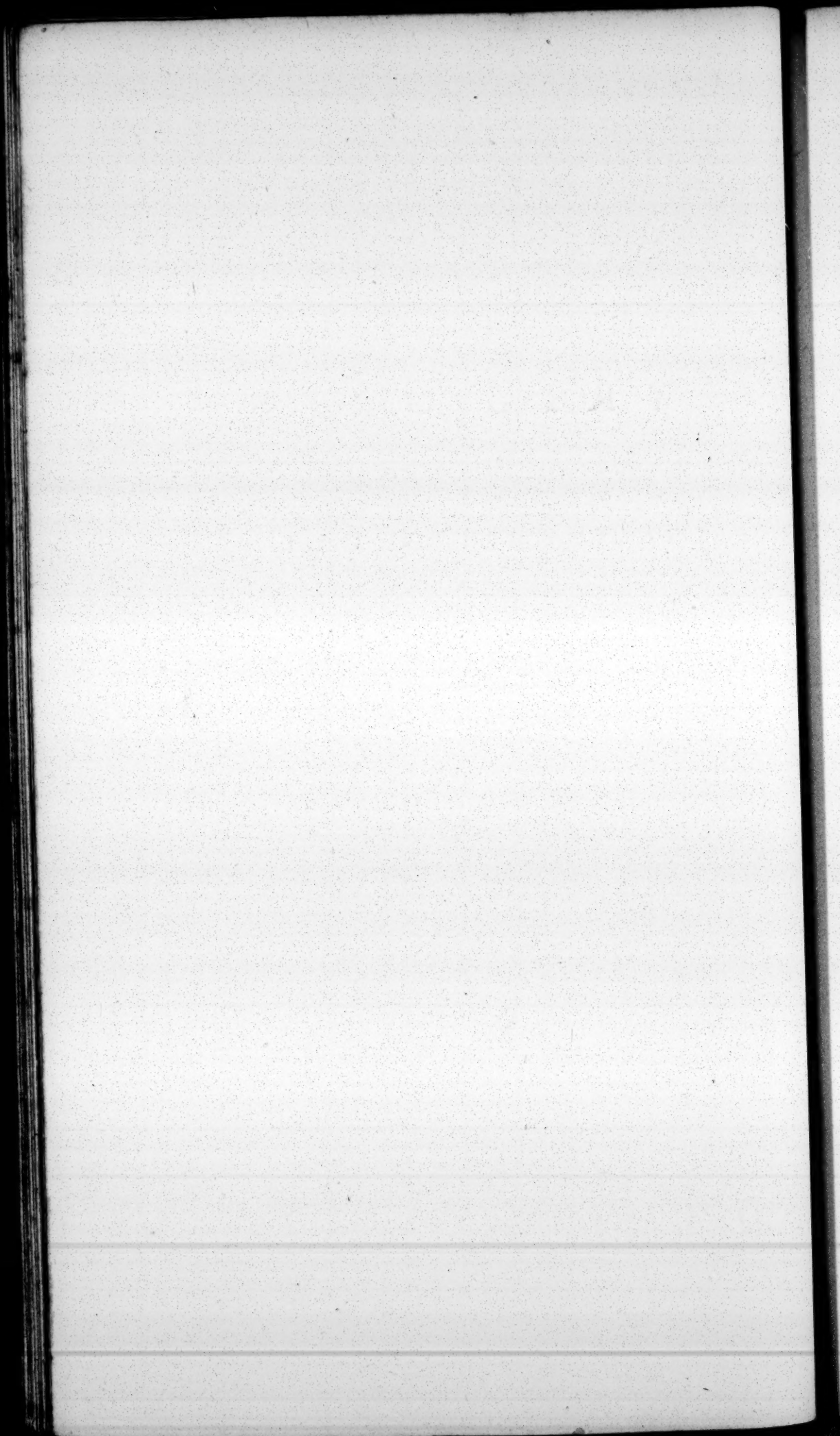
And now for Mr. *Nathan Hone*—
 In portrait thou'rt as much *alone*,
 As in his Landscape stands th' unrival'd *Claude*—
 Of pictures I have seen enough,
 Most vile, most execrable stuff!
 But none so bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus in the cause of Painting loyal
 Sublime I've sung to Artists Royal—
 With Labour-pains the Muse hath fore been torn!
 And yet each Academic Face,
 I fear me, hath not got the grace
 To smile upon the Bantling, now 'tis born.

LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR M.DCC.LXXXIII.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!



LYRIC ODES.

O D E I.

PETER *puffeth*.—*Displayeth learning*.—*Praiseth the REVIEWERS*.—*Describeth himself most pathetically*.—*Consoleth himself*.—*Disliketh the road to the Temple of Fame by means of a pistol, poison, or a rope*.—*Addresseth Great Folks*.—*Giveth the KING a broad hint*.—*Asketh a queer question*.—*Maketh as queer an apostrophe to GENIUS*.

SONS of the Brush, I'm here again!
At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,
Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine!
For hang me, if my last year's Odes
Paid rent for * lodgings near the gods,
Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.

For odes my COUSIN had rump-steaks to eat!
So says Pausanias—loads of dainty meat!
And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit:
The best historians one and all declare,
With the most solemn air,
The poet might have guttled till he split.

* The Attic story, or according to the vulgar phrase, Garret.

How different far, alas ! *my* Worship's fate !
 To sooth the horrors of an empty plate,
 The grave * Possessors of the Critic Throne
 Gave me, in truth, a pretty treat—
 Of flattery, mind me, not of meat ;
 For they, poor souls, like me, are skin and bone.

No, no ! with all my Lyric pow'rs,
 I'm not like Mrs. COSWAY's † *Hours*,
 Red as cock-turkies, plump as barn-door chicken :
 Merit and I are miserably off—
 We both have got a most consumptive cough ;
 Hunger hath long our harmless bones been picking.

Merit and I, so innocent, so good,
 Are like the little Children in the Wood—
 And soon, like them, shall lay us down and die !
 May some good Christian Bard, in pity strong,
 Turn Redbreast kind, and with the sweetest song
 Bewail our hapless fate with wat'ry eye !

Poor Chatterton was starv'd—with all his art !
 Some consolation this to my lean heart—
 Like him, in holes too, spider-like I mope :
 And there my Rev'rence may remain, alas !
 The world will not discover it, the ass !
 Until I scrape acquaintance with a rope :

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees
 Then each my pow'rs with adoration sees—

* See the Reviews for last year.

† A sublime picture this ! the expression is truly Homeric.—The fair Artist hath in the most surprising manner communicated to canvass the old Bard's idea of the *Brandy-fac'd Hours*.—See the *Iliad*.

Nothing their kind civilities can hinder—
 When, like an Otho, I am found :
 Like Jacob's sons they'll look one t' other round,
 And cry, " Who would have thought this a young Pin-
 dar ?"

Hanging's a dismal road to fame—
 Pistols and poison just the same—
 And, what is worse, one can't come back again—
 Soon as the beauteous gem we find,
 We can't display it to mankind,
 Tho' won with such wry mouths and wriggling pain.

Ye Lords and Dukes so clever, say,
 (For you have much to give away,
 And much your gentle patronage I lack)
 Speak, is it not a crying sin,
 That Folly's guts are to his chin,
 Whilst *mine* are flunk a mile into my back ?

Oft as his Sacred Majesty I see,
 Ah ! George (I sigh) Thou hast good things with
 thee,
 Would make me sportive as a youthful cat :
 It is not that my soul so loyal
 Would wish to wed the Princess Royal,
 Or be Archbishop—no ! I'm not for that.

Nor really have I got the grace
 To wish for Laureat Whitehead's place ;
 Whose Odes Cibberian—sweet yet very manly,
 Are set with equal strength by Mr. Stanley.

Would not one swear, that Heav'n *lov'd* fools,
 There's such a number of them made ?

Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools,
 No ray of knowledge could their skulls pervade :

Yet,

Yet, take a peep into those fellows breeches,
We stare like congers, to observe their riches.

O Genius! what a wretch art thou,
That canst not keep a mare nor cow,
With all thy compliment of wit so frisky;
Whilst Folly, as a mill-horse blind,
Beside his compter gold can find,
And Sundays sport a *strumpet* and a *whisky*.

O D E II.

PETER criticiseth.—*Addresseth the British* RAPHAEL—
Promiseth Mr. WEST great things, and, like great folks,
breaketh his word.—*Laugheth at the Figure of King*
CHARLES.—*Lasbeth that of OLIVER CROMWELL;*
and ridiculeth the picture of Peter and John running to
the Sepulchre. *Understandeth plain-work, and, justly*
condemneth the shortness of the shirts of Mr. WEST's
Angels. *Concludeth with making that Artist a handsome*
offer of an American Immortality.

NOW for my criticism on paints,
Where bull-dogs, heroes, sinners, faints,
Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet!
Behold the works of Mr. WEST!
That Artist first shall be addrest—
His pencil with due reverence I greet—

Still bleeding from his last year's wound,
Which from my doughty lance be found;
Methinks I hear the trembling Painter bawl,
“Why dost thou persecute me, *Saul*?”

West.

West, let me whisper in thy ear—
 Snug as a thief within a mill,
 From me thou hast no cause to fear:
 To panegyric will I turn my skill;
 And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,
 I'll say most *handsome* things about the *frame*.

Don't be cast down—instead of gall,
 Molasses from my pen shall fall:
 And yet I fear thy gullet it is fuch,
 That could I pour all Niagara down,
 Were Niagara praise, thou wouldst not frown,
 Nor think the thund'ring gulph one drop too much.

Ye Gods! the portrait of the King!
 A very *Saracen*! a glorious *thing*!
 It shows a *flaming pencil*, let me tell ye—
 Methinks I see the people stare,
 And, anxious for his life, declare,
 “King George hath got a fire-ship in his belly.”

Thy Charles!—What must I say to that?
 Each face unmeaning, and so flat!
 Indeed first cousin to a piece of board——
 But, Muse, we've promis'd in our lays,
 To give our *Yankey* Painter praise;
 So, Madam, 'tis but fair to keep our word.

Well then, the Charles of Mr. *West*,
 And Oliver, I do protest,
 And eke † the witnesses of resurrection;
 Will stop a hole, keep out the wind,
 And make a properer window-blind
 Than great † Correggio's, us'd for horse-protection.

† Peter and John.

† Correggio's best pictures were actually made use of in the Royal Stables in the North, to keep the wind from the tails of the horses.

They'll

They'll make good floor-cloths, taylors' measures,
 For table-coverings, be treasures,
 With butchers, form for flies, most charming flappers;
 And monday mornings at the tub,
 When Queens of fuds their linen scrub,
 Make for the blue-nos'd nymphs delightful wrappers.

West, I forgot last year to say
 Thy *Angels* did my delicacy hurt;
 Their linen so much coarseness did display;
 What's worse each had not above half a shirt.
 I tell thee, cambrick fine as webs of spiders
 Ought to have deck'd that brace of heav'nly Riders.

Could not their saddle-bags, pray, jump
 To somewhat longer for each rump?
 I'd buy much better at a Wapping shop,
 By vulgar tongues baptiz'd a flop!
 Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,
 And thou shalt cut a figure in my rhyme:

Sublimely tow'ring 'midst th' Atlantic roar,
 I'll waft thy praises to thy * native shore;
 Where *Liberty's* brave sons their Poëans sing,
 And every scoundrel Convict is a *king*.

America.

O D E III.

The Poet addresseth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH. — Showeth great Scripture erudition—Condemneth Mr. GAINSBOROUGH's Plagiarism.—Giveth the Artist wholesome advice.—Praiseth the Cornish Boy; and sayeth fine things to JACKSON.

NOW, GAINSBOROUGH, let me view thy shining labours,

Who, mounted on thy painting throne,
On other Brushmen look'st contemptuous down,
Like our great Admirals on a gang of swabbers,

My eyes, broad-staring Wonder leads
To yon dear * nest of Royal heads!
How each the soul of my attention pulls!
Suppose, my friend, thou giv'st the frame
A pretty little Bible name
And call'st it *Golgotha, the place of Sculls?*

Say, didst thou really paint 'em (to be free)?
An Angel furnish'd Luke's transcendent line—
Perchance that civil Angel was with thee—
For let me perish if I think them thine.

Thy † Dogs are good!—but yet, to make thee stare,
The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders—
They tell thee Genius in it had no share,
But that thou foully stol'st the Curs from *Snyders*.

* A frame full of heads, in most *bumble* imitation of the Royal Family.

† A picture of Boys setting Dogs to fight.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint,
 For, to be plain, there's nothing in't——
 The man who scorns to do it is a log:
 An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,
 Were modesty, one might suppose;
 But, z——ds! thou must not smuggle the *whole Dog*.

O GAINSBOROUGH, Nature plaineth fore,
 That thou hast kick'd her out of door,
 Who, in her bounteous gifts, hath been so free
 To cull such genius out for thee——
 Lo! all thy efforts without her are vain!
 Go find her, kiss her, and be friends again.

Speak, Muse, who form'd that matchless head?
 The Cornish Boy*, in tin mines bred;
 Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone
 In secret, till chance gave him to the *sun*.——
 'Tis JACKSON's portrait—put the laurel on it,
 While to that tuneful Swan I pour a Sonnet.

S O N N E T,

To JACKSON, of EXETER.

ENCHANTING Harmonist! the art is thine,
 Unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air,
 That seems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
 Soothing the wounded bosom of despair!

O say, what Minstrel of the sky hath giv'n
 To swell the dirge, so musically lorn?
 Declare, hath dove-ey'd Pity left her heav'n,
 And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So sad thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,
Love, from his Cyprian isle, prepares to fly;
 He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
 And learn from thee to breathe a sweeter sigh.

O D E V.

*The GREAT PETER, by a bold Pindaric jump, leapeth
 from Sonnet to Gull-catching.*

READER, dost know the mode of catching Gulls?

If not, I will inform thee—Take a board
 And place a fish upon it for the fools——
 A Sprat, or any fish by Gulls ador'd:

Those birds who love a lofty flight,
 And sometimes bid the Sun good night;
 Spying the glittering bait that floats below;
Sans cérémonie, down they rush,
 (For Gulls have got no manners) on they push,
 And what's the pretty consequence, I trow?
 They strike their gentle jobbernowls of lead
 Plump on the board—then lie like Boobies dead.

Reader, thou need'st not beat thy brains about,
 To make so plain an application out——
 There's many a painting Puppy, take my word,
 Who knocks his silly head against a *board*——
 That might have help'd the state—made a good Jailer,
 A Nightman, or a tolerable Taylor.

O D E VI.

PETER discovereth more Scriptural Erudition.—Groweth
sarcastic on the Exhibition.—Giveth a wonderful account
of St. DENNIS.—Blusheth for the honour of his country.
—Talketh sensibly of the DUC DE CHARTRES and the
FRENCH King.

“FIND me in Sodom out,” (exclaim’d the Lord)
“Ten Gentlemen, the place sha’n’t be untown’d—
“That is, I will not burn it ev’ry board :”
The dev’l a Gentleman was to be found !
But this was rather hard, since Heav’n well knew
That ev’ry Fellow in it was a Jew.

This house is nearly in the same condition—
Scarce are good things amid those wide abodes—
Find me ten pictures in this Exhibition
That ought not to be d—n’d, I’ll burn my Odes !
And then the world will be in fits and vapours,
Just as it was for poor Lord Mansfield’s papers*.
St. Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,
Hugg’d it, and kiss’d it—carried it a mile—
This was a pleasant miracle enough,
That maketh many an Unbeliever smile.

“’Sblood! ’tis a lie !” you roar—Pray do not swear,
You may believe the wondrous tale indeed !
Speak, haven’t you said that many a Picture here,
Was really done by folks without a head ?

* To the irreparable loss of the public, and that great Law Expounder, burnt ! burnt in Lord George Gordon’s religious conflagration.—
The newspapers howled, for months, over the ashes.—*Obe jam satis est.*

And haven't you sworn this instant with surprise,
That he who *did* that *thing* had neither hands nor eyes?

How is it that such miserable stuff,

The walls of this stupendous building stains?
The Council's ears with pleasure I could cuff;

Mind me—I don't say batter out their *brains*.
What will Duke *Chartres* say when he goes home,
And tells King *Lewis* all about the Room?

Why, viewing such a set of red-hot Heads,

Our Exhibition he will liken *Hell* to;
Then to the *Monarch*, who both *writes* and *reads*,
Give hand-bills of the *Wonderous Katterfelto*;
Swearing th' Academy was all so flat,
He'd rather see the *Wizard* and his *Cat*.

O D E VII.

*The BRITISH PETER elegantly and happily depicteth his
Great Cousin of THEBES.—Talketh of Fame.—Horse-
whippeth the Painters for turning their own Trumpe-
ters.*

A Desultory way of writing,
A hop, and step, and jump, mode of inditing,
My great and wise relation, Pindar, boasted:
Or (for I love the bard to flatter)
By jerks, like Boar-pigs making water,
Whatever first came in his sconce,
Bounce, out it flew, like bottled ale, at once,
A Cock, a Bull, a Whale, a Soldier roasted.

E

What

What sharks we mortals are for Fame!
 How, poacher-like, we hunt the game!
 No matter for it, how we play the fool—
 And yet, 'tis pleasing our own laud to hear,
 And really very natural to prefer
 One Grain of Praise to Pounds of Ridicule.

I've lost all patience with the trade—
 I mean the Painters—who can't stay
 To see their works by Criticism display'd,
 And hear what *others* have to say;
 But, calling Fame a vile old lazy strumpet,
 Sound their own praise from their own * *penny* trumpet.

Amidst the hurly-burly of my brain,
 Where the mad Lyric Muse, with pain,
 Hammering hard verse, her skill employs,
 And beats a tinman's shop in noise;
 Catching wild tropes and similies,
 That hop about like swarms of fleas——
 We've *lost* SIR JOSHUA—Ah! that charming Elf,
 I'm griev'd to say, hath this year lost *himself*.

Oh! *Richard*, thy † *St. George*, so brave,
 Wisdom and Prudence could not save
 From being foully murder'd, my good friend:
 Some weep to see the woful figure,
 Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,
 As if their mirth would never have an end.

Prithee accept th' advice I give with sorrow—
 Of poor *St. George* the useless armour borrow,

* At the beginning of the Exhibition the public papers swarmed with these self-adulators.

† See Mr. Cofway's picture of Prudence, Wisdom, and Valour, arming *St. George*.

To guard thy own poor corpse—don't be a mule—
 Take it—even now thou'rt like a hedgehog *quill'd*,
 (*Richard*, I hope in God thou art not *kill'd*)
 By the dire shafts of merc'less ridicule.

Pity it is! 'tis true, 'tis pity!
 As Shakespeare lamentably says;
 That thou, in this observing City,
 Thus runn'st a-wh-r-ng after PRAISE:
 With *strong desires* I really think thee fraught;
 But, *Dick*, the Nymph so coy will not be caught.

Yet, for thy consolation, mind!
 In this thy wounded pride may refuge find—
 Think of the *Sage* who wanted a fine *piece*:
 Who went, *in vain*, five hundred miles at least,
 On *Lais*, a sweet *fille de joie*, to feast—
 The *Mrs. Robinson* of Greece.

Prithee give up, and save the paints and oil;
 And don't whole acres of good canvass spoil:
 Thou'lt say, "Lord! many hundreds do like *me*."
 Lord! so have fellows *robb'd*—nay, further,
 Hundreds of villains have committed *Murther*;
 But, *Richard*, are these *Precedents* for *thee*?

O D E VIII.

PETER *groweth facetious*.

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—
 I've said it often, and repeat it—
 She doth not understand her trade—
 Artists, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat it*.

Look now, for Heaven's sake, at her skies
What are they?—Smoke, for certainty, I know;
From chimney-tops, behold! they rise,
Made by some sweating Cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes:
From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses bums—
Then tell me, *Decency*, I must request,
Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty *beast*?

Paint by the yard—your canvases spread
Broad as the mainfail of a man of war—
Your Whale shall eat up ev'ry other Head,
Ev'n as the Sun licks up each sneaking Star!

I do assure you, *bulk* is no bad trick—
By bulky *things* both *Men* and *Maids* are taken—
Mind too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,
And make your picture look as red as Bacon.
All folks love *size*; believe my rhyme,
Burke says, 'tis *part* of the *Sublime*.

A Dutchman—I forget his name—*Van Groat*,
Van Slabberchops, *Van Stink*, *Van Swab*,
No matter, tho' I cannot make it out—
At calling names I never was a dab:

This Dutchman then, a man of taste,
Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
Thus, like a Burgomaster, spoke with judgment *vast*,
“No Poet like my broder step de ground:

“He be de bestest poet, look!
“Dat all de vorld must please;
“Vor he heb vrite von book,
“So *big* as all dis *cheese*!”

If at a *distance* you would paint a Pig,
Make out each single bristle on his back :

Or if your meaner subject be a Wig,
Let not the caxon a *distinctness* lack ;
Else, all the Lady Critics will so stare,
And, angry, vow “ ’Tis not a bit like hair !”

Be smooth as glass—like DENNER, finish high :
Then every tongue commends—

For people judge not *only* by the eye,
But *feel* your merit by their finger-ends :
Nay ! closely *nosing*, o’er the Picture, dwell ;
As if to try the *Goodness* by the *Smell*.

Claude’s distances are too confus’d—
One floating scene—nothing made out—

For which he ought to be abus’d,
Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the pencil whose amazing style
Makes a Bird’s beak appear at twenty mile,
And to my view, eyes, legs and claws, will bring,
With ev’ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your trees alike, for Nature’s *wild*—
Fond of variety, a wayward child—
To blame your taste some blockheads may presume ;
But, mind that ev’ry one be like a Broom.
Of Steel and purest Silver form your Waters,
And make your Clouds like Rocks and Alligators.

Whene’er you paint the Moon, if you are willing
To gain applause—why paint her like a Shilling :
Or SOL’s bright orb—be sure to make him glow
Precisely like a Guinea, or a * Jo.
In short to get your Pictures prais’d and sold,
Convert, like Midas, *ev’ry thing* to *Gold*.

* A Portugal Coin *vulgarly* called a Johannes.

I see, at excellence, you'll come at *last*—
 Your Clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
 The blues on China Mugs are now surpass'd,
 Your Sun-sets yield not to Brick-walls, nor Buff.

In Stumps of Trees your art so finely thrives,
 'They really look like Golden-hafted Knives!
 Go on, my Lads—leave Nature's dismal hue,
 And She ere long will come and copy *You*.

O D E IX.

The sublime PETER concludeth in a Sweat.

THUS have I finish'd, for this time,
 My Odes, a little wild and rambling—
 May people bite like Gudgeons at my rhyme!
 I long to see them scrambling—
 Then very soon I'll give 'em more (God willing)
 But this is full sufficient for a † *Shilling*:
 For such a trifle, *such a heap*!
 Indeed, I sell my Goods too *cheap*.

Finish'd! a disappointed Artist cries,
 With open mouth, and straining eyes;
 Gaping for praise, like a young Crow for meat—
 “Lord! why, you have not mention'd *me*!”
 Mention'd *Thee*?

Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *sweat*—
 What rage for Fame attends both Great and Small!
 Better be *d—n'd* than mention'd *not at all*!

† Now Eighteen Pence, with Additions.

LYRIC

LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR M.DCC.LXXXV.

—*Ridentem dicere verum*

Quid vetat?—

HORAT.

LYRIC ODES.

O D E I.

[*The divine PETER giveth an account of a conference he held last year with SATIRE, who advised him to attack some of the R. A.'s, to tear Mr. WEST's works to pieces, abuse Mr. GAINSBOROUGH, fall foul of Mrs. COSWAY's Sampson, and give a gentle stroke on the back of Mr. RIGAUD.—The Poet's gentle answer to Satire—The Ode of Remonstrance that PETER received on account of the LYRICS—Satire's Reply—PETER's resolution.*]

“NOT, not this year the lyric Peter sings,
“ The great R. A.'s have wish'd my song to cease;
“ I will not pluck a feather from your wings,—
“ So, Sons of Canvass! take your naps in peace.”

Such was my last year's gracious speech,
Sweet as the King's to Commons and to Peers,
Always with sense and tropes as plum-cake rich;
A luscious banquet for his people's ears!

“ Not

- " Not write !" cry'd Satire, red as fire with rage,
 " This instant glorious war with Dulness wage ;
 " Take, take my supple-jack,
 " Play St. Bartholomew with many a back !
 " Flay half the Academic imps alive !
 " Smoke, smoke the drones of that stupendous hive.
 " Begin with George's idol, West ;
 " And then proceed in order with the rest :
 " This moment knock me down his Master Moses *,
 " On Sinai's Mountain, where his nose is
 " Cock'd up so pertly plumb against the Lord,
 " Upon my word,
 " With all that ease to Him who rules above,
 " As if that Heaven and he were *hand and glove*."
 " Indeed," quoth I, " the piece hath points of merit,
 " Though not possess'd throughout of equal spirit."
 " What !" answer'd Satire, " not knock Moses down ?
 " O stupid Peter ! what the devil mean ye ?
 " He looks a poor pert barber of the town,
 " With paper sign-board out—' Shave for a Penny.'
 " Observe the piteous Israelite once more—
 " Wears he the countenance that should *adore* ?
 " No ! 'tis a son of lather,—a rank prig ;
 " Who 'stead of fetching the most sacred Law,
 " With *sober* LOOKS, and *reverential* AWE,
 " Seems pertly tripping up to fetch a WIG.
 " With all her thunder bid the Muse
 " Fall furious on the groupe of Jews,
 " Whose shoulders are adorn'd with *Christian faces* ;
 " For by each phiz, (I speak without a gibe)
 " There's not an Israelite in all the tribe—
 " Not that they are encumber'd by the GRACES.

* Moses receiving the Law on Mount Sinai.

" Strike off the head of Jeremiah *,
 " And break the bones of old Ifaiah †;
 " Down with the duck-wing'd Angels ‡, that abreast
 " Stretch from a thing called *cloud*, and by their
 " looks,
 " Wear more the visage of young rooks
 " Cawing for victuals from their nest.
 " Deal Gainsborough a lash, for pride so stiff,
 " Who robs us of such pleasure for a miss;
 " Whose pencil, when he chuses, can be chaste,
 " Give Nature's form, and please the eye of TASTE.
 " Of cuts on Sampson || don't be sparing,
 " Between two garden-rollers staring,
 " Shown by the lovely Dalilah foul play!
 " To atoms tear that § Frenchman's trash,
 " Then bountifully deal the lash
 " On *such* as dar'd to dub him an R. A."

Thus, Satire to the gentle Poet cry'd—
 And *thus*, with lamb-like sweetness, I reply'd:—

" Dear Satire! pray consult my life and ease;
 " Were I to write whatever you desire,
 " The fat would all be fairly in the fire,—
 " R. A.'s surround me like a swarm of bees,
 " Or like a flock of small birds round a fowl
 " Of *solemn speculation*, call'd an OWL."

Quoth I, " O Satire, I'm a simple youth,
 " Must make my fortune, therefore not speak truth,

* A Picture by Mr. West.

† Another Picture by West.

‡ In the Apotheosis, a Picture by West.

|| A Picture by Mrs. Cowley.

§ Rigaud.

" Altho'

" Altho' as sterling as the holy bible,—
 " *Truth* makes it (Mansfield says) the more a libel :
 " I shall not sleep in peace within my hutch ;
 " Like Doctor Johnson *, I have wrote TOO MUCH."

When Mount Vesuvius † pour'd his flames,
 And frighten'd all the Naples dames,
 What did the Ladies of the city do ?
 Why, order'd a fat Cardinal to go
 With good St. Januarius's head,
 And shake it at the MOUNTAIN 'midst his riot,
 To try to keep the *Bully* quiet :

 The Parson went, and shook the jowl, and sped ;
 Snug was the word—the flames at once kept house,
 The bellowing Mountain was as mute's a mouse.

Thus, should Lord Mansfield from his bench agree
 To shake his lion-mane-like wig at *me*,

 And bid his grim-look'd Myrmidons assail :
 With heads Medusan, and with heart of bone ;
 Who, if they did not *turn* me into *stone*.

 Might *turn* my limbs, *so* gentle, into *jail*.

Read, read this Ode, just come to hand,
 Giving the Muse to understand
 That cruelty and scandal swell her song,
 And that 'twere better far she held her tongue.

* The story goes that Sam, before his *political conversion*, replied to his present Majesty, in the Library at Buckingham House, on being asked by the Monarch, ' Why he did not write more ?'—" Please " your Majesty, I have written *too much*." So candid a declaration, of which the sturdy Moralist did not believe one syllable, procured him a pension, and a muzzle.

† See Sir William Hamilton's account.

TO PETER PINDAR, Esq.

A THOUSAND frogs, upon a summer's day,
 Were sporting 'midst the funny ray,
 In a large pool, reflecting every face;—
 'They shov'd their gold-lac'd cloaths with pride,
 In harmless fallies, frequent vied,
 And gambol'd through the water with a *grace*!

It happen'd that a band of boys,
 Observant of their harmless joys,
 Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy sport;
 One frenzy seiz'd both GREAT and SMALL,
 On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,
 Meaning to *splash* them, not to do them *hurt*.

As Milton quaintly sings, 'the stones 'gan pour,'
 Indeed an Otaheite show'r!
 The consequence was *dreadful*, let me tell ye;
 ONE's eye was beat out of his head;—
 This limp'd away, that lay for dead,—
 Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongst the *smitten*, it was found,
 Their beauteous Queen receiv'd a wound;
 The blow gave ev'ry heart a sigh,
 And drew a tear from ev'ry eye:—

At length King CROAK got up, and thus begun—

" My lads, you think this very pretty FUN!

" Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops,—

" Have *warmly* complimented all our chops;—

" To *you* I guess that these are *pleasant stones*!

" And so they might be to *us Frogs*,

" You damn'd, young, good-for-nothing dogs,

" But that they are so *hard*,—they break our bones."

PETER!

PETER! thou mark'st the meaning of this fable—]
 So put thy Pegasus into the stable;
 Nor wanton thus with cruel pride,
 Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmless people ride.

To drop the metaphor—the Fair*,
 Whose works thy Muse forbore to spare,
 Is blest with talents *Envy* must approve;
 And didst thou know her heart, thou'dst say—
 “PERDITION catch the IDLE LAY!”
 Then strike thy Lyre to INNOCENCE and LOVE.

“Poh! poh!” cry'd Satire, with a smile,
 “Where is the glorious freedom of our Isle,
 “If not permitted to call names?”
 Methought the argument had weight—
 “Satire,” quoth I, “you're very right”—
 So once more forth volcanic Peter flames!

O D E II.

The Poet correcteth the Muse's warmth, who beginneth with little less than calling names—Hinteth at some academic Giants—And concludeth with a pair of apt and elegant Similes.

“TAGRAGS and Bobtails of the sacred Brush!”—
 For Heaven's sake, Muse, be prudent:—Hush! hush!
 hush!

The Ode with too much violence begins:
 The great R. A.'s, so jealous of their fame,
 Will all declare of *them*, we make a game,
 And then, the Lord have mercy on our skins!

* Mrs. Cowley.

Think what a formidable Phalanx, Muse,
Strengthen'd by Messieurs Garvay and Rigaud,
and Co.

How *dangerous* such a body to abuse !

Then there's among the Academic crew,
A MAN *, that made the president look blue ;
Brandish'd his weapon—with a whirlwind's forces,
Tore by the roots his flourishing discourses ;
And swore his own sweet Irish howl could pour
A half a dozen such, in half an hour.

Be prudent, Muse !—once more I pray—
In vain I preach ! th' advice is thrown away :
Ev'n now you turn your nose up with a sneer,
And cry—" Lord ! Reynolds hath no cause to fear :
When Barry dares the President to fly on,
'Tis like a Mouse, that, work'd into a rage,
Daring most dreadful war to wage,
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan Lion.

Or like a Louse of mettle full,
Nurs'd in some Giant's skull—
Because Goliath scratch'd him as he fed,
Employs with vehemence his angry claws,
And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,
To *carry off* the GIANT'S HEAD !

* Mr. Barry.

ODE

O D E III.

The Poet addresseth Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, a Gentleman of consequence in the Election of R. A.'s—He accuseth the Knight of a partial and ridiculous distribution of the Academic Honours—Threateneth him with Rhime—Adviseeth a reformation.

ONE minute, gentle Irony, retire——
 Behold! I'm graver than a *mustard pot*;
 The Muse with bile as hot as fire,
 Could call *fool, puppy, blockhead*, and what not?
 As brother Horace has it—*tumet jecur*:
 Nor in her angry progress will I check her.
 I'm told, that Satan hath been long at work
 To bring th' Academy into disgrace;
 Oh! may that Member's b—ck—de feel his fork,
 Who dares to violate the sacred place!
 Who dares the devil join
 In so nefarious a design?
 Yet, lo! what dolts the honours claim!
 I leave their *WORKS* to tell their name.
 Th' Academy is like a microscope——
 For by the magnifying power, are seen
 Objects, that for *attention* ne'er could hope;
 No more, alas! than if they ne'er had *been*.
 So rare a building, and so grac'd
 With monuments of ancient taste,
 Statues and Busts, Relievos and Intaglios;
 For *such poor things* to watch the treasure,
 Is laughable beyond all measure——
 'Tis just like Eunuchs put to guard Seraglios.

Think

Think not, Sir William, I'm in jest—
 By Heaven ! I will not let thee rest :
 Yet thou may'st bluster like bull-beef so big ;
 And of thy own importance full,
 Exclaim—" Great *cry*, and little *wool* !"
 As Satan holla'd, when he shav'd the Pig.

Yes, thou shalt feel my tomahawk of satire,
 And find that *scalping* is a serious matter :
 Shock'd at th' abuse, how rage inflames my veins !
 Who can help *swearing*, when such wights he
 fees
 Crept to th' Academy by ways and means,
 Like mites and skippers in a Cheshire cheese ?
What beings will the next year's choice disclose,
 The Academic list to grace ?
 Some *skeletons of art*, I do suppose,
 That ought to blush to show their face.

Sir William ! tremble at the Muse's tongue ;
 Parnassus boasts a formidable throng !
 All people recollect poor Marfyas' fate,
 Save such as are dead, drunk, or fast asleep :
 Apollo tied the culprit to a gate,
 And slay'd him as a butcher slays a sheep :
 And why ?—Lord ! not as hist'ry rehearſes,
 Because he scorn'd his *pipi*ng—but his *verses* :
 In vain, like a poor pilloried punk, he bawl'd
 And kick'd and writh'd, and said his pray'rs, and
 sprawl'd ;
 'Twas all in vain—the God pursu'd his sport,
 And pull'd his *hide* off—as you'd pull your *shirt* !
 Then bid not rage the Muse's soul inflame,
 Whose thundering voice *damnation* makes or *fame*.

You'll ask me, perhaps, " Good Master Peter, pray
 " What right have *you* to speak ?"—then pertly
 smile :

I'll tell you, Sir—My pocket help'd to pay
 For building that expensive pile,
 A pile that credit to the nation gains,
 And does *some* honour to your worship's brains.

It made a tax on candles and shoe-leather,
 Of monstrous use in dirty weather :
 It made a tax on butcher's shops,
 So spread its influence o'er *poetic chops* ;
 A most alarming tax to ev'ry Poet,
 Whose poor lank greyhound ribs with sorrow show it.

Therefore, Sir Knight, pray mend your manners,
 And don't chuse cobblers, blacksmiths, tinkers, tanners :
Some people love the converse of low folks
 To gain broad grins for good-for-nothing jokes—
 Tho' *thou*, 'midst dulness, may'st be pleas'd to *shine*,
 REYNOLDS shall ne'er fit cheek-by-jowl with SWINE.

O D E IV.

The Poet again payeth his respects to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS — Complaineth of his illiberality in his choice of R. A.'s. — Adviseth him to keep company with PRUDENCE, whom he describeth most naturally — He threatneth the Knight — And concludeth with a beautiful Simile.

THE Muse is in the fidgets—can't sit still—
 She must have t'other talk with you, Sir Will.
 Since her last Ode, with sorrow hath she heard
 You want not men with heav'nly *genius* blest,
 But with the title of R. A. conferr'd
 On such as catch the bugs, and sweep the spiders
 best,
 Wash of the larger statues best, the faces,
 And clean the dirty linen of the GRACES:
 Scour best the skins of the young marble brats—
 Trap mice, and clear th' Academy from rats.
 You look for men whose heads are rather *tubbish*,
 Or, drum-like, better form'd for *sound* than *sense*;
 Pleas'd with the fine Arabian to dispense,
 You want the *big-bon'd drayhorse* for your *rubbish*.
 Raise not the Muse's anger, I desire;
 High-born, she's hotter than the lightning's fire.
 And proud! (believe the Poet's word)
 Proud as the lady of a new-made Lord;
 Proud, as in all her gorgeous trappings drest,
 Fat Lady Mayorefs at a City-feast;

Whose spouse makes wigs, or some such glorious thing,
Shoes, gloves, hats, nightcaps, breeches, for the King!

PRUDENCE, Sir William, is a jewel—

Is cloaths, and meat, and drink, and fuel!

PRUDENCE! for man the very best of *wives*,

Whom BARDS have *seldom* met with in their lives;

Which, *certès*, doth account for, in some measure,

Their grievous want of worldly treasure,

On which the *greatest blockheads* make their *brags*;

And sheweth why we see, instead of lace,

About the Poet's back, with little grace,

Those fluttering, *French-like* followers—call'd RAGS.

PRUDENCE! a sweet, obliging, curtsying lass,

Fit through this hypocritic world to *pass*!

Who kept at first a little peddling shop,

Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,

Wash'd her own smocks, caught her own fleas,

And rose to fame and fortune by degrees;

Who, when she enter'd other people's houses,

Till spoke to, was as silent as a mouse is;

And of opinions, though possess'd a store,

She left them with her pattens—at the door.

Sir William, you're a *bound*! and hunting FAME;—

Undoubtedly the *woman* is fair game:

But, *Nimrod*, mind—my Muse is WHIPPER-IN!

So that if ever you disgrace,

By turning *cur*, your noble race,

The Lord have mercy on your *curship*'s skin!

O D E V.

The Poet openeth his account of the Exhibitors at the Academy—Praiseth REYNOLDS—Half damneth Mr. WEST—Completely damneth Mr. WRIGHT, of Derby—mentioneth Mr. FUSELI—Complimenteth Mr. OPIE.

MUSE, sing the wonders of the present year:
 Declare what works of sterling worth appear.
 REYNOLDS, his heads divine, as usual, gives,
 Where Guido's, Rubens', Titian's genius lives!
 Works! I'm afraid, like beauty of *rare quality*,
 Born soon to fade!—too subject to mortality!

WEST most judiciously my counsel takes,
 Paints by the acre—witness Parson PETER*.
 For garbs, he very pretty blankets makes,
 Deserving praises in the sweetest metre.

The flesh of Peter's audience is not *good*—
 Too much like ivory, and stone, and wood;
 Nor of the figures, dare I praise th' *expression*,
 With *some folks* thought a *trifle of transgression*.

WEST, your *Last Supper* is a *hungry* piece;—
 Your Tyburn Saints will not your fame increase:
 With looks so thievish, with such skins of copper!
 Were they for sale, as Heaven's my judge,
 To give five farthings for them I should grudge,
 Nay, ev'n my old tobacco stopper.

Candour must own, that frequently thy paints
 Have play'd the *devil* with the *Saints*:

* Peter preaching, Mr. West.

For *me!* I fancy them like *doves* and *throftles!*
 But *thou*, if we believe *thy* art,
 Enough to make us pious Christians *start*,
 Haft very scurvy notions of *Apostles*.

What of thy * landscape shall I say,
 Holding the old white fow, and fucking litter?
 Curs'd be the moment, curs'd the day,
 Thou gav'st the muse such reason to be bitter!
 But, Muse, be soft, and *gently, gently* sigh—
 “More damned stuff was never seen by eye.”

Yet mind! thy *Landscape* equals Derby WRIGHT's †,
 Whose canvas gives us very *dismal* nights:
 O'er *woollen* hills, where *gold* and *silver* moons,
 Now mount like *Sixpences*, and now *Balloons*;
 Where curling wild, in different directions,
 Nice *vermicelli* represents *reflections!*
 In short, where ev'ry thing we see appear,
 Seems to exclaim—“What business have we here?”

FUSELI resumes the brush to please the FEW:
 He deems the MILLION, senseless, arrant crew—
 For *ridicule*;—just *fit* to make a *feast*—
 A Caliban—a great unjudging beast,
 Whose crab-like soul to no great heights can climb,
 And therefore cannot feel the *true* SUBLIME.

OPIE this year (so say his forms and faces)
 Hath deign'd to pick acquaintance with the GRACES.
 But where are all his *old* heads flown?

Pray, Master OPIE, leave your tricks,
 And let our eyes sometimes on pictures fix
 That REMBRANDT had been *proud* to own.

* A most pitiable performance indeed.—It may be fairly called
 the *Dotage* of the art.

† A Painter of Moon-lights.

O D E VI.

The Poet addresseth Majesty—Pleadeth the cause of poor, starving Poetry—He acknowledgeth in a former Ode the kindnesses of Fame, yet throweth out a Hint to his Majesty that his finances may be improved—He relateth a marvellous story of a Jesuit—Recommendeth something similar to his Sovereign.

AN'T please your Majesty, I'm overjoy'd
 To find your family so fond of Painting;
 I wish her sister POETRY employ'd——
 Poor, dear, neglected girl! with hunger fainting.
 Your Royal Grandfire, (trust me, I'm no fibber)
 Was vastly fond of COLLEY CIBBER.

For subjects, how his Majesty would hunt!
 And if a battle grac'd the Rhine, or Weser,
 He'd cry—" Mine Poet sal mak Ode upon't!"
 Then forth there came a flaming Ode to CÆSAR.

Dread Sire, pray recollect a bit
 Some glorious action of your life;
 And then your humble Poet's wit,
 Sharp as a razor, or a new-ground knife,
 Shall mount you on her glorious Balloon Odes,
 Like Rome's great CÆSAR, to th' immortal GODS †.

A Naples' Jesuit, HISTORY declares,
 On slips of paper scribbled prayers,
 Which show'd of wisdom great profundity;
 Then fold them to the country folks,
 To give their turkies, hens and ducks,
 To bring increase of fowl-secundity:

† Divisum Imperium, cum Jove, Cæsar habet.

It answer'd—On their turkies, ducks and hens,
 The country people all were full of brags—
 Whose little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,
 Squat down, and laid like conjuration bags.

I with this *sage* experiment were try'd
 Upon the Muse, my gentle bride ;
 And slips of paper giv'n h-er, with this *pray'r*—
 “ Pay to the bearer fifty pounds at sight.”
 Her sweet prolific pow'rs 'twould so *delight*,
 She'd breed like a *tame rabbit* or a *bare* !

O D E VII.

PETER's account of wonderful Reliques in France, with
 the devotion paid them—The sensible application to Paint-
 ers and Painting, by way of Simile.

I N France some years ago—some twenty-three,
 At a fam'd Church, where hundreds daily jostle,
 I wisely paid a Priest six sous to see
 The *thumb* of Thomas the Apostle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with *me* in wonder,
 The rabble rais'd its eyes—like ducks in thunder ;
 Because in virtues it was vastly rich,
 Had cur'd possess'd of devils, and the itch ;
 Work'd various wonders on a scabby pate—
 Made little sucking children straight,
 Though crook'd like ram horns by the rickets ;
 Made people see, though blind as moles,—
 And made your sad, hysteric souls,
 As gay as grasshoppers and crickets ;

Brought

Brought noses back again to faces,
 Long stol'n by *Venus* and her *Graces*;
 And eyes to fill their parent sockets,
 Of which sad love had pick'd their pockets:
 And had the Priest *permitted*, with their kisses,
 The mob had smack'd the holy thumb to pieces.
 Though, Reader, 'twas not the Apostle's thumb,—
 But mum!—

It play'd as well of *miracles* the trick,
 Although a *painted* piece of *stick*!

For six fous more, behold! to view, was bolted
 A *feather* of the Angel Gabriel's wing!
 Whether 'twas pluck'd by force, or calmly molted,
 No holy legends tell, nor Poets sing.
 But *was* it Gabriel's feather, heav'nly Muses?
 It was *not* Gabriel's feather, but a *Goose's*!
 But stay! from truth we would not wish to wander,
 For, possibly, the owner was a *Gander*.

Painters! you take me right:—The muse supposes
 You make your *coup-de-maitre* dashes,
 Christen them eyes, and cheeks, and lips, and noses,
 Beards, chins, and whiskers, and eye-lashes;
 As like, p'rhaps, as a *horse* is like a *plumb*,
 Or forefaid stick, St. Tom th' Apostle's thumb.

With purer eyes the British vulgar sees;
 We are no *Crawthumpers*, no *Devotees*;
 So that whene'er your figures are *mere wood*,
 Our eyes will never think 'em *flesh* and *blood*.

O D E VIII.

The generous PETER rescueth the immortal RAPHAEL from the obloquy of MICHAEL ANGELO—The poet moralizeth—Telleth a story not to the credit of MICHAEL ANGELO, and nobly defendeth RAPHAEL's name against his invidious attack—Concludeth with a most sage observation.

HOW difficult in Artists to allow
To brother brushmen ev'n a grain of merit !
Wishing to tear the laurels from their brow,
They shew a sniv'ling, diabolic spirit.

So 'tis ! however moralists may chatter—
What's worse still—nature will be always nature.
We can't brew Burgundy from four small beer,
Nor make a filken purse of a sow's ear.

Sweet is the voice of *Praise* !—from eve to morn,
From blushing morn to darkling eve again,
My Muse the brows of Merit could adorn,
And, lark-like, swell the Panegyric strain.
PRAISE, like the balm which evening's dewy star
Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flower,
Lifts modest, pining Merit from despair,
And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

P—x take me if I ever read the story
Of *Michael Angelo* without much swearing :
'Tis such a slice cut off from *Michael's* glory,
He surely had been brandying it, or beering :
That is, in plainer English, he was drunk,
And candour from the man with horror shrunk.

Raphael

Raphael did honour to the Roman school,
 Yet Angelo vouchsaf'd to call him *fool*;
 When working in the Vatican, would stare,
 Throw down his brush, and stamp and swear,
 If e'er a porter let him in—he'd *stone* him,
 And if he Raphael caught—most surely *bone* him.

He swore the world was a rank ass
 To pay a compliment to Raphael's *stuff*;
 For that he knew the fellow well enough,
 And that his paltry metal would not *pass*.

Such was the language of this false Italian:
 One time he christened Raphael a Pygmalion,
 Swore that his madams were compos'd of stone;
 Swore his expressions were like owls so tame,
 His drawings, like the lamest cripple, lame;
 That as for composition, he had none.

Young Artists! these assertions I deny;—
 'Twas vile ill manners—not to say a *lie*:
 RAPHAEL did *real* excellence inherit,
 And if you ever chance to paint as well,
 I *bona fide* do foretel,
 You'll *certainly* be men of *merit*.

O D E IX.

The gossiping PETER telleth a strange Story, and true, though strange;—Seemeth to entertain no very elevated opinions of the wisdom of Kings—Hinteth at the narrow escape of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS—Mr. RAMSAY's Riches—A Recommendation of Flattery as a Specific in Fortune-making.

I'M told, and I believe the story,
 That a fam'd Queen of Northern brutes,
 A GENTLEWOMAN of *prodigious* glory,
 Whom *ev'ry* sort of epithet *well* suits;
 Whose husband *dear* just happening to *provoke* her,
 Was shov'd to Heaven upon a *red-hot* poker!
 Sent to a *certain* KING, not King of *France*—
 Desiring by SIR JOSHUA's hand his PHIZ—
 What did the Royal Quiz?
 Why *damn'd genteelly*, fat to Mr. DANCE*!

Then sent it to the Northern Queen —
 As sweet a bit of *wood* as e'er was seen!
 And *therefore* most *unlike* the PRINCELY HEAD,
 He might as well have sent a PIG OF LEAD.

Down *ev'ry* throat the piece was cramm'd
 As done by REYNOLDS, and *deserv'dly* damn'd;

* The true reason that induced his Majesty to sit to Mr. DANCE, was *laudable Royal* œconomy. Mr. DANCE charged Fifty Pounds for the Picture.—Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS's price was somewhat more than a Hundred—a very great difference in the market price of Paint and Canvas, and, let me say, that justified the preference given to the man who worked *cheapest*.

For as to Master Dance's art,
 It ne'er was worth a fingle ——!
 Reader, I BLUSH!—*am delicate this time!*
 So let *thy* IMPUDENCE supply the RHIME.

Thank God! that Kings cannot our taste controul,
 And make each subject's poor, submissive soul
 Admire the TASTE that JUDGMENT oft cries fie
 on:

Had *things been so*, poor Reynolds we had seen,
 Painting a BARBER's POLE,—an ALE-HOUSE
 QUEEN,

The CAT and GRIDIRON, or the old RED LION!
 At * Plympton, perhaps, for some grave Doctor Slop
 Painting the pots and bottles of the shop;
 Or in the DRAMA, to get meat to munch,
 His brush divine had pictur'd scenes for PUNCH!
 Whilst WEST was whelping 'midst his paints,
 Moses and Aaron, and *all sorts* of Saints!
 Adams and Eves, and Snakes and Apples,
 And Dev'ls, for beautifying *certain* CHAPELS:
 But Reynolds is no *favourite*, that's the *matter*—
 He hath not learnt the noble art—to *flatter* †.

Thrice happy times, when MONARCHS find them
hard things

To teach us *what* to view with *admiration*;
 And like their heads on *halfpence* and *brass farthings*,
 Make their OPINIONS *current* through the
 nation!

* Sir Joshua's native spot, in Devonshire.

† This Ode was composed before Sir Joshua was dubbed King's
 Painter. Possibly the great Artist *dreamt* of my BEAUTIFUL
 LYRIC, and pursued its advice.

I've heard that RAMSAY * when he died,
 Left just nine rooms well stuff'd with Queens and Kings,
 From whence all nations might have been supplied
 That long'd for valuable things.

Viceroy, Ambassadors, and Plenipos
 Bought them to join their raree shows
 In foreign parts,
 And show the PROGRESS of the BRITISH ARTS.

Whether they purchas'd by the pound or yard,
 I cannot tell, because I never heard;
 But this I know, his shop was like a fair,
 And dealt most largely in the ROYAL WARE.
 See what it is to gain a Monarch's smile!—
 And hast thou miss'd it, Reynolds, all this while?
 How stupid! prithee, seek the COURTIER's SCHOOL,
 And learn to manufacture OIL of FOOL.

FLATTERY's the turnpike-road to FORTUNE's door—
 Truth is a narrow lane, all full of quags,
 Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rags,
 And workhouses,—sad refuge for the poor!—

FLATTERY's a MOUNTBANK so spruce—gets riches;
 TRUTH, a plain SIMON PURE, a QUAKER
 PREACHER,
 A Moral Mender, a disgusting Teacher,
 That never got a sixpence by her SPEECHES!

* Late Painter to his Majesty.

O D E X.

The lofty PETER beginneth with an original Simile—Displayeth a deep knowledge of Homer and modern Dutchesses—Concludeth with a Prophecy about his Sovereign.

PAINTERS who figure in the Exhibition,
Are pretty nearly in the same condition
With cocks on Shrove-tide, which the season gathers;
Flung at by ev'ry lubber, ev'ry brat,
That hath the sense to throw a bat,
To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This little difference, however, lies,
Between the *Painter* and the *fowl* I find—
The Artist for the post of danger tries—
The Fowl is fasten'd much against his *mind*;

Who, as to his dread sentence, would annul it—
Sue out his *habeas corpus*, and instead
Of being beat with bats about the head,
Make handsome love to a smart pullet.

And yet the Painter like a booby groans,
Who courts the very bats that break his bones.
But *who* from scandal is exempt?
Who doth not meet, at times, contempt?

Great Jove, the God of Gods, in *figures* rich,
Oft call'd his bosom Queen a *saucy bitch*;
Achilles * call'd great Agamemnon *hog*,
An impudent, deceitful, dirty *dog*!

* Vid. HOMER.

Behold our lofty Dutcheffes pull caps,
 And give each other's reputations raps,
 As *freely* as the drabs of Drury's school;
 And who, pray, knows that GEORGE our gracious
 King,
 (Said by his courtiers to know *every* thing)
 May not, by *future times*, be call'd a FOOL!

O D E XI.

The Bard sensibly reproveth the young Artists for their propensity to abuse—Most wittily compareth them to Horse-leeches, Game-cocks, and Curs.

THE mean, the ranc'rous jealousies that swell
 In some sad Artists' souls, I do despise;
 Instead of nobly *striving* to excel,
 You *strive* to pick out one the other's eyes.
 To be a PAINTER, was Corregio's glory——
 His speech should flame in gold—"SONO PIT-
 TORE."

But what, if truth were spoke, would be *your* speeches?
This—"We're a set of fame-sucking horse-leeches,
 "Without a *blush*, the *poorest* scandal speaking—
 "Like cocks, for ever at each other beaking;
 "As if the globe we dwell on were *so small*
 "There really was not *room enough* for ALL."

Young men!——
 I do presume that *one* of you in *ten*

Hath

Hath kept a dog or two, and hath remark'd,
 That when you have been comfortably feeding,
 The curs, without one atom of court breeding,
 With watery jaws, have whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd;
 Show'd anxiousness about the mutton bone,
 And 'stead of *your* mouth, wish'd it in their *own*;
 And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,
 Heav'ns what a snarling, quarrelling and pother!
 This oft, perhaps, had touch'd you to the quick,
 And made you teach *good manners* by a *kick*;
 And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
 A little bit of *sweet* emphatic swearing,
 An eloquence of wondrous use in wars,
 Amongst Sea Captains and the brave Jack Tars.

Now tell me honestly—pray don't you find
 Somewhat in Christians just of the same kind

That you experienc'd in the curs,
 Causing your anger and demurs?

As, for example, when your mistress, FAME,
 Wishing to celebrate a worthy name,
 Takes up her trump to give the just applause,
 How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wish'd and whin'd;
 And growl'd, and curs'd, and swore, and pin'd,
 And long to tear the trumpet from her jaws!
 The dogs deserv'd *their* kicking to be sure;
 But *you*! O fie, boys! go and sin no *more*.

O D E XII.

*The compassionate PETER lamenteth the Death of Mr.
HONE, an R. A.—Recommendeth him to OBLIVION,
the great Patron of a Number of GENIUSES.*

THERE's one R. A. more dead! stiff is poor HONE!
His works be with him under the same stone:
I think the sacred Art will not bemoan 'em;
But, Muse!—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—
As to his host a traveller with a sneer,
Said of his DEAD *small-beer*.

Go then, poor HONE! and join a numerous train
Sunk in OBLIVION's wide pacific ocean;
And may its *whale-like* stomach feel no motion
To cast thee, like a JONAH, up again.

O D E XIII.

*The Poet exhibiteth the Inconstancy of the World, by the
most elegant Comparifon of a Flock of Starlings.*

YOUNG Artists, it may fo fall out
That folks fhall make a grievous rout:
Follow you—praise your painting to the fkies;
When, perhaps a ribband, (fie upon it!)
A feather, or a tawdry bonnet,
Caught, by its glare, their wonder-fpying eyes.

Therefore,

Therefore, don't *thence* suppose that you inherit
Mountains of unexampled merit;
 That *always* you *shall* be pursu'd,
 And like a *wondrous* Beauty woo'd.

Great is the world's inconstancy, God knows!——
 Fame, like the ocean, *ebbs*, as well as *flows*;
 Next year the million pitches on a Ruff,
 A Balloon Cap—a Shawl—a Muff;——
 For *you*, no longer cares a single rush,
 Following *some other Brother* of the Brush.

To raise to nobler flights the Muse's wing,
 A *simile's* a very pretty thing;
 To whose sweet aid I'm oft a humble debtor,
 T' illustrate with more force the thing I mean;
 And if the *Simile* be neat and clean,
Tant mieux—that is—*so much the better*.

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,
 Accept one just imported from the mint.

You've seen a flock of Starlings, to be sure,
 A hundred thousand in a *mess* or more;
 Who fortunately having found
 A lump of horse litter upon the ground,
 Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung,
 Then Lord, what *doings*! Heavens, what *admiration*!
 What *joy*, what *transport* 'midst the speckled nation!
 How busy ev'ry *beak*, and ev'ry *tongue*!
 All talking, gabbling, but none list'ning,
 Just like a group of gossips at a christ'ning;——
 Let but a *cowdab* show its grass-green face,
 They're *up*, without so much as saying grace;

And lo! the busy flock around it pitches!
 Just as upon the lump before,
 They gabble, wonder, and adore!
 And equal *brother* MARTYN's † speeches.
 These starlings show the world with great propriety.
 Mad as March Hares, or Curlews for VARIETY.

O D E XIV.

The Great PETER despiseth Frenchmen.

I BEG it as a favour, my young folks,
 You will not copy, monkey-like, the French,
 Whose pictures, justly, are all standing jokes,
 Whether they represent a man or wench.
 If Monsieur paints a man of fashion,
 Making an *obeisance* well bred,
 The gentleman's a *ram-cat* in a passion,
 His back all crumpled o'er his head:
 Or, if he paints a wretch upon the wheel,
 And bone-breaking's no *trifling thing*, G—d knows!
 Amidst his pains the fellow's so *genteel*!
 He *feels* with such *decorum* all the blows.
 Or if a culprit's going to the *devil*,
 Which some folks also deem a serious *evil*,
 So *dégage* you see the man advance,
 His arms, hands, shoulders, turn'd-out toes,
 Madona-lifted eyes and cock'd-up nose,
 Proclaim the pretty puppy in a dance.

† A much-admired Speaker in the House of Commons, who *nem. con.* was baptized the *Starling* MARTYN.

I've seen a sleeping VENUS, I declare,
 With hands and legs stretch'd out with *such* an air!
 Her neck and head, *so* twisted on one shoulder,
 With *such* a *heav'nly* smile, that each beholder
 Would swear, (disdaining DANCING's *vulgar* track)
 The Dame was walking minuets on her *Back*!
 Ev'n an old woman yielding up her breath

By means of cholic, stone, or gravel;
 How smirkingly she feels the pangs of death!

With what a *grace* her soul prepares to *travel*!

A Frenchman's Angel is an OPERA PUNK;—
 His Virgin Marys—milleners half drunk;
 Our blest Redeemer, a rank *petit maitre*,
 In every attitude and feature;
 The humble Joseph, *so genteelly* made,
 And only fit to *compliment* his wife——

So *delicate*! as if he scarcely knew

Oak from deal board—a gimblet from a screw;
 And never made a MOUSE-TRAP in his life.

Think not I wantonly attack those people;
 In prejudice that I'm as stiff's a steeple;
 No!—yet, I own I hate the shrugging dogs—
 I've liv'd amongst them, eat their frogs,
 And vomited them up, thank God, again;

So that I'm able now to say,

I carried nought of *theirs* away,
 Which otherwise had made the puppies *vain*.

O D E XV.

The conceited PETER turneth an arrant Egotist—Mentioneth a number of fine Folks—This minute condemneth WILL. WHITEHEAD's Verses, and the next, exculpateth the Laureat, by clapping the right saddle on the right horse.

NO Giant more rejoiceth in his course,
 Not Count O'Kelly in a winning horse;
 Not Mrs. Hobart † to preserve a box,
 Not George the Third to triumph o'er Charles Fox:
 Not Spain's *wife* Monarch to bombard Algiers—
 Not Pillories, order'd by the Law's stern voice,
 Can more rejoice
 To hold Kit Atkinson's two ears;
 Not more rejoiceth patriotic Pitt
 By patriotic Grocers to be fed,
 Not Mother Windsor ‡ in a fair young Tit,
 Nor gaping Deans, to hear a Bishop's dead:
 Not more reform'd John Wilkes to *court* the Crown,
 Nor Skinner in his Aldermannic gown,
 Nor Common Councilmen on turtle feeding:
 Not more rejoice old envious Maids so stale,
 To hear of weeping Beauty *a sad tale*,
 And tell the world a reigning Toast is *breeding* :—

† The contest between Mrs. Hobart and Lady Salisbury, with their *Seconds*, about a Box at the Opera, is a SUBJECT for the most sublime Epic!

‡ A Priestess of the Cyprian Goddess.

Than,

Than I, the Poet, in a lucky Ode
 That catches at a hop the Cynic face ;
 Kills by a laugh its grave Bubonic face ;
 And tears, in spite of him, his jaws abroad.

And are there such grave Dons that read my rhymes ?
 All gracious Heav'n forgive their crimes !
 Oh ! be their lot to have *wife-talking* wives ;
 And if in *reading* they delight,
 To read, ye Gods ! from morn to night,
Will Whitehead's * Birth-day Sonnets all their lives.

Perhaps, reader, thou'rt a tinker, or a tanner,
 And mendest kettles in a pretty manner ;
 Or tanneest hides of bulls, and cows, and calves :
 But if the saucepan, or the kettle,
Originally be bad metal,
 Thou'lt say, " It only can be done by *halves* ;"
 Or if by *nature* bad the bullocks' skins,
 " They'll make vile shoes and boots for people's *skins*."
 Then wherefore do I thus abuse
 Will Whitehead's *hard-driv'n* Muse ?
 Who merits rather *Pity's* tend'rest sigh :
 For what the devil can he do,
 When forc'd to praise—the *Lord knows who* !
 Verse *must* be dull on subjects so damn'd dry.

* This Ode was written before a late Laureat resigned his *earthly* crown for a *heavenly* one. May Mr. Tom Warton be more successful in his Pindaric adulations, and not verify the Latin adage—*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*.

O D E XVI.

*The classic PETER adviseth Painters to cultivate Taste—
Lasheth some of the Ignorant—Accuseth Painters of an
affection for vulgarity, whom he horse-whippeth—Recom-
mendeth a charming subject—Telleth the secret of his
Love, and giveth a die-away Sonnet of former days—
Persecuteth TENIER's Devils, but applaudeth the Exe-
cution.*

PAINTERS, improve your education,
That surely stands in need of reformation.
I've heard that some can neither write nor read,
Which does no honour to the hand or head.

Many, I know, would rather paint a *bear*,
Or *monkey* playing his quaint tricks,
Than some sweet damsel, whom all hearts revere,
Whose charms the eye of admiration fix—
Would rather see a *stump* with strength exprest,
Than all the snowy fulness of her Breast,
Or **LIP**, that Innocence so sweetly moves,
Or **SMILE**, the fond Elysium of the Loves.

This brings those days to mem'ry when my tongue,
To Cynthia's Beauty pour'd my soul in song;
When on the margin of the murmuring stream,
My fancy frequent form'd the golden dream
Of Cynthia's grace—of Cynthia's smiles divine,
And made those smiles and peerless beauty *mine*.

It brings to mem'ry, too, those dismal times,
When nought my sighs avail'd, and nought my rhimes;
When

When at the silent, solemn close of day,
 My pensive steps would court the darkling grove,
 To hear in Philomela's lonely lay,
 The fainting echoes of my luckless love;
 Till night's increasing shades around me stole,
 And mingled with the gloom that wrapp'd my soul.
 Reader—Do'st chuse a sonnet of those days?
 Take it—and say not I'm a foe to PRAISE.

TO CYNTHIA.

O THOU! whose love-inspiring air
 Delights, yet gives a thousand woes;
 My day declines in dark despair,
 And night hath lost her sweet repose;
 Yet who, alas! like me was blest,
 To *others* ere thy charms were known;
 When Fancy told my raptur'd breast,
 That Cynthia smil'd on *me* alone?
 Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs:
 Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
 Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies
 When others to thy beauties kneel.
 Lo! theirs is every winning art,
 With Fortune's gifts unknown to *me*!
 I only boast a simple heart,
 In love with INNOCENCE and THEE.

Build not, alas! your popularity
 On that beast's back yclep'd *Vulgarity*;

A beast

A beast that many a booby takes a pride in——
A beast beneath the noble Peter's riding.

How should the man who loves to be *unchaste*,
To feed on carrion dread his hound-like paunch,
Judge of an Ortolan's delicious taste,
Or feed the flavour of a fine fat haunch?
Or, wont with bitter purl to wet his clay,
How should *he* judge of Claret or Tokay?

Tenier's Devils, Witches, Monkeys, Toads,
That make me shudder whilst I pen these Odes,
Most *truly painted*, to be sure, you'll find:
How greater far the excellence, to paint
With heaven-directed eye, the beauteous SAINT,
And mark th' emotions of her angel-mind?
Envy not *such* as have in DIRT surpass'd ye;—
'Tis *very, very easy* to be NASTY!

O D E XVII.

*The moralizing Bard exposeth the unfairness of mankind in
the article of laughing—Descanteth upon WIT—Dis-
claimeth pretension to it—Maketh love to Candour, and
modestly concludeth.*

HOW dearly mortals love to laugh and grin!
Just as they love to stuff themselves to *chin*
With other people's meat—good saving sense!
Because at other folks' expence;
But turn the laugh on *them*—how chang'd their notes!
“O damn 'em! this is *serious*—cut their throats!”

WIT,

WIT, says an author, that I do not know,
Is like TIME's scythe—cuts down both friend and foe;—
Ready each object, tyger-like, to *leap on*!

“ Lord! what a butcher this fame *wit*! thank God!

“ (A critic cries) in Master Pindar's Ode,
“ We spy th' effect of no such *dangerous weapon*.”

No, Sir—'tis dove-ey'd CANDOUR's charms
I woo to these desiring arms;

She is my GODDESS—to her shrine I bend:

NYMPH of the voice, that beats the morning lark,

Sweet as the dulcet note of either Park *,

Be thou my soft companion and my friend.

Thy lovely hand my Pegasus shall guide,

And teach thy *modest* pupil how to ride:

Thus shall I hurt not any *groupe-composers*,

From Sarah Benwell's *brush*, to Mary Mozer's †.

O D E XVIII.

*The judicious PETER giveth most wholesome Advice to
Landscape Painters.*

W HATE'ER your wish, in Landscape to excel,
London's the very place to mar it;
Believe the *oracles* I tell,
There's very little Landscape in a *Garret*.

* Two brothers of the most distinguished merit on the Oboe.

† The last of those Ladies, an R. A. by means of a *sublime* picture
of a plate of GOOSEBERRIES—the other in *hopes* of Academic honours,
through an *equal* degree of merit.

Whate'er

Whate'er the flocks of *Fleas* you keep,
 'Tis badly copying *them* for *Goats* and *Sheep*;
 And if you'll take the Poet's honest word,
 A *BUG* must make a miserable *BIRD*.

A *Rush* light winking in a bottle's neck,
 Ill represents the glorious *ORB* of *MORN*;
 Nay, though it were a candle with a *wick*,
 'Twould be a *representative* forlorn.

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,
 For *trees*, to copy legs of a *joint-stool*;
 Or ev'n by *them* to represent a *stump*:
 As also *broomsticks*—which though well he rig
 Each with an old *fox-colour'd* *wig*,
 Must make a very poor *autumnal clump*.

You'll say—Yet *such ones*, oft a person sees
 In many an Artist's *Trees*;
 And in some *Paintings*, we have all beheld;
 Green *Bays* hath surely sat for a green *Field*;
 Bolsters for *Mountains*, *Hills*, and wheaten *Mows*;
 Cats for *Ram-goats*;—and *Curs*, for *Bulls* and *Cows*."

All this, my Lads, I freely grant;
 But better things from *YOU*, I want.
 As *SHAKESPEARE* says, (a *Bard* I much *approve*)
 " *Lift, lift, Ob! lift,*"—if thou dost *PAINTING* love.

CLAUDE painted in the open air!—
 Therefore to *Wales* at once repair;
 Where scenes of *true* magnificence you'll find;
 Besides this great advantage—if in debt,
 You'll have with creditors no *tête-à-tête*:
 So leave the bull-dog *Bailiffs* all *behind*;
 Who, *hunt* you, with what noise they may,
 Must hunt for *needles* in a *stack of hay*.

O D E XIX.

The Poet hinteth to Artists the value of Time.

THE Man condemn'd on Tyburn tree to *sawing*,
Deems such a show, a very *dullish* thing;
He'd rather a SPECTATOR be, I ween,
Than the sad ACTOR in the scene.

He blames the LAW's too rigid resolution:
If with a beef-steak stomach—in his prime,
Lord, with what *reverence* he looks on Time!

And, most of all—the *hour of execution*!
And as the cart doth to the tree advance,
How *wond'rous willing* to postpone the DANCE!

Believe me, Time's of monstrous use;

But, ah! how subject to abuse!

It seems that with him, folks were often *cloy'd*;

I do pronounce it, Time's a *public good*,

Just like a youthful Beauty—to be *woo'd*,

Made *much* of, and be *properly* enjoy'd.

Time's sand is wonderfully small:

It slips between the fingers in a hurry;

Therefore, on each young Artist let me call,

To prize it as an Indian does his *Curry**;

Whether his next rare *Exhibition* be

Amidst the great R. A.'s,—or on a TREE.

* An universal food in the East Indies.

O D E XX.

The unfortunate PETER lamenteth the loss of an important Ode by Rats—He prayeth devoutly for the Rats.

HIATUS maxime defendus!

I've lost an ODE of charming praise;
From like misfortune, Heav'n defend us!

The sweetest of my Lyric Lays!
Where many a youthful Artist shone with fame,
Like his own pictures in a fine gilt frame.
Perdition catch the roguish rats!
Their trembling limbs should fill the maws of cats,
Were I to be their sole adviser:

Vermin! like trunk-makers and pastry-cooks,
Dealing in legions of delightful books,
Yet with the *learning*, not a whit the *wiser*.
Thank G—d! the Ode unto MYSELF they *spar'd*,
And, lo! the labour of the lucky Bard.

O D E XXI.

T O M Y S E L F.

The exalted PETER wisheth to make the gaping world acquainted with the place of his nativity;—but before he can get an answer from himself, he most sublimely bursteth forth into an address to Mennygizzy and Mouse-hole, two fishing towns in Cornwall—the first celebrated for Pilchards, the last for giving birth to Dolly Pentreath—The Poet praiseth the Honourable Daines Barrington, and Pilchards—Forgetteth the place of his nativity, and, like his great ancestor of Thebes, leaveth his readers in the dark.

O THOU! whose daring works sublime
 Defy the rudest rage of Time,
 Say!—for the world is with conjecture dizzy,
 Did Mousehole give thee birth or Mennygizzy?

HAIL Mennygizzy! what a town of note!

Where boats, and men, and stinks, and trade are
 stirring;

Where pilchards come in myriads to be caught;

Pilchard! a thousand times as good's a herring.

Pilchard! the idol of the Popish nation!

Hail little instrument of vast salvation!

Pilchard!

Pilchard, I ween, a most foul-saving-fish,
 On which the Catholics in Lent are *cramm'd*;
 Who, had they not, poor souls, this lucky dish,
 Would *flesh* eat, and be consequently *damn'd*.
 Pilchards! whose bodies yield the fragrant oil,
 And make the London lamps at midnight smile;
 Which lamps, wide spreading salutary light,
 Beam on the wandering BEAUTIES of the night,
 And show each gentle youth their cheek's deep roses,
 And tell them whether they have eyes and noses.

Hail, Mousehole! birth place of old Doll Pentreath*,
 The *last* who jabber'd Cornish—so says Daines,
 Who, bat-like, haunted ruins, lane, and heath,
 With Will-o'-Wisp, to brighten up his brains.
 Daines! who a thousand miles, unwearied trots
 For bones, brass farthings, ashes and old pots,
 To prove that folks of old, like *us*, were made
 With heads, eyes, hands, and toes, to drive a trade.

* A very old woman of Mousehole, supposed (*falsely* however) to have been the *last* who spoke the Cornish language.—The honourable Antiquarian, Daines Barrington, Esq; journied, some years since from London to the Land's-end, to converse with this wrinkled, yet delicious *morceau*. He entered Mousehole in a kind of triumph, and peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptured Lover, in the language of the famous Greek Philosopher—"EUREKA!" The couple kissed—Doll soon after *gabbled*—Daines listened with admiration—committed her speeches to paper, not venturing to trust his memory with *so much treasure*. The transaction was announced to the Society—the Journals were *enriched* with their dialogues—the old Lady's picture was ordered to be taken by the most eminent Artist, and the honourable Member to be publicly thanked for the DISCOVERY!

O D E XXII.

PETER *concludeth his Odes—Seemeth hungry—Expostulateth with the Reader--And getteth the start of the World, by first praising his own Works.*

TOM Southern to John Dryden went one day,
To buy a head and tail piece for his Play:—
“ Thomas,” quoth John, “ I’ve sold my goods too
“ *cheap,*

“ So, if you please, my price shall take a *leap.*”

O, Reader, look me gravely in the face;—
Speak, is not that with *me* and *thee* the case?
For this Year’s Odes I charge thee half-a-crown;
So, without grumbling, put thy money down;
For things are desperately ris’n, good Lord!
Fish, flesh, coals, candles, window-lights and board:
Why should not charming POETRY then rise?
That comes so dev’lish far too—from the *skies!*
And lo! the verses that adorn *this* page,
Beam, comet-like, alas! but *once* an age.

H

FAREWEL

FAREWELL ODES,

FOR THE YEAR M.DCC.LXXXVI.

— *Ridentem dicere verum*

Quid vetat? —

HORAT.

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LYRIC ODES.

O D E I.

PETER *talketh of resigning the Laureatship—He prophesieth the Triumph of the ARTISTS on his Resignation—The ARTISTS also prophesy to PETER's Disadvantage—PETER's last Comforts, should their Prophecy be fulfilled.*

PETER, like fam'd Christina, Queen of Sweden,
Who thought a *wicked* court was not an *Eden*,
This year, resigns the laurel crown for ever!
What all the fam'd ACADEMICIANS wish;
No more on painted fowl, and flesh, and fish,
He shows the world his carving skill so clever.
Brass, iron, woodwork, stone, in peace shall rest—
"Thank God!" exclaim the works of Mr. WEST.
"Thank God!" the works of Louthembourg exclaim—
For guns of critics, no ignoble game—
"No longer now afraid of rhiming praters,
"Shall we be christ'ned *tea-board*, *varnish'd waiters*:
"No verse shall swear that ours are *paste-board* rocks,
"Our trees, *brass wigs*; and *mops*, our fleecy flocks."
"Thank

“ Thank Heaven !” exclaims RIGAUD, with sparkling
“ eyes—

“ Then shall my pictures in importance rise,
“ And fill each gaping mouth and eye with wonder.”
Monsieur Rigaud,
It may be so,

To think thy stars have made so strange a blunder,
That bred to *paint*—the genius of a glazier :
That spoil’d, to make a *dauber*, a good brazier,
None but thy partial tongue (believe my lays)
Can dare stand forth the herald of thy praise :
Could FAME applaud, whose voice my verse reveres,
JUSTICE should break her trump about her ears.

“ Thank Heav’n !” cries Mr. GARVY ; and “ Thank
“ God !”

Cries Mr. COPLEY, “ that this Man of Ode,
“ No more, Barbarian-like, shall o’er us ride :
“ No more, like beads, in nasty order strung,
“ And round the waist of this vile MOHAWK hung,
“ Shall *academic scalps* indulge his pride.

“ No more hung up in this dread fellow’s rhyme,
“ Which he most impudently calls *sublime*,
“ Shall we, poor, inoffensive souls,
“ Appear just like so many moles,
“ Trapp’d in an orchard, garden, or a field ;
“ Which mole-catchers suspend on trees,
“ To shew their titles to their fees,
“ Like Doctors, paid too often for the *kill’d*.

Pleas’d that no more my verses shall annoy ;
Glad that my blister Odes shall cease their stinging ;
Each wooden figure’s mouth expands with joy—
Hark ! how they all break forth in singing !—

In boastful sounds the grinning ARTISTS cry,

“ Lo! PETER’s hour of insolence is o’er :

“ His Muse is dead—his lyric pump is dry—

“ His Odes, like stinking fish, not worth a groat a
“ score.

“ Art thou, then, weak, like us, thou snarling sniv’ller?

“ Art thou like one of us, thou lyric driv’ller?

“ Our Kings and Queens in glory now shall lie,

“ Each unmolested, sleeping in his frame;

“ Our ponds, our lakes, our oceans, earth, and sky,

“ No longer, scouted, shall be put to shame :

“ No poet’s rage shall root our stumps and stumplings,

“ And swear our clouds are flying apple-dumplings :

“ Fame shall proclaim how well our plum-trees bud,

“ And sound the merits of our marle and mud.”

“ Our oaks, our brushwood, and our lofty elms,

“ No jingling tyrant’s wicked rage o’erwhelms,

“ Now this vile FELLER is laid low :

“ In peace shall our stone-hedges sleep,

“ Our huts, our barns, our pigs, and sheep,

“ And wild fowl, from the eagle to the crow.”

They who shall see this PETER in the street,

With fearless eye his front shall meet,

And cry, “ Is this the man of keen remark?

“ Is this the wight?” shall be their taunting speech,

“ A dog! who dar’d to snap each artist’s breech,

“ And bite Academicians like a shark?

“ He whose broad cleaver chop’d the sons of paint :

“ Crush’d like a marrow-bone each lovely faint;

“ Spar’d not the very clothes about their backs :

“ The little duck-wing’d cherubims abus’d,

“ That could not more inhumanly be us’d,

“ Poor lambkins! had they fall’n among the BLACKS.

“ He, once so furious, soon shall want relief,

“ Stak’d through the body, like a paltry thief.

“ How

"How art thou fall'n, O Cherokee!" they cry,
 "How art thou fall'n!" the joyful roofs resound;
 "Hell shall thy body, for a rogue, surround,
 "And there, for ever roasting, may'st thou lie:
 "Like Dives, may'st thou stretch in fires along,
 "Refus'd one drop of drink to cool thy tongue."

Ye goodly gentlemen, repress your yell,
 Your hearty wishes for my *health* restrain;
 For if our *works* can put us into hell,
 Kind Sirs! we certainly shall meet again:
 Nay, what is worse, I really don't know whether
 We must not lodge in the *same* room together.

O D E II.

PETER *flogs Academicians and Dinner—Pities the PRINCE*
of WALES, Duke of ORLEANS, Duke of FITZJAMES,
Count LAUZUN, Lords CAERMARTHEN and BESS-
BOROUGH, &c. and praises Mr. WELTJIE—Excul-
pates the PRESIDENT—Condemns Sir W. CHAMBERS
and the COMMITTEE for their bad Management—PE-
TER talks of visiting the French KING and the Duke
of ORLEANS.

W HENE'ER ACADEMICIANS run astray,
 Such should the moral PETER's song reclaim—
 Of *paint*, this ode shall nothing sing or say,
 My eagle satire darts at *diff'rent* game—
 Against *decorum*—I abhor a *sinner*;
 And therefore lash the Academic dinner.

Th' ACADEMY, though marvellously poor,

Can once a year afford to *eat* :

By means of kind donations at the door,

The members make a comfortable treat.

Like *Gipsies* in a barn, around their KING,

That annual meet, to eat, to dance, and sing,

A feast was made of flesh, fish, tarts, creams, jellies,

To suit the various qualities of bellies :

Mine grumbl'd to be ask'd, and be delighted;

But *wicked* PETER's paunch was not invited.

Yet though no message waited on the *bard*,

With compliments from Academic names,

The PRINCE of WALES receiv'd a civil card,

His Grace of ORLEANS too, and Duke FITZ-JAMES;

Count de Lauzun, and Count Conflan,

A near relation to the man,

In whose poor sides old HAWKE once fix'd his claws,

Were welcom'd by the Academic Lords,

Either by writing or by words,

To come and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately for the modest DUKES,

The nimble artists, all with greyhound looks,

Fell on the meat, with teeth prodigious able;

Seiz'd, of the *Synagogue*, the *highest* places,

And left the poor *forlorn*, their GALLIC GRACES,

To nibble *at the bottom of the table*!

There sat, too, my good Lord Caermarthen,

As one of the *Canaille*, nor worth a farthing!

But what can *titles*, *virtues*, at a feast,

Where *glory* waits upon the *greatest* *beast*?

To see a stone-cutter and mason

High mounted o'er those men of quality;

By no means can our annals blazon

For feats of *courtly* hospitality.

I've heard, however, one or two were *tanners* :
Granted—it doth not much *improve* their manners.

They probably, in answer, may declare,

They thought the feast just like a *bunt* ;
 In which, as soon as ever starts the hare,

Each *Nimrod* tries to be the first upon't :
 And he's the *greatest*, 'midst the *howling fust*
 Who *first* can triumph o'er poor dying *Puss*.

PETERS * most justly rais'd his eyes of wonder,

And wanted decently to give them *grace* ;
 But bent on *ven'son* and on *turbot-plunder*,

A clattering peal of knives and forks took place :
 Spoons, plates, and dishes, rattling round the table
 Produc'd a *new* edition of *old* Babel.

They had no *stomach*, o'er a *Grace*, to nod,
 Nor *time enough* to offer thanks to *God* :
 That might be done, they wisely knew,
 When they had nothing else to *do*.

His *HIGHNESS* entering somewhat rather late,
 Could scarcely find a knife, or fork, or plate :
 But not one single *maiden* dish,
 Poor gentleman ! of flesh or fish.

Must woefully the *pastry* had been *paw'd*,
 And trembling jellies barbarously *claw'd* ;
 In short, my gentle readers to *amaze*,
 His *HIGHNESS* pick'd the bones of the *R. A.'s*.

O *Weltjie* †, had thy lofty form been there,
 And seen thy *PRINCE* so serv'd with scrap and slop,
 Thou surely would'st have brought him better fare—
 A warm beef steak, perchance, or mutton chop.

* A respectable Clergyman, and one of the Academicians.

† The Prince's German Cook.

Thou would'st have said "*De PRENCE of WALES, by
Got,*

" *Do too musb honour to be at der feast ;
" Vere he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot,
" But treated vid de bones just like a beast.
" De PRENCE, he was too great to sit and eat
" De bones and leafings of de meat ;
" And munsb vat dirty low-lif'd rogues refuse,
" By Got ! not fit to vipe de PRENCE's shoes."*

Great Befsborough's Earl, too, came off *second best* ;
His murmuring stomach had not *half* a feast ;
And therefore it was natural to *mutter* :
To rectify the fault, with joyless looks,
His Lordship bore his belly off to BROOKES,
Who filled the grumbler up with bread and butter.

Sirs ! those manœuvres were extremely coarse——
This really was the essence of ill-breeding :
Not for your souls could you have treated worse,
Bum-bailiffs, by this dog-like mode of feeding.

Grant, you eclips'd a pack of hounds, with glee
Pursuing, in full cry, the fainting game——
Surpass'd them, too, in gobling down the prey ;
Still, *great R. A.'s*, I tell you 'twas a *shame* :
Grant, each of you the wond'rous man excell'd,
Who beat a butcher's dog in eating tripe ;
And that each paunch with guttling was so *swell'd*,
Not one bit more could pass your swallow-pipe :

Grant, that you dar'd such *stuffed* feats display,
That not a soul of you could walk away :
Still, 'midst the triumphs of your gobling fame,
I tell you, *great R. A.'s*, it was a *shame*.

Grant,

Grant, you were greas'd up to the nose and eyes,
 Your cheeks all shining like a lantern's horn,
 With tearing hams and fowls, and giblet pies,
 And ducks, and geese, and pigeons newly born :
 Though great, in your opinion, be your fame,
 I tell you, *great R. A.'s* it was a *shame*.

This, let me own—the candour-loving Muse
 Most willingly SIR JOSHUA can excuse,
 Who tries the nation's glory to increase;
 Whose genius rare is very seldom nodding,
 But deep on painting subjects plodding,
 To rival Italy and Greece.

But pray, SIR WILLIAM *, what have *you* to say?
 No such impediment is in *your* way;
Genius can't hurt *your etiquette* attention;
 And Messieurs Tyler, Wilton, and Rigaud,
 Have *you* a genius to impede *you*?—No!
 Nor many a one besides that I could mention.

This year (God willing) I shall visit France,
 And taste of LOUIS, Grand Monarque! the prog;
 His Grace of ORLEANS, so kind, *perchance*,
 May ask me to his house to pick a frog:
 And yet, what right have *I* to visit *there*?
 To see a man so vilely treated *here*.

Ye Royal Artists, at your *future* feasts,
 I fear you'll make their GRACES downright Daniels:
 And as the Prophet din'd among *wild beasts*,
 The DUKES will join your *pointers* and your *spaniels*.

* Sir W. Chambers.

O D E III.

PETER giveth sage Advice to mercenary Artists, and telleth a most delectable Story of a Country Bumpkin and a peripatetic Razor-seller.

FORBEAR, my friends, to sacrifice your fame

To sordid gain, unless that you are starving :

I own that hunger will indulgence claim

For hard stone heads and landscape carving,

In order to make haste to sell and eat;

For there is certainly a charm in meat :

And in rebellious tones will stomachs speak,

That have not tasted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,

Who value fame no more than an old shoe :

Provided for their daubs they get a sale;

Just like the man—but stay—I'll tell the tale.

A fellow in a market town,

Most musical, cried razors up and down,

And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;

Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,

And for the money, quite a heap,

As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard :

Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,

That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose,

With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,

And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,

“ This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.”

“ No

" No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,

" Provided that the razors *shave* ;

" It certainly will be a monstrous prize :"

So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart, and soul content,

And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,

Hodge now began with grinning' pain to grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze :

'Twas a vile razor !——then the rest he try'd——

All were impostors——" Ah," Hodge sigh'd !

" I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,

He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and swore :
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry
faces,

And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His MUZZLE, form'd of *opposition* stuff,

Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;

So kept it——laughing at the steel and fuds :

Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,

Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,

On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.

" Razors !——a damn'd, confounded dog——

" Not fit to scrape a hog !"

Hodge fought the fellow——found him, and begun——

" P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,

" That people flay themselves out of their lives :

" You rascal !——for an hour have I been grubbing,

" Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,

" With razors just like oyster knives.

" Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave,

" To cry up razors that can't *shave*."

" Friend,"

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I’m not a knave :
 “ As for the razors you have bought,
 “ Upon my soul I never thought
 “ That they would *shave*.”
 “ Not think they’d shave !” quoth Hodge, with wond’r-
 ing eyes,
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;
 “ What were they made for then, you dog ?” he cries :—
 “ Made !” quoth the fellow, with a smile—“ to *sell*.”

O D E IV.

PETER *observeth* the LEX TALIONIS.

WEST tells the world that PETER cannot *rhime* ;
 PETER declares *point blank* that WEST can’t *paint* ;
 WEST swears I’ve not an atom of *sublime* ;
 I swear he hath no notion of a *saint* :
 And that his cross-wing’d cherubims are fowls,
 Baptiz’d by naturalists, *owls* ;
 Half of the meek apostles, gangs of robbers ;
 His angels, sets of brazen-headed lubbers.
 The Holy Scripture says, “ All flesh is *grafs* ;—
 With Mr. West, all flesh is brick and *brass* ;
 Except his horse-flesh, that, I fairly own,
 Is often of the choicest Portland stone.
 I’ve said, too, that this artist’s faces
 Ne’er paid a visit to the GRACES :
 That on *Expression*, he can never brag :
 Yet for this article hath he been studying ;
 But in it, never could surpass a pudding—
 No, gentle reader, nor a *pudding bag*.

I dare

I dare not say that Mr. WEST,
 Cannot sound criticism impart :
 I'm told the man with *technicals* is blest,
 That he can talk a deal upon the art :
 Yes, he can talk, I do not doubt it—
 “ About it, goddess, and about it ! ”

Thus, then, is Mr. WEST deserving praise——
 And let my justice the fair *laud* afford ;
 For, lo ! this far-fam'd artist cuts *both ways* ;
 Exactly like the Angel GABRIEL's *sword* :

The beauties of the art, his *converse* shows ;
 His *canvass*, almost ev'ry thing that's *bad* !
 Thus at th' Academy, we must suppose,
 A man more *useful* never could be had ;
 Who in himself, a *host*, so much can *do* ;
 Who is both *precept* and *example* too.

O D E V.

*Great Advice is given to GENTLEMEN Authors—To
 Mr. WEBB and Mr. H. WALPOLE particularly—
 PETER taketh the Part of Lady LUCAN—Sheweth
 wonderful Knowledge in the Art of Painting—Admini-
 stereth Oil of Fool, vulgarly called Praise, to the Squire
 of STRAWBERRY-HILL.*

ASTRONOMERS should treat of stars and comets ;
 Physicians, of the bark and vomits ;
 Of apoplexies, those light-troops of Death,
 That use no ceremony with our breath ;
 Ague and dropsy, jaundice and catarrh,
 The grim-look Tyrant's heavy horse of war.

Farriers

Farriers should write on farcys and the glanders;
 Bug-Doctors only upon bed-disorders;
 Farmers on land, ploughs, pigs, ducks, geese and ganders;
 Nightmen alone, on aromatic *odours*;
 The Artists should on painting solely write;
 Like David, then they may "good things indite."
 But when the mob of *gentlemen*
 Break on their province, and take up the pen,
 The Lord have mercy on the art!
 I'm sure their goose-quills can no light impart.
 This verse be thine, Squire Webb *——it is thy due.
 Pray, Mr. Horace Walpole †, what think *you*?

HORACE, thou art a man of taste and sense,
 Then don't, of *folly*, be at such expence;
 Do not to Lady LUCAN ‡ pay such court——
 Her wisdom surely will not thank thee for't——
 Ah! don't endeavour *thus* to dupe her,
 By swearing that she equals COOPER §.

So gross the flattery, it seems to show
 That verily thou dost not know

The pow'rs requir'd for copying a *picture*,
 And those for copying *Dame Nature*;
 Alas! a much more arduous matter!

So don't expose thyself, but mind my stricture.

Thou'lt say it was mere compliment;
 That nothing else was thy intent,

* Author of a Treatise on Painting, who seems to display more erudition than science.

† A gentleman well known in the literary world; an *amateur* in the Graphic line.

‡ A Lady of great ingenuity in the miniature department.

§ A famous miniature painter in the time of Cromwell.

Although it might disgrace a boy at school;
 I grant the fact, and think that no man
 Says or writes fillier things to woman;
 But still 'tis making each of you a fool.

Yet, HORACE, think not that I write
 Through spite;

Think not I read thy works with jealous pain;
 Lord! no, thou art a favourite with *me*;
 I think thee one of *us*——*un bel esprit*——

By Heav'ns I like the windmill of thy brain;
 It is a pretty and ingenious mill:
 Long may it grind on Strawb'ry-Hill!

O D E VI.

PETER *still continueth to give great Advice, and to exhibit
 deep Reflection—He telleth a miraculous Story.*

THERE is a *knack* in doing many a thing,
 Which *labour* cannot to perfection bring:
 Therefore, however great in your own eyes,
 Pray do not hints from other folks, despise:

A *fool* on something great, at times, may stumble,
 And consequently be a good adviser;
 On which, for ever, your *wise men* may fumble,
 And never be a ~~what~~ the wiser.

Yes! I advise you, for there's wisdom in't,
 Never to be superior to a hint—

The genius of each man, with keenness view—
 A *spark*, from this, or t'other, caught,
 May kindle, quick as thought,
 A glorious *bonfire* up, in you.

A question of you, let me beg—
 Of fam'd Columbus and his egg,
 Pray, have you heard?—"Yes."—Oh, then if you *please*,
 I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the Peas.

The PILGRIMS and the PEAS.

A TRUE STORY.

A BRACE of sinners, for no *good*,
 Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
 Who at Loretto, dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
 And in a fair white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel
 With something in their shoes much worse than *gravel*;
 In short, their toes so gentle to *amuse*,
 The priest had ordered peas into their shoes:

A *nostrum* famous, in old Popish times,
 For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
 A sort of apostolic salt,
 That Popish parsons for its powers exalt,
 For keeping souls of sinners *sweet*,
 Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat*.

The knaves set off on the same day,
 Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
 But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot;
 One of the sinners gallop'd on,
 Light as a bullet from a gun;
 The other limp'd as if he had been *shot*.

ONE saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—

Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever;

Then home again he nimbly hied,

Made fit, with faints above, to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me say,

He met his brother rogue, about half way—

Hobbling with outstretch'd bum and bending knees;

Damning the souls and bodies of the peas;

His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,

Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

“How now!” the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim broke—

“You lazy lubber!”

“Ods curse it,” cried the other, “’tis no *joke*—

“My feet, once hard as any rock,

“Are now as soft as *blubber*.”

“Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—

“As for Loretto I shall not get there:

“No! to the Dev’l my sinful soul must go,

“For damme if I ha’nt lost ev’ry toe.

“But, brother sinner, do explain

“How ’tis that you are not in pain;

“What Pow’r hath work’d a wonder for *your* toes?

“Whilst *I*, just like a snail, am crawling,

“Now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,

“Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

“How is’t that *you* can like a greyhound go,

“Merry, as if that nought had happen’d, burn ye!”—

“Why,” cried the other, grinning, “you must *know*,

“That just before I ventur’d on my journey,

“To walk a little more at ease,

“I took the liberty to boil *my* peas.”

O D E VII.

PETER *grinneth*.

YOUNG men, be cautious of each critic word,
 That, blasphemous, may much offence afford—
 I mean, that wounds an ancient master's fame:
 At Titian, Guido, Julio, Veronese,
 Your length'ning phiz let admiration seize,
 And throw up both your eyes at Raphael's name.

Ev'n by a printshop should you chance to pass,
 Revere their effigy inside the glass:

Just as with Papists, the religious care is
 In churches, lanes, to bend their marrow-bones
 To bees-wax faints, bon-dieux of stones,
 And beech, or deal, or wainscot Virgin Marys.

Whate'er their errors, they no more remain,
 For Time, like Fullers' earth, takes out each stain;
 Nay more——on faults that *modern works* would tarnish,
 TIME spreads a sacred coat of varnish.

Spare not on brother artists' backs, the lash;
 Put a good wire in't——let it *flash*;

Since ev'ry stroke with int'rest is repaid;
 For though you cannot kill the *man* outright;
 Yet, by this effort of your rival spite,

Fifty to one if you don't spoil his *trade*.
 His ruins may be feathers for your nest——
 The maxim's not amiss——*probatum est*.

O D E VIII.

*The Poet inquires into the State of the EXHIBITION—
Lashes Father TIME for making great Geniuses, and
destroying them—Praises REYNOLDS—Fancies a very
curious Dialogue between KING ALEXANDER and the
Deer, the Subject of Mr. WEST's Picture—Turns to
Mr. WEST's Resurrection.*

WELL, Muse! what is there in the Exhibition?
How thrive the beauties of the Graphic art?
Whose racing genius seems in best condition
For GLORY's plate to start?

Say what sly rogues old Fame cajole?
Speak—who hath brib'd her trumpet, or who stole?
For much is *prais'd* that ought in fires to mourn—
Nay, what would ev'n *disgrace* a fire to burn.

What artist boasts a work sublime,
That mocks the teeth of raging TIME?
Old fool! who after he hath form'd with pains,
A genius rare,
To make folks *stare*,

Knocks out his brains:
Like children, *dolls* creating with high brags;
Then tearing all their handy works to rags.

Lo! REYNOLDS shines with *undiminish'd* ray!
Keeps, like the Bird of Jove, his distant way—
Yet, simple portrait strikes too oft our eyes;
Whilst HIST'RY, anxious for his pencil, sighs.

We don't desire to see on canvass live,
 The *copy* of a jowl of lead;
 When for th' *original* we wou'd not give
 A small pin's head.

This year, of picture, Mr. WEST
 Is quite a Patagonian maker——
 He knows that *bulk* is not a *jest*,
 So gives us painting by the *acre*.

But ah! this ARTIST's brush can never brag
 Upon KING ALEXANDER and the STAG;
 For as they play'd at loggerheads, a rubber,
 We surely ought to see a handsome battle
 Between the MONARCH and the PIECE OF CATTLE;
 Whereas, each keeps his distance, like a lubber.

His MAJESTY, upon his breech laid low,
 Seems *preaching* to his horned foe;
 Observing what a very wicked thing
 To hurt the sacred person of a KING.

And seems, about his business, to intreat him
 To *march*, for fear the hounds should *eat him*.
 The STAG appears, to say, in plaintive note,
 " I own, KING ALEXANDER, my offence:
 " True! I've not shew'd my loyalty, nor sense;
 " So bid your huntsmen come and cut my throat."

The cavalry, adorn'd with fair stone bodies,
 Seem on the dialogue, with wonder, staring;
 And on their flinty backs, a set of NODDIES,
 Not one brags farthing for their MASTER *caring*.

Behold! *one* fellow lifts his mighty spear
 To save the owner of the Scottish Crown:
 Which harmless hanging o'er the gaping deer,
 Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.

Another

Another on a *Pegasus*, comes flying!
 His phiz, *his errand much belying!*
 For if he means to *baste* the beast so cruel,
 God knows, 'tis with a face of *water-gruel*.

So then, sweet Muse, the picture boasts no merit—
 As flat as dish-water, or dead small-beer—
 Or, what the mark is tolerably near,
 As heads of Aldermen, devoid of spirit.

Well then! turn round—view t'other side the room,
 And see his SAVIOUR mounting from the tomb:
 Is *this* piece, too, with painting sins so cram'd—
 Born to increase the number of the *damn'd*?

My sentiments by no means I refuse—
 Was our REDEEMER like the *wretched thing*,
 I do not wonder that the cunning Jews
 Scorn'd to acknowledge him for KING.

O D E IX.

PETER *moraliseth, and giveth good Advice.*

ENVY and JEALOUSY, that pair of devils,
 Stuff'd like PANDORA's box with wond'rous evils,
 I hate, abhor, abominate, detest:
 Like CIRCE, turning *man* into a *beast*.

Beneath their cankering breath no bud can blow;
 Their black'ning pow'r resembles *smut* in corn,
 Which kills the rising ears that should *adorn*,
 And bid the vales with golden plenty glow.

Yet

Yet, fierce in yonder dome each demon reigns;
Their poison swells too many an artist's veins;
Draws from each labouring heart the fearful sigh,
And casts a fullen gloom on ev'ry eye.

BRUSHMEN! accept the counsel PETER sends,
Who scorns th' acquaintance of this brace of fiends;

Should any, with *uncommon* talents tow'r;

To any, is *superior* science given——

Oh, let the *weaker* feel their happy pow'r;

Like plants that triumph in the dews of Heav'n.

Be pleas'd, like REYNOLDS, to direct the blind;

Who aids the feeble fault'ring feet of youth;

Unfolds the ample volume of his mind,

With genius stor'd, and NATURE's simple truth.

Who though a SUN, resembles not his *brother*,

Whose beams so full of jealousy conspire,

Whene'er admitted to the *room*—to *smother*

The humble *kitchen*, or the parlour *fire*.

O D E X.

PETER *speakes* figuratively — Accommodateth himself to
vulgar Readers—*Lasbeth* Pretenders to Fame—*Conclud-*
eth merrily.

A MODEST love of praise I do not blame—

But I abhor a Rape on MISTRESS FAME—

Although the Lady is exceeding *chaste*,

Young forward bullies seize her round the waist;

Swear,

Swear, *volens volens*, that she shall be *kiss'd*;
 And though she vows she does not *like 'em*,
 Nay, threatens, for their impudence, to *strike 'em*,
 The saucy rascals still *persist*.

Reader!—of images, here's no confusion—
 Thou therefore understand'st the Bard's allusion;
 But *possibly* thou hast a *thickish head*;
 And therefore no *vast* quantity of brain—
 Why then, my precious PIG OF LEAD,
 'Tis necessary to *explain*.

Some ARTISTS, if I *so* may *call 'em*,
 So ignorant (the Foul Fiend *maul 'em*!)
 Mere driv'lers in the charming art,
 Are vastly fond of being prais'd;
 Wish to the stars, like Blanchard, to be rais'd:
 And rais'd they should be, reader—from a *cart*.

If disappointed in some STENTOR's tongue,
 Upon *themselves* they pour forth prose or song;
 Or *buy* it in some venal paper,
 And then *heroically* vapour.

What *prigs* to *immortality* aspire,
 Who stick their trash around the room!—
Trash meriting a very *diff'rent* doom—
 I mean the warmer regions of the *fire*!

Heav'n knows, that I am anger'd to the soul,
 To find some blockheads of their works *so vain*—
 So *proud* to see them hanging, *cheek-by-jowl*,
 With *his* *, whose pow'rs the ART's high fame sus-
 tain.

* The President.

To wond'rous merit their pretension,
On such *vicinity*——*suspension*;
Brings to my mind a *not unpleasant* story,
Which, gentle-readers, let me lay before ye:

A *shabby* FELLOW chanc'd, one day, to meet
The British ROSCIUS in the street,

GARRICK, on whom our nation justly brags—
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace—

“ Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,”

Quoth Garrick —— “ No ?” replied the man of
rags.

“ The boards of Drury *you* and *I* have trod

“ Full many a time together, I am sure——

“ When ?” with an oath, cried GARRICK——“ for by

“ G——

“ I never saw that face of *yours* before !

“ What characters, I pray,

“ Did *you* and *I* together play ?”

“ Lord !” quoth the fellow, “ think not that I *mock*——

“ When *you* play'd HAMLET, Sir——*I* play'd the COCK*.”

* In the Ghost Scene.

ODE

O D E XI.

PETER *talketh sensibly and knowingly—Recommendeth it to ARTISTS to prefer Pictures for their Merit—Discovereth musical Knowledge, and sheweth, that he not only hath kept Company with Fid-lers, but Fiddle-makers—He satirizeth the Pseudo-Cognoscenti—Praiseth his ingenious Brother SIR JOSHUA.*

BE not impos'd on by a name ;
But bid your eye the picture's merit trace :
POUSSIN at times in outline may be lame,
And GUIDO's angels destitute of grace.

Yet lo ! a picture of some famous school :
A warranted old Daub of reputation,
Where charming PAINTING's almost ev'ry rule
Hath suffer'd almost ev'ry violation ;
Oft hath been gaz'd at, by devouring eyes,
Where NATURE, banish'd from the picture, sighs.

So some old DUTCHESS, as a badger gray,
Her snags by TIME, sure DENTIST, snatch'd away,
With long, lank, flannel cheeks ;
Where AGE in ev'ry wrinkled feature,
Unto the poor, weak, shaking creature,
Of death, unwelcome tidings speaks ;
Draws from the gaping mob the envying look,
Because her OWNER chanc'd to be a DUKE.

How many pasteboard rocks, and iron seas :
How many torrents wild, of still stone water :
How many brooms, and broomsticks meant for trees,
Because the fancied labours of SALVATOR * ;

* Salvator Rosa.

Whose pencil, too, most grossly may have blunder'd,
Have brought the blest *possessor* many a hundred?

Thus prove a *crowd*, a STAINER †, or AMATI ‡;

No matter for the fiddle's *sound*;

The fortunate POSSESSOR shall not bate ye

A doit, of fifty, nay a hundred pound:

And though, what's vulgarly baptiz'd a *rep*,

Shall in a hundred pounds be deem'd *dog-cheap*.

It tickles one excessively to hear

Wise prating pedants the *old masters* praise;

Damning by wholesale, with sarcastic sneer,

The *wretched* works of *modern* days;

Making at *living* wights such fatal pushes,

As if not good enough to *wipe their brushes*.

And yet on each wise *cognoscenté* ass,

Who shall four hours on paint and sculpture din
ye;

A person, with facility, may pass

RIGAUD for RAPHAEL—BACON for BERNINI;

Or, *little* as an OVEN to VESUVIUS,

WILL TYLER for PALLADIO or VITRUVIUS!

One wou'd imagine, by the mad'ning fools

Who talk of *nothing* but the *ancient* schools,

And vilify the works of *modern* brains,

They think poor Mother NATURE's art is fled,

That now she cannot make a head,

Who took with old Italian nob's such pains;

Nay to a *driv'ler* turn'd, her pow'r so funk is,

Tame soul! that nothing now she makes but *monkies*.

† A German Fiddle-Maker.

‡ A maker of fiddles called Cremonas.

“ Look at your fav’rite REYNOLDS,” is their strain—
 “ Allow’d by all, the *first* in EUROPE’s eye;
 “ One atom of repute can Reynolds gain,
 “ When TITIAN, RUBENS, and VANDYKE are
 “ nigh?
 “ Can REYNOLDS live near RAPHAEL’s matchless line?
 Yes, blinkards! and with *equal* lustre shine!

O D E XII.

PETER *increaseth in Wisdom, and adviseth wisely—Seemeth angry at the Illiberality of Nature in the Affair of his good Acquaintance the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of ENGLAND, and Mr. PEPPER ARDEN—PETER treateth his Readers with Love-Verses of past Times.*

COPY not NATURE’s form *too closely*,
 Whene’er she treats your SITTER *grossly*:
 For when she gives deformity for *grace*,
 Pray show a little mercy on the face.
 Indeed ’twould be but *charity* to flatter
 Some dreadful works of *seeming drunken Nature*.

As for example, —Let us now suppose
 THURLOW’s *black scowl*, and PEPPER ARDEN’s *nose*:
 But when your pencil’s powers are bid to trace
 The smiles of DEVONSHIRE—DUNCANNON’s *grace*—
 To bid the blush of beauteous CAMPBELL rise,
 And wake the radiance of AUGUSTA’s * eyes,

* Second daughter of the King.

(Gad! Muse, thou art beginning to grow *loyal*)—
 And paint the graces of the PRINCESS ROYAL:
 Try all your art—and when your toils are done,
 You show a *flimsy meteor* for a SUN.

Or should your skill attempt *her* face and air,
 Who fir'd my heart, and fix'd my roving eye—
 The LOVES, who robb'd a *world* to make her *fair*,
 Would quickly triumph, and your art defy.

Sweet NYMPH!—but, reader, take the song
 Which CYNTHIA's charms alone, inspir'd:
 That left of yore, the poet's tongue,
 When LOVE his raptur'd fancy fir'd.

S O N G.

FROM *her*, alas! whose smile was *love*,
 I wander to some lonely cell:
 My sighs *too weak* the maid to move,
 I bid the *flutterer*, HOPE, farewell.

Be all her Siren arts forgot,
 That fill'd my bosom with alarms:
 Ah! let her crime—a *little* spot,
 Be lost amidst her *blaze* of charms.

As on I wander flow, my sighs,
 At ev'ry step for Cynthia mourn:
 My anxious HEART within me dies,
 And sinking, whispers, "Oh! return."

Deluded heart! thy folly know—
 Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame—
 By *absence*, thou shalt lose thy woe;
 And *only flutter* at her name.

Readers!

Readers! I own the song of *love* is *sweet*:
Most pleasing to the soul of *gentle* PETER:
 Your eyes, then, with *another* let me *treat*,
 Oh, *gentle* Sirs, and in the same sweet metre.

SONG TO DELIA.

SAY, lonely MAID, with down-cast eye——
 O DELIA! say, with cheeks so *pale*,
 What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
 That tells the world a *mournful* tale?

Thy tears that thus each other chase,
 Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe;
 Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,
 Which souls like *thine* should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favour'd youth,
 With virtue tir'd, thy beauty flight;
 And leave those thrones of love and truth,
 That lip, and bosom of delight?

Perhaps to NYMPHS of other shades,
 He feigns the soft, impassion'd tear,
 With songs their easy faith invades,
 That treach'rous won *thy* witlefs ear.

Let not *those* MAIDS thy envy move,
 For whom his heart may seem to pine——
 That HEART can ne'er be blest by love,
 Whose *guilt* could force a pang from *thine*.

O D E XIII.

Pious PETER acknowledgeth great Obligations to the Reverend Mr. MARTYN LUTHER—Yet lamenteth the Effects of this Parson's Reformation, on Painting.

WE PROTESTANTS owe much to MARTYN LUTHER,

Who found to Heav'n a *shorter* way and *smoother*;

And shall not soon repay the obligation:

MARTYN against the PAPISTS got the laugh;

Who, as the butchers bleed and bang a CALF

To whiteness—bled and bang'd unto *salvation* :

As if such drubbings could expel their sins;

As if that Pow'r, whose works with awe we view,

Grac'd all our backs with sets of *comely* skins,

Then order'd us to beat them *black* and *blue*.

Well then! we must confess for certain,

That much we owe to Mr. Martyn,

Who altered for the better, our religion—

Yet, by it, glorious PAINTING *much* did lose—

Was pluck'd, poor GODDESS! like a *goose*;

Or, for the rhyme-fake, like a *pigeon*.

Mad at the WHORE OF BABYLON, and BULL,

Down from the churches men began to pull

Pictures, that long had held a lofty station—

Pictures of SAINTS, of pious reputation,

For curing, by a *miracle*, the ills,

That now so stubborn yield not to *devotions*,

But unto blisters, bolus, and potions,

That make such handsome 'pothecaries bills,

K

Down

Down tumbled ANTHONY who preach'd to SPRATS,
 And HE * who held discourses with a HOG,
 That, grunting, after him so us'd to jog;
 Came down by *favour* of long sticks and bats.

The SAINTS who grinn'd on spits, like ven'son roast-
 ing,

Broiling on gridir'ns——baking in an oven;
 Or on a fork, like cheese of Cheshire *toasting*,
 Or kick'd to death, by Satan's hoof so cloven,
 All humbled to the ground were forc'd to fall—
 Spits, forks, and gridir'ons, ovens, dev'l and all.

Ev'n Saints of poor Old England's *breeding*,
 In wonders, many *foreign ones*, exceeding;

Our hot REFORMERS did as *roughly* handle:
 In troth, poor harmless souls! they met no quarter,
 But down were tumbled, MIRACLE and MARTYR;
 Put up in *lots*, and sold by inch of candle.

Had we been Papists—Lord! we still had seen
 Devils and Devil's mates, young pimping lyars

Tempting the *blushing* NUNS of frail fifteen,
 With gangs of ogling, rosy, wanton FRIARS:
 Which NUNS so pure, no love-speech could cajole—
 Who *starv'd* the body, to *preserve* the soul.

Then had we seen St. DENNIS with his head

Fresh in his hand, and with affection, *kissing*;
 As if the nob, that from his shoulders fled,

By knife or broad-sword, never had been *mis-*
sing;

Then had we seen, upon their friendly *coating*,
 SAINTS on the waves, like gulls and wigeons, float-
 ing.

* Commonly known by the name of PIG ANTHONY.

I've seen a SAINT on board a ship,
 To whom, for a fair wind, the Papists pray,
 Well flogg'd from stem to stern, by birch and whip,
 Poor wooden fellow ! twenty times a day:

Pull'd by the nose, and kick'd—call'd lubber, owl,
 To make him turn a wind, to *fair* from *foul* !
 And often *this* hath brought a prosp'rous gale,
 When pray'rs and curses have been found to *fail*.
This, had we Papists been, had grac'd our churches,
 Saints, seamen, nose-pulling, kicks, whips, and birches.

O D E XIV.

PETER *attacketh the Exotic R. A.'s.*

Y E ROYAL SIRs, *before* I bid *adieu*,
 Let me inform you, *some* deserve my praise :
 But trust me, gentle Squires, ye are but few
 Whose names would not *disgrace* my lays ;
 You'll say, with grinning, sharp, sarcastic *face*,
 We must be *bad indeed*, if that's the case—
 Why, if the truth I must declare,
 So, gentle squires, you really are !

I'm greatly pleas'd I must allow,
 To see the *Foreigners* beat *hollow* ;
 Who stole into that dome the Lord knows how—
 I hope to God no more will follow :
 Who, curs'd with a poor sniv'ling spirit,
 Were never known to vote for *merit*—

Poor narrow-minded imps,
 Hanging together just like shrimps.

I own, (so little they have merited)
 That from your noble dome,
 Made almost an Italian and French home,
 I long to see the vermin ferreted.

Yet where's the house, however watch'd by cats,
 That can get rid of all its rats?
 Or, if a prettier simile may please,
 Where is the bed that hath not fleas?
 Or if a *prettier still*—what London rugs
 Have not at times been visited by *bugs*?

O D E XV.

PETER *taketh Leave—Displayeth wonderful Learning—
 Seemeth sorry to part with his Readers—Administer-
 eth Crumbs of Comfort.*

MY dearest readers! 'tis with grief I tell,
 That now, for ever, I must bid farewell!—

Glad, if an ode of mine, with *grins*, can treat y,
Valete:

And if you like the Lyric PETER's oddity;
Plaudite.

Rich as a Jew am I in *Latian lore*—

So, classic readers, take a sentence more:

Pulchrum est monstrari digito, et dicier hic est!

Says JUVENAL, who lov'd a bit of fame—

In English—Ah! 'tis sweet amongst the thickest
 To be found out, and pointed at by *name*.

To hear the *shrinking* GREAT exclaim, “That's PETER,
 “Who makes much immortality by *metre*;

“Who

“ Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,
 “ And cares no more for KINGS than KINGS for
 “ *him!*”

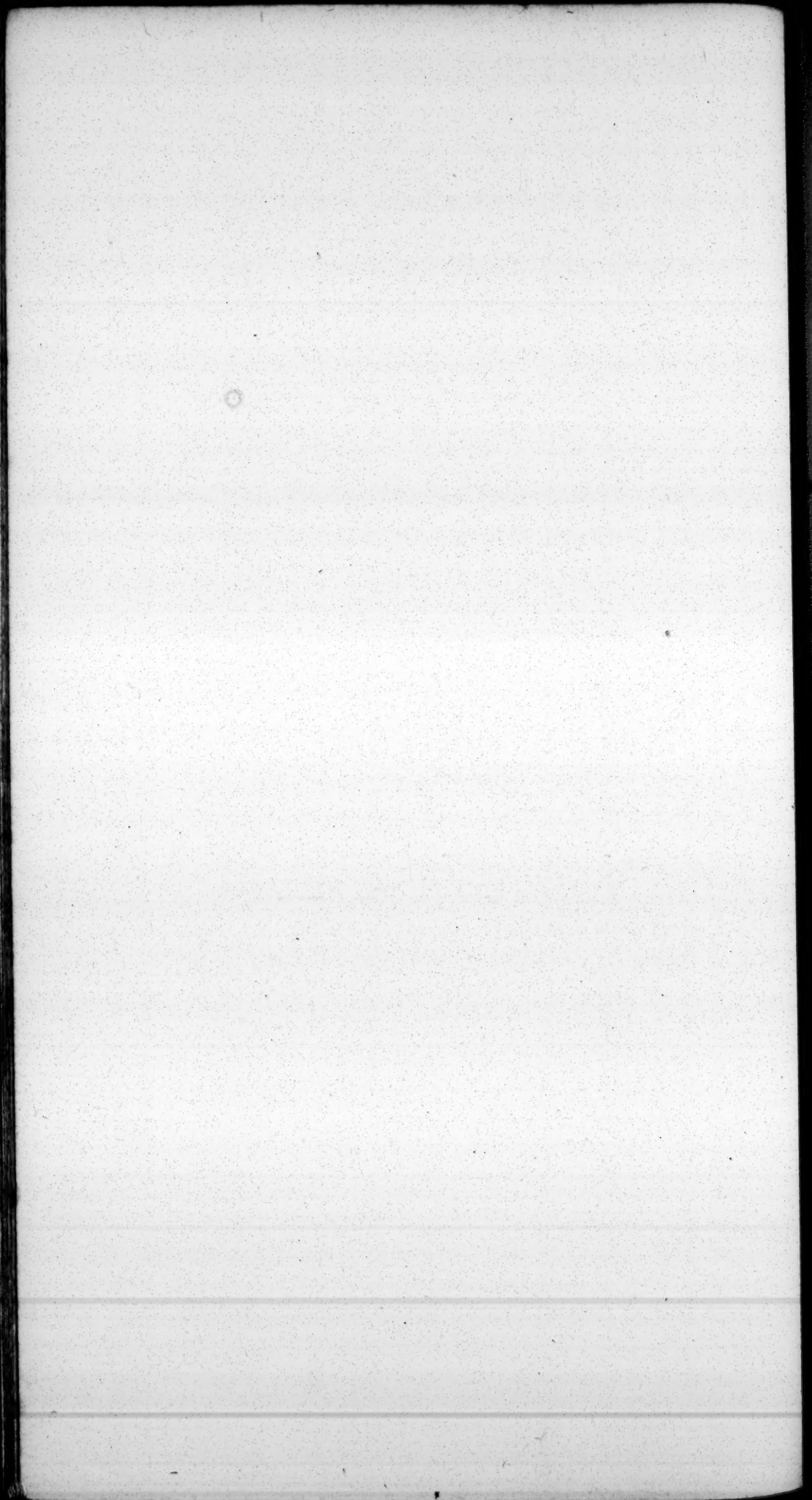
Yet one word more before we part—
 Should any take it grievously to heart ;
 Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,
 Like a poor pullet that hath eat a pin ;
 Put on a poor desponding face, and pine,
 Because that PETER the *Divine*
 Resolves to give up Painting Odes :
 By all the rhyming Goddesses and Gods,
 I here, upon a poet's word, protest,
 That if it is the world's request
 That I again in Lyric should appear ;
 Lo ! rather than be guilty of the sin
 Of losing GEORGE THE THIRD *one* SUBJECT'S
 skin,
 My LYRIC BAGPIPE shall be tun'd *next year.*

H

THE
LOUSIAD.
AN
HEROIC-COMIC POEM.
CANTO I.

Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere Versu
Nostra, nec erubuit Sylvas habitare Thalia;
Cum canerem Reges et Prælia Cynthus Aurem
Vellit et admonuit—— VIRGIL.

I, who so *lately* in my lyric Lays,
Sung to the Praise and Glory of R—A—s;
And sweetly tun'd to Love the melting Line,
With *Ovid's* Art, and Sappho's Warmth divine;
Said (nobly daring!) "MUSE, *exalt* thy Wings,
"LOVE, and the SONS OF CANVAS, quit for K—GS."
APOLLO, laughing at my Powers of Song,
Cry'd, "PETER PINDAR, prithee hold thy Tongue."
But I, like *Poets*, *self-sufficient* grown,
Reply'd, "APOLLO, prithee hold thy *own*."



T O T H E R E A D E R.

GENTLE READER,

IT is necessary to inform thee, that his M——y actually discovered, some time ago, as he sat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of *such* a guest, can be better *imagined* than *described*.

AN edict was, in consequence, passed for shaving the Cooks and Scullions, and the unfortunate Louse condemned to DIE.

SUCH is the foundation of the LOUSIAD.—
With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *uncritical* as well as the *critical* Reader will decide.

THE *ingenious* AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know *somewhat* of the matter, hath been heard *privately* to declare, that in *his* opinion the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Tassoni, the Lutrín of Boileau, the Dispensary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock
of

of Pope, are not to be *compared* to it—and to ex-
claim at the same time, with all the *modest assu-*
rance of an AUTHOR—

Cedite Scriptores Romani, cedite Graii—
Nil ortum in terris, *Loufiadâ*, melius.

Which for the sake of the *mere* English Reader,
is thus beautifully translated :

Roman and Grecian Authors, great and small,
The Author of the *LOUSIAD* beats you *ALL*.

THE
LOUSIAD.

CANTO I.

THE LOUSE, I sing, that from some head unknown,

Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down,—(so will'd the dread decrees of Fate,)
With legs wide sprawling on the M——ch's plate:
Far from the rapture's of a WIFE's embrace;
Far from the gambols of a tender RACE,
Whose little feet he taught, with care, to tread
Amidst the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food, with fond delight,
And taught the tiny trav'lers *where to bite*:
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:
Far from those pleasing scenes, ordain'd to roam,
Like wise Ulysses, from his native home;
Yet, like that SAGE, tho' forc'd to roam and mourn—
Like *him*, alas! not fated to *return*:

Who,

Who, full of rags and glory, saw his Boy *
And † WIFE again, and DOG ‡ that dy'd for joy.

Down dropp'd the luckless LOUSE, with fear ap-
pall'd,

And wept his wife and children, as he sprawl'd.

Thus, on a promontory's misty brow,

The POET's eye, with sorrow, saw a Cow

Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and sheep,

By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep;

No more to reign a Queen amongst the cattle,

And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle;

§ She fell, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,

With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.

Now, on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,

The LOUSE, with judge-like gravity arose:

He wanted not a *motive* to intreat him,

Beside the horror, that the K*** might eat him —

The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,

Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork ;

Or drowning 'midst the sauce in dismal dumps,

Was full enough to make him stir his stumps,

Vain hope ! of stealing unperceiv'd away !

He might as well have tarried where he lay.

Seen was this LOUSE, as with the Royal brood,

Our hungry K*** amus'd himself with food ;

Which proves (tho' scarce believ'd by one in ten)

That Kings have appetites like common men ;

And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,

They feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

* Telemachus.

† Penelope.

‡ Argus, for whose history see the *Odyssy*,

§ —moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

Paint, heav'nly muse, the look, the *very* look,
 That of the S——n's face possession took,
 When first he saw the LOUSE, in solemn state,
 Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate !
 Yet, could a LOUSE a British King surprize,
 And, like a pair of faucers, stretch his eyes ?
 The little tenant of a *mortal* HEAD,
 Shake the great RULER of three realms with DREAD ?
 Good Lord ! (as Somebody sublimely sings,)
 What great effects arise from *little things* !
 As many a loving swain and nymph can tell,
 Who, following Nature's law, *have lov'd too well* !

Not with more *horror*, did his eyes behold,
 Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
 When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
 And dear PREROGATIVE was just in chains :
 Not with more *horror*, did his eye-balls work
 Convulsive on the patriotic Burke,
 When guilty of *œconomy*, the *crime* !
 Edmund wide wander'd from the *true sublime*,
 And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,
 Cribb'd from the R-y-l table many a dish—
 Saw ev'ry slice of bread and butter cut,
 Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut ;
 And gaug'd (compos'd upon no sneaking scale)
 The Monarch's belly like a cask of ale ;
 Convinc'd that, in his scheme of state-salvation,
 To *starve* * the PALACE was to *save* the NATION :

* His M——y was really reduced some time since to a most mortifying dilemma ; the apples at dinner-time having been, by too great a liberality to the royal children, *expended*, the K——g ordered a supply, but was informed that the BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH would *positively allow no more*. Enraged at the unexpected and *unroyal* disappointment, he furiously puts his hands in his pocket, took out sixpence, sent a PAGE for two penny-worth of pippins, and received the *change*.

Not more *aghast* he look'd, when 'midst the course;
 He tumbled, in a stag-chase, from his horse,
 Where all his Nobles deem'd their M——ch dead,
 But luckily he pitch'd upon his HEAD !

NOT VENISON EATERS at the vanish'd FAT,
 With stomachs wider than a Quaker's hat :
 Not with more *horror* Mr. Serjeant Pliant
 Looks down upon an empty-handed client :
 Not with more *horror* stares the rural MAID,
 By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,
 Who sees her ticket a *dire blank* arise,
 Too fondly thought the twenty thousand prize,
 With which the simple damsel meant, no doubt,
 To bless her faithful fav'rite COLIN CLOUT :

NOT with more *horror*, stares each lengthen'd fea-
 ture,
 Of some fine fluttering, mincing *Petit-maitre*,
 When of a wanton chimney-sweeping wag,
 The Beau's white vestment feels the footty bag :
 Not with more *horror*, did the Devil look,
 When Dunstan by the nose the dæmon took,
 (As gravely say our legendary songs)
 And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs ;
 Not Lady Worsley, chaste as *many* a nun,
 Look'd with more *horror* at Sir Richard's fun,
 When rais'd on high to view her naked charms,
 He held the peeping Captain in his arms ;
 Like David, that most amorous little dragon,
 Ogling sweet Bathsheba without a rag on :

NOT more the great * SAM HOUSE, with *horror*
 star'd,
 By mob affronted to the very beard ;

* In Westminster-Hall, where the *sense* (the Author was just about to
 say *nonsense*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)
 Snatch'd from his waving hand his Fox's tail,
 And stuff'd it 'midst his thunders of applause,
 Full in the centre of Sam's gaping jaws,
 That forcing down his patriotic throat,
 Of Fox and Freedom stopp'd the glorious note:

Not with more *horror*, BILLY RAMUS † star'd,
 When PUFF ‡, the P—ce's hair-dresser appear'd,
 Amidst their eating-room, with dread design,
 To *sit* with PAGES, and with PAGES *dine*!
 Not with more *horror*, GLOSTER'S DUCHESS star'd,
 When (blest in Metaphor!) the K*** declar'd,
 That not of *all* her mongrel breed, *one whelp*
 Should in the royal kennel ever *yelp*.

Not more, that man so *sweet*, so *unprepar'd*,
 The gentle SQUIRE of § LEATHERHEAD, was *scar'd*,
 When after prayers so *good*, and *rare* a sermon,
 He found his FRONT attack'd by Harriet Vernon:
 Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdaining fear!)
 To pour her FOOT, in thunder on his REAR;

† Billy Ramus—emphatically and constantly called by His M——y *Billy Ramus*. One of the Pages who shaves the S——n, airs his shirt, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

‡ Puff, his R-y-l Highness's hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the P—ce, with his usual good nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was dispatched to the K—g and P—ce, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair-dresser*. The Petition was treated with the *proper* contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *submitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who have lost their *Cast*, have not held up their heads *since*.

§ Kynafton is the name of the gentleman assailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for his disapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

Who,

Who, in * GOD's house, without one grain of grace,
 Spit, like a VIXEN, in his WORSHIP's face,
 Then shook her nails, as sharp as taylor's shears,
 That itch'd to scrape acquaintance with his ears :
 Not Atkinson † with stronger terror started
 (Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)
 When Justice, a sly dame, one day thought fit
 To pay her serious compliments to KIT,
 Ask'd him a few plain questions about *corn*,
 And whisper'd, she believ'd he was *forsworn*,
 Then hinted that he probably would find,
 That tho' she sometimes *wink'd*, she was not *blind*.

Not more Asturias' ‡ Princess *look'd affright*,
 At breakfast, when her spouse, the *unpolite*,
 Hurl'd, *madly* heedless both of time and place,
 A cup of boiling coffee in her face ;
 Because the fair one eat a butter'd roll,
 On which the *selfish* Prince had fix'd his soul.
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd that Prince to find,
 His royal father to his face unkind ;
 Who to the cause of injur'd beauty won,
 Seiz'd on the proud Proboscis of his son,
 (Just like a TYGER of the Lybian shade,
 Whose furious claws the helpless deer invade,)
 And led him, 'till *that* SON its durance freed,
 By asking pardon for the brutal deed ;

* Verily in the HOUSE of the LORD, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane *salival* assault take place on the phiz of Squire Kynaston, to the disgrace of his family, the wonder of the parson, the horror of the clerk, and the stupefaction of the congregation.

† Mr. Christopher Atkinson's airing on the pillory is sufficiently known to the public.

‡ This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of the Spanish Monarch, as described here, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

Led him thrice round the room (the story goes)
 Who follow'd with great gravity his nose,
 Resolv'd at first (for Spaniards are *stiff* stuff)
 To ask *no* pardon, tho' the SNOOT came off:
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* Spanish King,
 Whene'er he miss'd a snipe upon the wing : *
 Not more *astonish'd* look'd *that* King of Spain,
 To see his gun-boats blazing on the main ;
 Nor Doctor Johnson more, to hear the tale
 Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale ;
 Nor Doctor Wilson, child of am'rous folly,
 When young Mac Clyster bore off Kit M'Auley.

WHAT dire emotions shook the M——ch's soul !
 Just like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll,
 Whilst anger all his royal HEART possess'd,
 That swelling, wildly bump'd against his breast,
 Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might so stout,
 As resolutely bent on jumping out,
 T' avenge, with all its powers, the dire disgrace,
 And nobly spit in the offender's face.
 Thus a large dumpling to its cell confin'd,
 (A very apt allusion to my mind)
 Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,
 Then bustles 'midst the tempest of the pot :
 In vain !—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
 That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.

“ O DEAREST partner of my throne” (he cries,
 Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes)

* His Most Catholic Majesty's shooting merits are universally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is still the admiration of his subjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a SHOT ; and it is well known, that even on those days when the Royal Robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are stuffed with gun flints, screws, hammers, and other implements necessary for the destruction of snipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

“ Thou brightest gem of G—ge’s Royal House,
 “ Look there, and tell me if that’s not a LOUSE!”
 The Q—— look’d down, and then exclaim’d “ Good
 “ la!”

And with a smile the dappl’d STRANGER saw.
 Each P—cess strain’d her lovely neck to see,
 And with another smile exclaim’d, “ Good me!”
 “ O la! Good me! is that all you can say?”
 (Our gracious M—ch cry’d, with huge dismay)
 “ Heav’ns! can a silly vacant smile take place
 “ Upon your M——y’s and Children’s face,
 “ Whilst that vile Louse (ah! soon to be unjointed!)
 “ Affronts the presence of the LORD’S ANOINTED?”

DASH’D as if tax’d with Hell’s most deadly sins,
 The Q—— and P——fies drew in their chins,
 Look’d prim, and gave each exclamation o’er,
 And very prudent, ‘*word spake never more.*’
 Sweet MAIDS! the beauteous boast of Britain’s isle—
 Speak—were those peerless LIPS forbid to smile?
 LIPS! that the soul of simple Nature moves—
 Form’d by the bounteous hand of all the LOVES!
 LIPS OF DELIGHT! unstain’d by Satire’s gall!
 LIPS that I never *kiss’d*—and *never shall*.

Now, to each trembling Page, as mute’s a mouse,
 The *pious* M——CH cry’d, “ Is this *your* Louse?”
 “ Ah! Sire,” (reply’d each Page with pig-like whine)
 “ An’t please your M——y, it is not *mine*.”
 “ *Not thine?*” (the hasty Monarch cry’d agen)
 “ What? what? what? what? what? who the devil’s
 “ then?”

Now at this sad évent, the S——n, fore
 Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more;
 His *wifer* Q——n, her gracious stomach studying,
 Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding;

For GERMANS are a very *heartly* SORT,
Whether begot in HOG-STYES or a COURT,
Who bear (which shews their hearts are not of *stone*)
The ills o' *others* better than *their own*.

GRIM TERROR seiz'd the souls of all the Pages,
Of different sizes, and of different ages ;
Frighten'd about their pensions or their bones,
They on each other gap'd, like Jacob's sons !

Now to a PAGE, but *which*, we can't determine,
The growling M——ch gave the plate and vermin :
“ Watch well that blackguard animal, (he cries)
“ That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, *dies* !
“ Watch, like a CAT, that vile marauding LOUSE,
“ Or G—GE shall play the devil in the House.
“ Some SPIRIT whispers, that to *Cooks* I owe
“ The *precious* VISITOR that crawls below ;
“ By Heav'n! the *whisp'ring* SPIRIT tells me true,
“ And soon dire vengeance shall their locks pursue.
“ Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,
“ Shall lose their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig.”
Thus roar'd the K—G,—not Hercules so BIG ;
And all the Palace echo'd—“ WEAR A WIG !”

FEAR, like an ague, struck the pale-nos'd Cooks—
And dash'd the beef and ven'son from their looks ;
Whilst from each cheek, OLD PORT withdrew his
RED,
And PITY blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

BUT lo! the great COOK-MAJOR comes! his eyes
Fierce as the redd'ning flame that *roasts and fries* ;
His cheeks like BLADDERS, with high passion glow-
ing,
Or like a fat DUTCH TRUMPETER's when *blowing*.
A neat white APRON his huge corps embrac'd,
Tied by two comely strings about his waist :

AN APRON! that he purchas'd with his riches,
To guard from hostile greafe, his velvet breeches—
AN APRON! that in Monmouth-street, high hung,
Oft to the winds with *sweet deportment* swung.

“ YE sons of Dripping, on your MAJOR look!”
(In sounds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the Cook)
“ By this white APRON, that no more can hope
“ To join the piece in Mr. INKLE's shop;
“ That oft hath held the best of Palace meat,
“ And from this forehead, wip'd the briny sweat;
“ I swear, *this* HEAD *disdains* to lose its locks,
“ And *those* that do not, tell them they are BLOCKS.
“ *Whose* head, my Cooks, such vile disgrace endures!
“ Will it be *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*, or *yours*?
“ Ten thousand crawlers *in the* HEAD *be* hatch'd,
“ For ever *itching*, but be never *scratch'd*.
“ Oh! may the charming perquisite of greafe,
“ The Mammon of your pocket, ne'er *increase*;—
“ GREASE! that so frequently hath brought you
“ coin,
“ From VEAL, PORK, MUTTON, and the GREAT
“ SIR LOIN.
“ O brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks—
“ Lo to *no* KING on earth I yield these locks.
“ Few are my hairs *behind*, by age endear'd!—
“ But *few* or *many*, they shall not be *shear'd*.

“ SOONER shall Madam Swollenberg * the jade
“ Yield up her fav'rite perquisites of trade,
“ Give up her sacred Majesty's old GOWNS,
“ CAPS, PETTICOATS, and APRONS, without
“ FROWNS:
“ SHE! who for ever studies MISCHIEF—SHE,
“ Who soon will be as busy as a bee,

* Mistress of the Robes to her Majesty.

" To get the liberty of locks *enslav'd*,
 " And every harmless Cook and Scullion *shav'd*.
 " SHE, if by chance a BRITISH SERVANT MAID,
 " By some insinuating tongue betray'd,
 " Induc'd the fair forbidden fruit to taste,
 " Grows, (luckless) somewhat *bigger in the* WAIST;
 " Rants, storms, swears, turns the penitent to door,
 " Grac'd with the pretty names of B—ch and W—,
 " To range a prostitute upon the town,
 " Or, if the weeping wretch think better, *drown* :
 " But, if a GERMAN SPIDER-BRUSHER *fails*,
 " Whose *Nose* grows *sharper*, and whose *Shape* tells
 " *tales* ;
 " *Husb'd* is th' affair!—the Q—, and SHE, good
 " Dame,
 " Both club their wits, to hide the growing shame :
 " To wed her, get some fool—I mean some *wiseman* ;
 " Then dub the prudent Cuckold, an *Exciseman* :
 " SHE ! who hath got more insolence and pride,
 " God mend her heart ! than half the world beside :
 " SHE ! who, of guttling fond, stuffs down more
 " meat,
 " Heav'n help her stomach ! than ten men can eat !
 " *Ten men* ! aye, *more* than *ten*, the hungry HAG !
 " Why, zounds ! the WOMAN'S Stomach's like a
 " BAG :
 " SHE ! who will swell the uproar of the house,
 " And tell the K—g damn'd lies about the LOUSE ;
 " When probably that Louse (a vile old trull !)
 " Was born and nourish'd in her own grey scull.

 " SOONER the room shall buxom NANNY * *quit*,
 " Where oft she charms her master with her *wit*—

* Buxom Nanny—a female servant of the Palace, who *constantly* attends the K—g when he reads the dispatches.

" Tells

“ Tells tales of ev’ry *body*, ev’ry *thing*,
 “ From honest courtiers to the thieves who *swing*—
 “ Waits on her S——n while he reads *Dispatches*,
 “ And wisely *winds* up STATE AFFAIRS, or
 “ WATCHES:

“ SOONER the PRINCE (may Heav’n his income
 “ mend !)

“ Shall quit his bottle, mistress, and his friend—
 “ Laugh at the drop on MISERY’s languid eye,
 “ And hear her sinking voice, without a sigh :
 “ Break for the wealth of REALMS his sacred word,
 “ And let the world write *Coward* on his sword :
 “ Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part !
 “ And STUFFING leave a calf’s or bullock’s heart !
 “ Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard !
 “ And from the codlin tart be torn the custard :
 “ Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil,
 “ And all our melted butter turn to oil ;
 “ Sooner our pious K—g, with pious face,
 “ Sit down to dinner without saying grace ;
 “ And ev’ry night, salvation pray’rs put forth,
 “ For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan and North :
 “ Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,
 “ And dish-clouts stick eternal to our tails.
 “ Let G—GE view MINISTERS with *surly* LOOKS,
 “ Abuse ’em, kick ’em—but *revere* his COOKS !”

“ WHAT lose our locks !” (reply’d the roasting
 CREW)

“ To Barbers yield ’em ?—Damme if we *do* !
 “ Be *shav’d* like *foreign* DOGS, one daily meets,
 “ Naked and blue, and shiv’ring in the streets ?
 “ And from the Palace be *asham’d* to *range*,
 “ For fear the world should think we had the *mange* :
 “ By taunting boys made weary of our lives
 “ Broad-grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives !”

“ ROUSE,

" ROUSE OPPOSITION !" (roar'd a *tipsy* COOK,
 With hands a *kimbo*, and bubonic look)
 " 'Tis SHE alone, our noble curls can keep.—
 " Without HER, MINISTERS would fall asleep
 " 'Tis SHE who makes great men—our FOXES,
 " PITTS,
 " And sharpens, Whet-stone-like, the NATION'S
 " Wits:
 " Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
 " And, broom-like, sweeps the COB-WEBs of the
 " STATE:
 " Like sulphur in a cask, expels *bad air*,
 " And makes, like thunder-claps, *foul weather fair*;
 " Acts, like a gun, that fir'd at gather'd foot,
 " Preserves the chimney and the house to boot:
 " Or, like the school-boy's WHIP, that keeps up
 " TOPS:
 " The sinking Realm, by FLAGELLATION, props.
 " Our M——h must not be indulg'd *too far*;
 " Besides! I love a little bit of war.
 " Whether to crop our curls, he boasts a right,
 " Or not, I do not care the Louse's *bite*—
 " But then, *no Force-work*! No! No *Force*, by Hea-
 " v'n!
 " COOKS! YEOMEN! SCOURERS! we will not
 " be driv'n.
 " Try but to force a PIG *against his will*,
 " Behold! the *sturdy* GENTLEMAN *stands still*!
 " Or, perhaps (his pow'r to let the driver know)
 " Gallops the *very* road he must not go—
 " No *force for me*! the FRENCH, the fawning dogs,
 " E'en let *them* lose their *freedom*, and eat frogs—
 " Damme! I hate each pale soupe-meagre thief—
 " Give me my darling LIBERTY and BEEF."
 He spoke—and from his jaws a lump he slid,
 And, swearing, manful flung to earth the QUID.

Yet

Yet swelling PRIDE forbade his tongue to rest,
 Whilst wild emotions labour'd in his breast—
 Now sounds confus'd, his ANGER made him utter,
 And when he thought on *shaving*, curses sputter.
 Such is the sound (the simile's not weak)
 Form'd by what mortals, * BUBBLE call and SQUEAK,
 When 'midst the FRYING-PAN, in accents savage,
 The BEEF *so furly*, quarrels with the CABBAGE.
 "Be shav'd," a SCULLION loud began to bellow,
 Loud as a PARISH BULL, or poor OTHELLO,
 Plac'd by that *rogue* IAGO, upon thorns,
 With all the horrors of a pair of HORNS :
 Loud as th' † EXCISEMAN, struggling for his life,
 And panting in a most inglorious strife;
 When, on his face, the *smuggling Princess* sprung,
 And, cat-like clawing, to his visage clung.

"Be shav'd like *pigs*," rejoin'd the Scullion's mate,
 His dishevel shaking, and his Pot-crown'd PATE—
 "What BARBER dares it, let him watch his NOSE,
 "And, curse me! dread the rage of these ten toes."
 So saying, with an oath to *raise* one's hair,
 He kick'd with threat'ning foot, the yielding air—

* The modest Author of the LOUSIAD must do himself the justice to declare here, that his simile of the Bubble and Squeak is vastly more *natural* and more *sublime*, than Homer's black pudding on a gridiron, illustrating the *motions* and *emotions*, of his Hero ULYSSES.

[Vid. ODYSSEY.

† This affair happened a few years since.—An Exciseman seizing some smuggled goods belonging to a Princess, a relation of the Great Frederick, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almost scratched his eyes out—the Exciseman made a *formal* complaint to the King, begging to be relieved from the *disgrace*.—The gallant Monarch returned for answer, that he gave up the duties to his Cousin the Princess, but could not conceive how the hand of a FAIR LADY could dishonour the face of an Exciseman.

Thus

Thus have I seen an ASS (baptiz'd a JACK)
 Grac'd by a CHIMNEY-SWEEPER on his back,
 Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,
 In imitation of a HORSE of QUALITY:

“ Be shav'd !” (an Understrapper TURN-BROCHE
 cried,

In all the foaming energy of pride)

“ Zounds ! let *us* take his M——y in hand !—

“ The K*** shall find he lives at *our* command :

“ Yes ; let him know, with all his wond'rous state,

“ His teeth and stomach on *our wills* shall wait :

“ *We* rule the platters, *we* command the spit,

“ And G***** shall have his *meats* when we think

“ fit ;

“ Stay till *ourselves* shall condescend to eat,

“ And then, if *we* think proper, have his meat.”

Thus having fed on venison *rather coarse*,

A COLT, or CROCODILE, or DISH OF HORSE,

The TARTAR quits his smoaky hut with Scorn,

Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn ;

And treating MONARCHS like his slaves or swine,

Informs them, they have *liberty to dine*.

“ Heav'ns !” cried a YEOMAN, with much learning
 grac'd—

In Books as well as meat, a man of taste,

Who read with vast applause, the daily NEWS,

And kept a close acquaintance with the MUSE ;

Conundrum, Rebus, made—Acrostic, Riddle,

And sung his dying Sonnets to his Fiddle,

When LOVE, with cruel dart, the murd'ring THIEF,

His heart had spitted, like a piece of BEEF.

“ Are these (he said) of KINGS, the whims, and

“ jokes ?

“ Then KINGS can be as mad as common folks.

“ DAME NATURE, when a PRINCE's head she makes,

“ No more concern about the *Inside* takes,

“ Than

“ Than of the *Inside* of a Bug’s or Bat’s,
 “ A Flea’s, a Grasshopper’s, a Cur’s, a Cat’s!
 “ As careless as the ARTIST, *trunks* designing,
 “ About the trifling circumstance of LINING;
 “ Whether, of Cumberland he use the Plays,
 “ Miss Burney’s Novels, or Miss Seward’s Lays:
 “ Or sacred Dramas of Miss Hannah More,
 “ When all the NINE, with little MOSES, snore;
 “ Or good SQUIRE PINDAR’s Odes, or Wharton’s
 “ stick,
 “ Or Horace Walpole’s doubts upon King Dick,
 “ Who furious drives, at times, his old goose-quill,
 “ On *Strawb’rry*, (Reader!) not the *Aonian Hill*;
 “ Whether he doom, the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,
 “ Or *those* of Lords and Commons to the King;
 “ Where ONE begs money, and the OTHERS grant
 “ So *easy, freely, friendly, complaisant*,
 “ As if the *Cash* were really all *their own*,
 “ To purchase * *Knick-knacks*, that disgrace a throne.
 “ Ah, me! did people know what *trifling things*,
 “ Compose those idols of the Earth, call’d K——s;
 “ Those counterparts of that *important fellow*,
 “ The Children’s *wonder*—SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO;
 “ Who struts upon the stage his hour away;
 “ His *outside*, gold—his *inside*, rags and hay,
 “ No more, as God’s vicegerents, would they shine,
 “ Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DI-
 “ VINE.

“ THOSE LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have
 “ seen,
 “ Sunk, by the meereft trifles, with the spleen—

* The Civil List, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from
Toys—For an instance we will appeal to Mr. Cumming’s Non-descript of
 a Time-piece at the Queen’s-House, which cost nearly two thousand
 pounds.—The same artist is also allowed 200*l.* per annum to keep the
Bauble in repair.

“ Off,

“ Oft, for an ill-drest egg, have heard them groan,
 “ And seen them quarrel for a mutton bone :
 “ At salt or vinegar, with passion fume,
 “ And kick dogs, chairs, and pages round the room *.

“ ALAS ! how often have we heard them *grunt*,
 “ Whene’er the rushing rain hath spoil’d a *bunt* !
 “ Their sanguine wishes cross’d, their spirits clogg’d,
 “ Mere RIDING DISH-CLOUTS, homeward have they
 “ jogg’d ;
 “ Poor imps ! the sports (with all their pride and
 “ pow’r)

“ Of NATURE’s diuretic stream—a SHOW’R !
 “ *This*, we the ACTORS in the *Farce*, perceive ;
 “ But *this*, the *distant* world will ne’er believe—
 “ Who fancy K—GS to all the *Virtues* born :
 “ Ne’er by the vulgar storms of PASSION torn ;
 “ But, blest with souls so calm ! like Summer seas,
 “ That smile to Heav’n, unruffled by a breeze :
 “ Who think that K—GS on wisdom always fed,
 “ Speak *sentences*, like BACON’s brazen HEAD ;
 “ Hear from their lips the *vilest* nonsense fall,
 “ Yet think some HEAVENLY SPIRIT dictates *all* ;
 “ Conceive their bodies of celestial clay,
 “ And, tho’ all *ailment*, *sacred* from decay ;
 “ To nods and smiles their *gaping* homage bring,
 “ And thank their GOD their eyes have seen a KING !
 “ Lord ! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER
 “ Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,

* This is partly a picture of the *last* reign as well as the PRESENT. The passions of George the Second were of the most impetuous kind—his hat and his favourite Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill-humours—nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his foot benevolence—but he was a Prince of virtues—*ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis offendar maculis.*

“ TO COUNTRY SQUIRES; and *wives* of COUNTRY
“ SQUIRES;

“ Like STUCK PIGS, staring, how each Oaf *admires*!

“ Lo! ev’ry syllable becomes a GEM!

“ And if, by chance, the M——ch *cough* or *hem*,

“ Seiz’d with the symptoms of a deep surprize,

“ Their joints with *rev’rence* tremble, and their eyes

“ Roll wonder first; then, shrinking back with fear,

“ Would *hide* behind the *brains*, were any *there*.

“ How taken in this *idle* WORLD by *show*!

“ BIRTH, RICHES, are the BAALS to whom we
“ bow;

“ Preferring (ev’n with soul as black as foot)

“ A ROGUE on *horseback*, to a SAINT on *foot*.

“ See FRANCE, see PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,

“ And mark the *Desert* of each DESPOT’s brain;

“ Whose tongues should never treat with taunts, a
“ FOOL;

“ Who *prove* that *nothing* is too mean to *rule*.

“ What could the PRINCE, high tow’ring like a
“ steeple,

“ Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE?

“ Go, like the * Kind of Babylon, to grafs,

“ Or wander, like a beggar, with a PASS!

“ However *modern* KINGS may COOKS despise,

“ WARRIORS and KINGS were COOKS, or HIST’RY
“ *lies*—

“ PATROCLUS broil’d *beef-stakes* to quell his hunger:

“ The MIGHTY AGAMEMNON potted CONGER!—

“ And Charles of Sweden, ’midst his guns and drums,

“ Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.

“ Be *shaw’d*!—No!—Sooner, pill’ries, jails, the stocks,

“ Shall pinch this corps, than BARBERS snatch my
“ locks.”

* Nebuchadnezzar.

" Well hast thou said, a SCOWRER bold rejoin'd—
 " Damme! I love the man who speaks his mind."
 Then in his arms the ORATOR he took,
 And swore he was an ANGEL of a COOK.
 A while he held him with a CORNISH hug;
 Then seiz'd, with glorious grasp, a PEWTER MUG,
 Whose ample womb nor cyder held, nor ale,
 But nectar, fit for JOVE, and brew'd by THRALE.
 " A health to COOKS, (he cry'd, and wav'd the pot)
 " And he who fights for TITLES, is a *fot*—
 " Let DUKES and LORDS the world in *wealth*, sur-
 " pass—
 " Yet many a LION's skin conceals an Ass.
 " Lo! this is one amongst my golden rules,
 " To think the GREATEST MEN the GREATEST
 " FOOLS:
 " The GREAT are judges of an opera song—
 " And fly a BRITON's for a EUNUCH's tongue;
 " Can starve their families to hear BABINIS,
 " Gaunt PACCHAROTTIS, *fat-rump'd squab* RAUZ
 " ZINIS;
 " Thus idly squand'ring for a *squawl* their riches—
 " To *faint* with rapture at those *Cats in Breeches*.
 " Accept this truth from *me*, my lads—the man
 " Who first a SPIT found out, or FRYING-PAN,
 " Did ten times more towards the PUBLIC GOOD,
 " Than all the *tawdry* TITLES since the flood:
 " TITLES! that KINGS may grant to ASSES, MULES,
 " The scorn of SAGES, and the boast of FOOLS."
 He ended—All the COOKS exclaim'd "*divine!*"
 Then whisper'd one another, 'twas "*damn'd fine!*"
 Thus spoke the SCOWRER, like a MAN *inspir'd*,
 Whose speech, the HEROES of the kitchen, fir'd:
 GROOMS, MASTER SCOWRERS, SCULLIONS, SCUL-
 LION'S MATES,
 With all the OVERSEERS of knives and plates,

Felt

Felt their brave souls, like FRISKEY CYDER, work,
 Whizzing in opposition to the CORK :
 Earth's POTENTATES appear'd *ignoble things*,
 And COOKS of greater consequence than KINGS ;
Such is the pow'r of words, where TRUTH unites,
 And *such*, the rage that injur'd WORTH excites !
 The SCOWRER's speech, indeed, with reason blest,
 Inflam'd with god-like ardour all the rest :
 Thus if a BARD, Heav'n's vengeful lightning draw ;
 The flame ætherial, strikes the kindling straw :
 Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice and rats,
 And (if unfortunately mousing) cats ,
 All feel the wide-devouring fire in turn,
 And mingling in one conflagration, burn.

“ SONS of the SPIT,” the Major cry'd again,
 “ Your noble speeches prove you blest with BRAIN :
 “ BRAIN ! that DAME NATURE gives not *ev'ry* head,
 “ But fills the vast vacuity with lead !—
 “ Yet ere for OPPOSITION we prepare,
 “ And fight the GLORIOUS CAUSE of HEADS of
 “ HAIR,
 “ Methinks 'twould be but *decent* to *petition*,
 “ And tell the K—g, with *firmness*, our CONDITION :
 “ Soon as our *sad* complaint, he hears us utter,
 “ His gracious heart may melt away like butter ;
 “ Fair MERCY shine amidst our gloomy house,
 “ And anger'd M——y forget the LOUSE.”

AS many people persist in their incredulity with respect to the attack made by the Barbers on the Heads of the harmless Cooks, I shall exhibit a List of the unhappy sufferers:—it is the Palace List, and therefore as authentic as the Gazette.

A true List of the Shaved at Buckingham House.

Two Master Cooks	Two Soil-Carriers
Three Yeomen ditto	Two Door-Keepers
Four Grooms	Eight Boys
Three Children	Five Pastry People
Two Master Scourers	Eight Silver Scullery
Six under Scourers	for <i>laughing</i> at the
Six Turnbroaches	Cooks.

In all fifty-one:—A young man, named John Bear, would not submit, and lost his place.

H

THE
LOUSIA D.
AN
HEROI-COMIC POEM.
CANTO II.

“ — *Qualis ab Incepto.*”

HORACE.

“ As it was in the *beginning*, is now, and ever shall be, World
“ without End.”

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A R G U M E N T.

INVOCATION *to the Muses*—*Degeneracy of modern Poets*—*The ragged State of the Ladies of Parnassus*—*Sad Condition of Bards*—*Praise of Mr. West's great Picture of King Alexander and the Stag*—*More Invocation to the Muses*—*The Tricks of those Ladies*—*Their Impositions on Poets and Poetesses*—*A Compliment to King George and Dr. Herschell on their Intimacy with the Moon, and important Discoveries in that Planet*—*Invocation to Apollo*—*Invocation to Conscience*—*Truth and Falsehood, their Situations*—*More Invocation to Conscience*—*The Praise of Royal Oeconomy and a Hanoverian College*—*Address to Gottingen*—*More Invocation to Conscience*—*Mr. Hastings's Bulse, Mrs. Hastings's Bed and Cradle properly treated*—*More Words to Conscience over the late Mr. Yorke and Lord Clive*—*Address to Fame*—*A Request to the aforesaid Gentlewoman, instructing her how to dispose of some of her Trumpets*—*Description of her Pseudo-Votaries*—*The Bard blushing for the Quantity of Invocation*—*Procession of his Epic Poem*—*Madam Swellenberg described with a Plate of Ham*—*Account of her Birth, Parentage, and Education*—*Account of Pride*—*Madam Swellenberg's Visit to the King*—*His Majesty's most gracious Speech*—*Madam Swellenberg's Answer*—*Address to Readers on Ladies swearing*—*Sir Francis Drake, the Steward of the Household, described—not to be confounded with the famous Sir Francis Drake, who died near 200 Years ago*—*The Perquisites of the present Sir Francis*—*Description of the Dining Room*

belonging to the Cooks at Buckingham-House—The Entertainment and Utenfils of this Room—Dixon, the Cook-Major's Speech—Story of a Nabob and a Beggar—Cook-Major Dixon's Speech in Continuance—Speech of another Cook—The Cooks in the Dumps—The Cook-Major's Rejoinder to the Cook's Speech—A very sensible Speech—Conclusion, with a beautiful Simile—The Petition of the Cooks.

THE
L O U I S I A N A D.

C A N T O II.

N YMPHS of the sacred fount, around whose
brink

Bards rush in droves, like cart-horses to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidst your streams so clear,
And whilst they gulp it, wish it ale or beer;
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,
Old Calvert's brewhouse for their Hippocrene;
And blest with beef, their ghostly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chophouse their Aonian hill,
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE,
Assist me—ye who themes sublime pursue,
With scarce a shift, a stocking, or a shoe,
Such pow'r have fatires, epigrams, and odes,
As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods
As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
Their unsuccessful madrigals in jail,

Where

Where penn'd, like hapless cuckows, in a cage,
 The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;
 Deck the damp wall with verse of various quality,
 And, from the prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me, where is now thy blush, O SHAME!
 Shall bards thro' *jails* explore the road to Fame;
 Like souls of Papists in their way to glory,
 Doom'd at the half-way house, call'd Purgatory,
 To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
 Like old tobacco pipes, from black to white?
 Yet let me say again, that pow'rful rhyme
 Hath lifted poets to a state sublime;
 To lofty pill'ries rais'd their sacred ears
 High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
 Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
 Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops:
 Blest State! that gives each fair exalted mein,
 To grace in print each monthly magazine;
 And deck the shops with sweet engraving drest,
 'Midst angels, sinners, saints of Mr. WEST;
 Where brave King ALEXANDER and the DEER:
 A noble, bustling hodge-podge shall appear,
 From that fam'd * picture which our wonder drew
 And pour'd its brazen splendors on the view;
 Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
 On penthouse high, in Picadilly stare,
 Where lions seem to roar, and tygers growl,
 Hyenas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
 And by their goggling eyes and furious grin;
 Inform what shaggy devils lodge within.

Ye NYMPHS who, fond of fun, full many a time,
 Mount on a jack-ass many a child of rhyme,

* A whole acre of canvass so daub'd by colour as to give it the appearance of a brass foundry.

And make him think, astride his braying hack,
 He moves sublime on Pegafus's back :
 Ye MUSES, oft by brainless poets fought
 To bid the stanza chime and swell with thought ;
 Who, whelping for OBLIVION, fain would save
 Their whining puppies from the fullen wave ;
 Assist me !—ye who visit towns and hovels,
 To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
 And treat with scorn (far *nobler* knowledge studying)
 The humble art of making pye or pudding :
 Who make our Sapphos of their verses vain,
 And fancy all Parnassus in their brain ;
 And 'midst the bustle of their lucubrations,
 Take downright madness for your inspirations ;
 Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
 Who take a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine ;
 When blest at DATCHET, thro' thy HERSCHELL'S
 glafs,
 That brings from distant worlds a horse, an ass,
 A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
 Shirts, stockings, blankets that on hedges dry ;
 Thine eyes, at evenings late and mornings soon,
 Unsated feast on wonders in the moon ;
 Where Herschell on volcanos, mountains pores,
 And happy Nature's true sublime explores ;
 Whilst thou so modest (wonderful to tell !)
 On LUNAR *trifles* art content to dwell,
 Flies, grasshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckow spittle,
 In short, delighted with the world of *little*,
 Which West shall paint, and grave Sir Joseph Banks
 Receive from thy historic mouth with thanks ;
 Then bid the vermin on their journals * crawl,
 Hop, jump, and flutter to amuse us all.

* Of the Royal Society.

And thou, great PATRON* of the double quill,
 That flays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
 A pretty kind of double-barrel'd gun,
 More giv'n to tragedy than comic fun :
 Auspicious PATRON of the paunch, and backs
 Of those all-daring rascals christen'd quacks,
 To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder,
 Who, hawk-like, keep the human species under :

GOD of those gentlemen of gingling brains,
 Who, for *their own amusement*, print their strains,
 O aid, as lofty Homer says, my *nous*,
 To sing sublime the Monarch and the Louse !

NYMPHS, PHOEBUS, in my *first* heroic chapter
 I should have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture :
 Thus to forget my friends was not so clever ;
 But, says the proverb, " better *late* than *never*."

Well ! since I'm in the invocation trade,
 To *Conscience* let my compliments be paid——

CONSCIENCE, a terrifying little sprite,
 That, bat-like, winks by day and wakes by night ;
 Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking
 vice,

As sharp as weasels hunting eggs or mice ;—
 Who, when the light'nings flash, and thunders crack,
 Makes our hair bristle like a hedge-hog's back ;
 Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion ;
 Uplifts our faint-like eyes with dread devotion :
 Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with
 Heav'n,

And promise miracles to be forgiv'n :
 Bids spectres rise, not very like the Graces,
 With gogling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces ;

* Apollo.

With scenes of fires of glowing brimstone scares,
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
For roasting, broiling, frying, fricasseeing,
The SOUL, that sad offending little *Being* .
That stubborn stuff of salamander make,
Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O CONSCIENCE ! thou strait jacket of the soul,
The madding fallies of the bard control ;
Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,
Bring TRUTH's neglected form before his eye,
Fair MAID ! to towns and courts a stranger grown,
And now to rural swains almost unknown,
Whose company was once their prudent choice ;
Who once delighted, listen'd to her voice.
When in their hearts the *gentler* passion strove,
And CONSTANCY went hand in hand with LOVE.
Sweet TRUTH, who steals thro' lonely shades along,
And mingles with the turtle's note her song ;
Whilst FALSEHOOD, rais'd by sycophantic tricks,
Unblushing flaunts it in a coach and six.

CONSCIENCE, who bid'st our Monarch from the
nation,
Send sons to Gottingen for education,
Since hapless CAM and ISIS, lost to knowledge,
Are idiots to this Hanoverian college,
Where simple Science beams with orient ray ;
The great, the glorious ATHENS of the day !
So says the RULER of us English fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of WISDOM's schools.

Dear Attic Gottingen ! to thee I bow,
Of Knowledge, O most wonderful milch cow !
From whom huge pails the royal boys shall bring ;
And give, we hope, a little to the —

Through

Through *Thee*, besides the knowledge they may reap,
The lads shall get their board and lodging cheap;
And learn, like their good parents, to subsist
Within the limits of the Civil List;
Who seldom bid a Minister implore
A little farther pittance for the *poor*.

CONSCIENCE! who to the wonder of his SIRE,
Bad'ft from his wonted state a PRINCE retire,
And like a subject, humbly seek a shade,
That not a tradesman might remain unpaid:
An action that the soul of ENVY stings—
A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS:

CONSCIENCE! Who mad'ft a Monarch by thy
pow'r,
Send pris'ner the fam'd * Di'mond to the Tow'r;
So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
And impudently sought to bribe his GRACE;
Where too the cradle and the bed shall rest,
That on the same damn'd errand left the East—
Thus full of gems and pearls, the treas'nous tribe,
And beds and cradles that would MONARCHS bribe!

CONSCIENCE! Who mak'ft our King (how very
strange!)
Keep a fair drawer of half-pence to give change;
Resolv'd (so strictly in his dealings true)
That none shall keep from CÆSAR, CÆSAR's due.

CONSCIENCE! Who now can'ft, like a cart-horse
draw,
Now lifeless, sinking, scarcely lift a straw;
So different are thy powers at diff'rent times,
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!

* Such is the story of the late sly Bulse that stole into St. James's.

Thou! who at times can'st like a lion roar
 For one poor sixpence, yet, like NORTH, can'st snore,
 Tho' rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
 And raging Hell with all his horrors rise:
 Whose eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
 Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blast* a name:

O CONSCIENCE! Who did'st bid to madness
 work,
 (So great thy pow'r) the brain of hapless YORKE,
 And mad'st him cut from ear to ear his throat,
 That luckless spoil'd his patriotic note;
 Yet wanted'st strength to force from *his* hard eye
 One drop—who *help'd* him to yon spangled sky;
 Whose damned pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue of
 art,
 Won on the weakness of his honest heart!
 Poor YORKE! without a stone, whose reliques lie,
 Tho' VIRTUE mark'd the murder with a sigh!

O CONSCIENCE! Who to CLIVE did'st give the
 knife
 That, desp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life;
 Who, lawless plund'rer, in his wild career,
 Whelm'd ASIA's eye with woe, and heart with
 fear;
 Whose wheels on carnage roll'd, and drench'd with
 blood,
 From gasping Nature forc'd the blushing flood;
 Whilst HAVOCK, panting with triumphant breath,
 Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.

And now to thee, O lovely FAME, I bend;
 Let all thy trumpets this great work commend:
 Give one a piece to all the learn'd Reviews,
 And bid them sound the labours of the Muse:
 Give to the magazines a trumpet each,
 And let the swelling note to doomsday reach:

To

To daily newspapers a trumpet give:
 Thus shall my epic strain for ever live:
 Thus shall my book descend to distant times,
 And rapt posterity resound my rhymes.
 By future BEAUTIES shall each tome be prest,
 And, like their lapdogs, live a parlour guest.

Thee, dearest FAME, some mercenaries hail,
 Merely to gain their labours a good sale;
 Or rise to fair preferment by thy tongue,
 Tho' deaf as adders to thy charms of song:
 Just as the hypocrites say pray'rs, sing psalms,
 Bestow upon the blind, and cripple, alms;
 Yield glory to the Pow'r who rules above,
 Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
 But, sneaking rascals, to obtain—when dead—
 A comfortable lodging over head,
 When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their spouses,
 The vagrants quit their sublunary houses.

With tiresome invocation having done,
 At length our glorious Epic may go on—
 Lo! Madam SWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,
 Was wond'rous busy o'er a plate of ham:
 A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
 Rough as a bear, and as a jack-ass-big;
 In Woods of *Westphaly* by hunters smitten,
 And sent a present to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muses, say
 Somewhat of Madam SWELLENBERG, I pray:
 If antient poets mention but a horse,
 We read his genealogy of course:
 O say, shall horses boast the deathless line,
 And o'er a *Lady's* lineage sleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
 This woman saw the light without much pother,
 That is—no grand commotions shook our earth—
 Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth,
 To say to what perfection she was born:
 What wit, what wisdom should the nymph adorn:
 No bees around her lips in cluster hung,
 To tell the future sweetness of her tongue:
 Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
 To mark the soul of innocence and love:
 No smiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
 To show the future conquests of the maid;
 Whose charms would make the jealous sex her foes,
 And with their light'nings blast a thousand beaus.
 Indeed, the Muse must own a trifling pother
 Sprung up between the father and the mother;
 For, after taking methods how to gain her,
 They knew not how the devil to maintain her.

Heav'ns! what no prodigy attend *her* birth,
 Who awes the greatest palace upon earth?
 Yes!—a black cat around the bantling squawl'd,
 Join'd its young cries, and all the house appall'd.
 Now here, now there, he sprung with visage wild,
 And made a bold attempt to kiss the child:
 Bats pour'd in hideous hosts into the room,
 And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a sudden gloom;
 Then to the cradle rush'd the dark'ning throng,
 And raptur'd shriek'd congratulating song;
 Which song, in concert with the squawls of puss,
 Seem'd, in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"
 In Strelitz first this dame the light espy'd,
 Born to a good inheritance of pride;
 For howe'er paradoxical it be,
 PRIDE pigs with people of a *low* degree,
 As well as with your folks of fortune, struts;
 Like rats that live in palaces or huts;

Or

Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
That dwell in beds of straw, or beds of state;
Or monkies vile, whose tooth inglorious grapples,
Now with Ananas, now with rotten apples.
Hail, PROTEUS PRIDE, whose various pow'rs of
throat

Can swell the trumpet's loud and faucy note ;
And if a meaner air can serve thy turn,
In panting, quiv'ring sounds of Jews harps, mourn !
Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,
So abject who can't lick a patron's spittle ;
Whine like a sneaking puppy at his door,
And turn the hind part of thy wig before ;
Nay, if he orders, turn it inside out,
And wear it, Merry-Andrew like, about ;
Heed not the grinning world a single rush,
But bear its pointed scorn, without a blush.
Yet fain would'st thou the crouching world bestride,
Just like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide ;
The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
That proudly stretch'd his legs from shore to shore,
And saw of Greece the loftiest navy travel,
In dread submission, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride—great, little, humble, vain;
And now for Madam SWELLENBERG again.

Whether the Nymph could ever boast a grace,
That deign'd to pay a visit to her face,
The MUSE is ignorant, she must allow ;
Yet knows this truth, that not one sparkles *now* :
If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their
dwelling.

This Nymph, a mantuamaker was, I ween,
And priz'd for cheapness by our saving Queen,

Who

Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money?)
 Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
 And plac'd her in a most important sphere——

INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the Royal geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Louse's tale,
 At once she turn'd, like walls of plaster, pale.
 But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbled,
 And then to seek the LORD'S ANOINTED, hobbled.
 'HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,
 When Agamemmon took away his wh——,
 In all the bitterness of wrath, she found;
 The Queen and Royal children staring round.

“ O *Swelly*,” thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,
 Whilst wild impatience wing'd the rapid word;
 For lo! the *solemn* Monarch, of graceful speech,
 The KING long since had bid to kiss his b——ch.
 The broken language that his mouth affords
 Are heads and tails, and legs and wings, of words,
 That give imagination's laughing eye
 A lively picture of a gible't pye.

“ O *Swelly*, *Swelly*,” cry'd the furious King,
 “ What! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing!
 “ That thus you come to ease my angry mind,
 “ Indeed is very, very, very, kind.
 “ What's your opinion, hæ?” the Monarch rav'd—
 “ Yes, yes, the cooks shall ev'ry one be shav'd—
 “ What! what! hæ! hæ! now tell me, *Swelly*,
 “ pray—
 “ Shan't I be right in't——What! what! *Swelly*,
 “ hæ?
 “ Yes, yes, I'm sure on't, by the Louse's looks,
 “ That he belong'd to some one of the cooks—
 “ Speak, *Swelly*; shan't we shave each filthy jowl?—
 “ Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my soul.”

To whom the DAME, with elevated chin,
Wide staring eyes, and broad contemptuous grin :

“ Yes, fure as dat my foul is to be fav’d,
“ So fure de dirty rascals fal be shav’d—
“ Shav’d to de quick be ey’ry moder’s fon—
“ And curse me if *I* do not see it done :
“ De barbars soon der nasty locks fall fall on,
“ Nor leave one standing for a Louse to crawl on.
“ If on der skulls de razor do not shine,
“ May gowns and petticoats no more be mine—
“ Curls, clubs, and pigtails, all fall go to pot
“ For fush curs’d nastiness, or I’ll be rot ;
“ Or else to Strelitz let me quickly fly,
“ Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouse to de eye ;
“ Where from his own mock trone de Prince so
“ great,
“ Can jomp into anoder Prince estate—
“ Yes, by de Got dat made dis eart and me,
“ No single lousy rascal fal go free.”

Reader, thou raisest both thy marv’ling eyes,
In all the staring wildness of surprise ;
As if the poet did not truth revere,
And fanciest *gentlewomen* could not swear :
Go, fool, and seek the ladies of the mud,
Queens of the lakes, or damsels of the flood :
Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
Who vend at Billingsgate their sprats and crabs ;
Tell them their fish all stink, and thou wilt hear
Whether that *gentlewomen* ever swear :
Nay, visit many of our courtly dames,
When wrath their dove-like gentleness inflames ;
Lo ! thou shalt find, by many a naughty word,
They use small ceremony with the Lord,
In spite of all that godly books contain,
That teach them not to take his name in vain.

“ Thanks,

“ Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks,” the KING
replied,

“ Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.

“ Yes, yes, if I am Master of this house ;

“ Yes, yes, the locks shall fall, and then the Loufe.”

He spoke—and to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he shook, that shook the dining room.
Thus JOVE of old, the dread, the THUND’RING GOD,
Shook, when he swore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

“ Yes, (cry’d the KING)—Yes, yes, their curls
“ shall quake ;

“ But tell me, where, where, where’s Sir FRANCIS
“ DRAKE ?”

O, Reader, think not ’twas that DRAKE, Sir
FRANCIS,

Whose wondrous actions seem almost romances ;

Who shone in sense profound, and bloodiest wars,

And rais’d the Nation’s glory to the stars :

Who first in triumph sail’d around the world,

And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl’d :

But HE who sculks around the Royal kitchen,

Which, if he catch a neighbour’s dog or bitch in,

Lets fly, to strike the four-legg’d mumper dead,

A poker, or a cleaver at his head.

Not *that* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE who, god-like, bore

Fair Freedom, Science to th’ Atlantic shore :

To Pagans gave the Gospel’s saving grace,

And planted Virtue ’midst a barb’rous race ;

Spread on the darken’d realms the blaze of light—

But *he* who sees the spoons and plates are bright ;—

Sees that the knives before the King and Queen,

Are, like the pair of Royal stomachs, *keen* :

Not *he*, whose martial frown whole kingdoms shook,

But he whose low’ring visage shakes a cook :

N

Not

Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars,
 But he, at *London*, who with *linen* wars:
 Napkins and damask table-cloths affails
 With scissars, razors, knives, and teeth and nails;
 Who dares with Doylies desp'rate war to wage,
 Such is his province and domestic rage,
 It, like his predecessors, he hath grace,
 And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place*—
 'Twas not that DRAKE who bid his daring crew
 Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through;
 But that important DRAKE, in office big,
 Instructing cooks to spit a goose or pig:
 Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the nose,
 And prisons fill'd with Britain's graceless foes;
 But he who bids the geese, his pris'ners, die,
 And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pie:
 He who, three times a week, a green-cloth Lord,
 Sits, Wisdom-fraught, at that important board
 With wise compeers, in Judge-like order, studying,
 Whether the KING shall have a tart or pudding.
 'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man
 From him who round the world with glory ran:
 Forbid it, Heav'n! that e'er the MUSE untrue
 Should give to any man, another's due.

MUSE, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance brew-
 ing,
 To take a peep at what the cooks were doing.

In that * snug room, the scene of shrewd remark,
 Whose window stares upon the faunt'ring park;
 Where many a hungry bard, and gambling finner,
 In chop-fall'n sadness, count the trees for dinner:

* The Larder.

In that snug room where any man of spunk
 Would find it a hard matter to get * drunk ;
 Where coy Tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
 Nor Port nor Claret show their rosy faces ;
 But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
 From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide ;
 Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and fish,
 All clubs their joints to make one *handsome* dish :
 Where stew-pan covers serve for plates, I ween,
 And knives and forks and spoons are never seen :
 Where pepper issues from a paper bag,
 And for a crewet stands a brandy cag :
 Where Madam SWELLENBERG too often sits
 Like some old tabby in her mousing fits,
 Demurely squinting with majestic mein,
 To catch some fault to carry to the QUEEN.

In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks,
 Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID speaks—
 Around the table, all with sulky looks,
 Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, sat the Cooks :
 At length with phiz that shew'd the man of woes,
 The forrowing King of spits and stewpans rose ;
 Like PAUL at Athens, very justly fainted,
 And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,
 With outstretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
 He fearless thus harangues the ROASTING RACE ;
 Whilst gaping round, in mute attention sit
 The poor forlorn disciples of the spit.

“ Cooks, scullions, hear me ev'ry mother's son—

“ Know that I relish not this Royal fun :

“ GEORGE thinks us scarcely fit ('tis very clear)

“ To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear.”

* This will be deemed strange by my *country* readers—but it is nevertheless true.

“ Guts to a bear !” the cook upspringing, cry’d—
 “ Guts to a bear,” the Major loud replied.
 “ Guts to the devil,” roar’d the cooks again,
 And tofs’d their noses high in proud disdain :
 The plain translation of whose pointed noses
 The reader needeth not, the bard supposes :
 But if the reason some dull reader looks,
 ’Tis this—whatever Kings may think of cooks,
 Howe’er crown’d heads may deem them low-born
 things ;

Cooks are possess’d of souls as well as *Kings*,
 Yet are there some who think (but what a shame !)
 Poor people’s souls like pence of Birmingham,
 Adulterated brass—base stuff—abhorr’d—
 That never can pass current with the LORD ;
 And think, because of wealth they boast a store,
 With ev’ry freedom they may treat the *poor* :
 Witness the story that my Muse, with tears,
 Relates, O Reader, to thy shrinking ears.
 With feeble voice and deep desponding sighs,
 With fallow cheek and pity-asking eyes,
 A wretch by age and poverty decay’d,
 For farthings lately to a NABOB pray’d :
 The NABOB, turkey-like, began to swell,
 And damn’d the beggar to the pit of hell.
 “ Oh ! Sir,” the Suppliant was heard to cry,
 (The tear of mis’ry trickling from his eye)
 “ Tho’ I’m in rags, and wondrous, wondrous poor,
 “ And *you* with gold and silver cover’d o’er,
 “ There won’t, in Heav’n, such difference take
 “ place,
 “ When we before the LORD come face to face.
 “ *You* face to face with *me* ?” the Nabob cry’d,
 In all the insolence of upstart pride :
 “ *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear ?
 “ Damme I’ll kick you, if I catch you there.”

Oh, shocking blasphemy! oh, horrid speech!
 Where was the fellow born? the wicked wretch!
 So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,
 A bulse of di'monds from a BEGUM's nose;
 Or make, like DOULAH, careless of his soul,
 A new edition of the old Black Hole.

“What's life,” the Major said, “My brethren,
 “pray,

“If force must snatch our first delights away?
 “Relentless shall the Royal mandate drag
 “The hairs that long have grac'd this filken bag?
 “Hairs to a barber scarcely worth a fig,
 “Too few to make a foretop for a wig!
 “Must razors vile these locks so scanty shave,
 “Locks that I wish to carry to my grave,
 “Hairs, look, my lads, so wonderfully thin—
 “Old SWELLENBERG hath more upon her chin?”
 “Yes, that she hath, (exclaim'd a Cook) by G-d,
 “A damn'd old German good-for-nothing toad.
 “Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely bris-
 “tles—
 “Curse me, I'd rather kiss a bunch of thistles.
 “Oh! were it but His Majesty's commands
 “To give her gentle jawbones to these hands,
 “I'd shave her, like a punish'd foldier, *dry*—
 “No killing now should make a sweeter cry—
 “I'd pay my compliments to madam's chin—
 “I'll answer for't I'd make the devil grin—
 “The razor most deliciously should work—
 “I'd trim her muzzle—yes, I'd scrape her pork—
 “I'd teach her to some purpose to behave,
 “And show the witch the nature of a shave—
 “O! woman, woman! whether lean or fat,
 “In face an *angel*, but in soul a *cat*.”

He

He ended—when each mouth upon the stretch,
Crown'd with a loud horse-laugh the classic speech.

Too soon, alas ! resentment seiz'd the hour,
And JOKE resign'd his grin-provoking pow'r ;
RAGE dimm'd of mirth the sudden funny sky,
And fill'd with gloomy oaths each scowling eye :
Whilst GRIEF returning took her turn to reign,
Sunk every heart, and sadden'd ev'ry mien ;
Drew from their giddy heights the laughing graces—
For much is grief dispos'd to bring down faces.

“ Son of the spit,” the Major, strutting, cry’d,
“ I like thy spirit, and revere thy pride :
“ I’d rather hear thee than a Bishop preach,
“ For thou hast made a very pretty speech.
“ Such is the language that the gods should hear,
“ And such should thunder on the Royal ear.
“ Yet, son of dripping, tho’ thou speak’st my no-
“ tions,
“ We must not be too nimble in our motions—
“ Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt ;
“ Soft fires the proverb tells us, make good malt.
“ And yet again I bid you stand like rocks,
“ And battle for the honour of your locks.
“ Lo ! in these aged hairs is all my joy—
“ To shave them, is my *Being* to destroy.
“ What’s life, if life has not a bliss to give—
“ And if unhappy, who would wish to live ?
“ CONTENT can visit the poor spider’d room,
“ Pleas’d with the coarse rush mat and birchen broom,
“ Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,
“ With cheeks as round as apples, and as red ;
“ Where health with vigour nerves their backs and
“ hams,

“ Sweet souls, tho’ ragged as young colts or rams ;

“ Where

“ Where calmly sleep the parents with their dar-
 “ lings,
 “ Tho’ nibbled by the fleas as thick as starlings ;
 “ Lull’d to their rest, beneath the coarsest rugs,
 “ Dead to the bitings of a thousand bugs.

“ CONTENT, mild maid ! Delights in *simple*
 “ things,

“ And envies not the state of Queens or Kings :
 “ Can dine on sheep’s head, or a dish of broth,
 “ Without a table, or a table cloth ;
 “ Nor wishes with the fashionable groupe,
 “ To visit HORTON’S shop for turtle soupe :
 “ Can use a bit of packthread for a jack,
 “ And sit upon a chair without a back :
 “ Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
 “ And use a wooden skewer for a fork.
 “ Sweet maid ! who thinks not shoes of leather shock-
 “ ing,
 “ Nor feels the horrors in a worsted stocking :
 “ Her temper mild, no huckaback can shock,
 “ Tho’ for her lovely limbs it forms a smock :
 “ Pleas’d with the nat’ral curls her face that shade,
 “ No graves are robb’d for hair to make a braid .
 “ Her breast of native plumpness ne’er aspires
 “ To swelling *merry thoughts* of gauze and wires,
 “ To look like crops of ducks, (with labour born)
 “ Stretch’d by a superfluity of corn.
 “ With Nature’s hips, she sighs not for *cork rumps*,
 “ And scorns the pride of pinching stays or jumps ;
 “ But pleas’d from whalebone prisons to escape,
 “ She trusts to simple nature for a shape ;
 “ Without a warming-pan can go to bed—
 “ And wrap her petticoat about her head ;
 “ Nor sigh for cobweb caps of Mechlin lace,
 “ That shade of quality the varnish’d face :

“ Sweet

“ Sweet nymph, like doves, she seeks her straw-built
 “ nest,
 “ And in a pair of minutes is undrest ;
 “ Whilst all the *fashionable* female clans,
 “ Undressing, seem unloading caravans.
 “ No matter from what source Contentment springs
 “ 'Tis just the same in Cooks as 'tis in Kings ;
 “ And if our souls are set upon our hair,
 “ Let snip-snap barbers, nay, let *Kings* beware,
 “ Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
 “ And clap, like fools, the edg'd tool to our skulls.
 “ Tread on a worm, he shows his rage and pain,
 “ By turning on the wounding toe again :
 “ Nay, ev'n *inanimates* appear to feel——
 “ On the loose *stone*, if chance direct your heel,
 “ Lo ! from its womb the sudden stream ascends,
 “ To prove the foot was not among its friends ;
 “ And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
 “ O'er the fair stocking spouts the fable flood.”

So spoke the Major, with resentment fir'd—
 Spoke like a man—indeed like man *inspir'd* !
 Some critic cries, with sharp fastidious look,
 “ Bard, bard, this is not language for a cook.”—
 “ O snarler ! but I'll lay thee any wager,
 “ It is not too sublime for a *Cook Major*.”—

“ Behold ! to remedy our sad condition,”
 The Major cry'd, “ I've cook'd up a Petition :
 “ This carries weight with it, or I'm mistaken :
 “ Shall shake the Monarch's soul, and save our ba-
 “ con.”

Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
 He read sonorous to the gaping croud.

Thus reads a parish clerk in church a brief,
 That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—

Relief,

Relief, alas! that very rarely reaches
 The poor petitioners, the ruin'd wretches:
 But (lost its way) unfortunately steers
 To fat churchwardens and fat overseers;
 Improves each dish, augments the punch and ale,
 And adds new spirit to the smutty tale.

T H E

P E T I T I O N O F T H E C O O K S.

Y OUR Majesty's firm friends and faithful cooks,
 Who in your Palace merry liv'd as grigs,
 Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-cast looks,
 That we must all be shav'd, and put on wigs:
You, SIRE, who with such honour wear your Crown,
 Should never bring on *ours* disgraces down.

Dread Sir! we really deem our heads our own,
 With ev'ry sprig of hair that on them springs—
 In France, where men, like spaniels, lick the Throne,
 And count it glory to be *cuff'd* by Kings,
Their locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
 Who swallows privileges like a shark.

Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance—
 We dare your sacred Majesty assure,
 That there's a difference 'twixt *us* and *France*;
 And *long*, we hope, that *diff'rence* will endure.
 We know KING LEWIS wou'd, with power so
 dread,
 Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

Oh!

Oh ! tell us, Sir, in loyalty so true,

What dire designing raggamuffins said,
That we your Cooks are such a nasty crew,

Great Sir ! as to have crawlers in our head ?

My Liege, you can't find one through all our
house—

Not if you'd give a guinea for a louse.

What creature 'twas you found upon your plate

We know not—if a louse, it was not ours—

To shave each Cook's poor unoffending pate,

Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs—

The act humanity and justice shocks—

Let him who *owns* the crawler lose his locks.

But grant upon your plate this louse so dread,

How can you say, Sir, it belongs to *us* ?

Maggots are found in many a princely head ;

And if a maggot, why then not a louse ?

Nay, grant the fact—with horror should you shrink ?

It could not eat your Majesty, we think.

Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by Kings,

As well as people of *inferior state*—

Quarrels with Cooks are therefore dangerous things,

We cannot answer for your stomach's fate :

For by your size we frankly must declare—

You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

My Liege, a Universe hath been your foes :

The times have look'd most miserably black—

America hath *try'd* to pull your nose—

French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *try'd* to bang your
back :

'Twould be a serious matter, we can tell ye,

Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*

You see the spirit of your Cooks then, Sire—

Determin'd nobly to support their locks :

And should your guards be order'd out to fire,

Their guns may be oppos'd by spits and crocks :

Knives, forks, and spoons, may fly, with plates a
store,

And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

Nat. Gardner, Yeoman of the mouth, declares

He'll join the standard of your injur'd cooks—

Each scullion, turnbroche, for redrefs prepares,

And puts on very formidable looks :

Young women too—*imprimis* *Mrs. Dyer*,

Whose eggs are good as ever felt a fire :

Next Sweeper-general *Bickley*, *Mrs. Mary*,

With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd *Mrs. Loman*—

Ann Spencer, guardian of the Necessary—

That is to say, the necessary woman——

All these, an't please you, Sir, so fierce determine

To join us in the cause of hair and vermine.

There's Mistress *Stewart*—*Mr. Richard Day*,

Who find your Sacred Majesty in linen—

Are ready to support us in our fray—

You can't conceive the passion they have been in—

They swear so much your scheme of shaving hurts,

You shan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or shirts.

The grocers, *Clarke* and *Taylor*, curse the scheme,

And say whate'er we do, the world wont blame us ;

So *Comber* says, who gives you milk and cream—

And thus your old friend, *Mr. Lewis Ramus*,

We think your sacred Majesty would mutter

At loss of sugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

Suppose,

Suppose, ant't please you, Sir, that Mistrefs *Knutton*
 And Mistrefs *Maisbfield*, fierce as tyger cats;
 One Overseer of all the beef and mutton,
 The other Lady President of sprats—
 Suppose in opposition to your wish,
This locks away the flesh, and *that* the fish?

Suppose *John Clarke* refuse supplies of mustard,
 So necessary to your beef and bacon?
Will Roberts all the apple pie and custard,
 Your Majesty would growl, or we're mistaken—
 Suppose that *Wells*, a stubborn temper, studying,
 Should take the plums off from the Sunday pudding?

Suppose that *Rainsforth* with our *corps* unites?—
 We mean the man who all the tallow handles—
 Suppose he daring locks up all the lights—
 How could your Majesty contrive for candles?
 You'd be (excuse the freedom of remark)
 Like *some* Administrations—in the *dark*.

We dare assure you that our grief is great—
 And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,
 To see your sacred Majesty beset
 By such a graceless gang of idle pages—
 And with submission to your judgment, Sire,
 We think old Madam SWELLENBERG a liar.

Suppose, GREAT SIR, that by your cruel *fiat*,
 The barbers should attack our humble head,
 And that we should not chuse to breed a riot,
 Because we might not wish to lose our bread;
 Say, would the triumph o'er each harmless Cook
 Make GEORGE THE THIRD like ALEXANDER
 look?

Dread Sir, reflect on JOHNNY WILKES's fate,
 Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble—
 WILKES bade defiance to your frowns and state,
 And got the better in that famous squabble :
 Poor was the victory you wish'd to win,
 That set the mouth of EUROPE on the *grin*.

O KING, our wives are in the kitchen roaring,
 All ready in rebellion, now to rise—
 They mock our humble method of imploring,
 And bid us guard against a wig-surprise :
 “ *Yours* is the hair (they cry) th’ Almighty gave ye,
 “ And not a King in Christendom should shave ye.”

Lo! on th’ event the world impatient looks,
 And thinks the joke is carried much too far—
 Then pray, Sir, listen to your faithful Cooks,
 Nor in the Palace breed a civil war:
 Loud roars our band, and obstinate as pigs,
 Cry, “ Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs.”

E

J

JOU

A
POETICAL AND CONGRATULATORY
E P I S T L E
TO
JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.
ON HIS
JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES,
WITH THE CELEBRATED
DR. J O H N S O N.

— Τρώεσσιν ἐβόλετο Κῦδος ἰρέξαι. HOMER.

P O

O n

Thou
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* Vic

† The
Poems a

A
POETICAL EPISTLE

TO
JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

O BOSWELL, Bozzy, Bruce, * whate'er thy
name,

Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame :
Thou jackall, leading lyon Johnson forth
To eat M^cPherfon † 'midst his native North ;
To frighten grave professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore—
All hail !—At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage
To give one spark to Fame's bespangled page
Is amply gratified—a thousand eyes
Survey thy book with rapture and surprize !

* Vide Note, page 16.

† The translator (but in Dr. Johnson's opinion the author) of the
Poems attributed to OSSIAN.

O

Loud,

Loud, of thy Tour, a thousand tongues have spoken,
And wonder'd that thy bones were never broken !

Triumphant, thou through Time's vast gulph shalt
fail,

The pilot of our literary whale ;
Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
Close as a supple courtier to a king !
Fate shall not shake thee off with all its pow'r,
Stuck, like a bat to some old ivy'd tow'r.
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blest'd thy
eyes,

Paoli's deeds had rais'd thee to the skies !
Yes ! his broad wing had rais'd thee, (no bad hack)
A tom-tit-twittering on an eagle's back.

THOU, curious scrapmonger, shalt live in song
When Death hath still'd the rattle of thy tongue ;
Ev'n future babes to lisp thy name shall learn,
And Bozzy join with Wood and Tommy Hearn,
Who drove the spiders from much prose and rhyme,
And snatch'd old stories from the jaws of Time.

SWEET is thy page * I ween, that doth recite
How thou and Johnson, arm and arm, one night,
March'd through fair Edinburgh's Pactolian show'rs,
While Cloacina bountifully pours ;
Those gracious show'rs that fraught with fragrance
flow,

And gild like gingerbread, the world below.
How sweetly grumbled too was Sam's remark,
" I smell you, Master Bozzy, in the dark."
Alas ! historians are confounded dull,
A dim Bœotia reigns in ev'ry skull ;
Mere beasts of burthen, broken-winded, flow,
Heavy as dromedaries, on they go ;

* Vide page 13.

Whilst THOU, a Will-o-wisp, art here, art there,
Wild darting coruscations ev'ry where.

WHAT tasteless mouth can gape, what eye can
close,

What head can nod o'er thy enlivening prose ?
To other's works, the works of *thy* inditing
Are downright di'monds to the eyes of whiting.
Think not I flatter thee, my flippant friend :
For well I know that flatt'ry would offend :
Yet honest praise, I'm sure, thou would'st not shun,
Born with a STOMACH to digest a TUN !
Who can refuse a smile that reads thy page,
Where surly Sam, inflam'd with Tory rage,
Nassau bescondrels, and with anger big,
Swears, WHIGS are *Rogues*, and ev'ry ROGUE a
Whig ?

Who will not too, thy pen's *minutiae*, blefs,
That gives posterity the Rambler's * dress ?
Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
The large grey bushy wig that grac'd his crown,
Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
And shirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wond'rous to unfold !)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.
I see the Rambler † on a large bay mare,
Just like a Centaur ev'ry danger dare,
On a full gallop dash the yielding wind,
The colt and Bozzy scampring close behind.

OF Lady Lochbuy ‡ with what glee we read,
Who offer'd Sam for breakfast, cold sheep's head ;

* Vide p. 9.

† P. 376.

‡ P. 429.

Who press'd and worried by this dame so civil,
Wish'd the sheep's head and woman's at the devil.

I see you failing both in Buchan's * pot—
Now storming an old woman † and her cot,
Who terrify'd at each tremendous shape,
Deem'd you two demons ready for a rape.
I see all marv'ling at M'Leod's together,
On Sam's remarks ‡ on whey, and tanning leather;
At Corrichatachin's §, the Lord knows how,
I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's sow,
And begging, with rais'd eyes and lengthen'd chin,
Heav'n not to damn thee for the deadly sin:
I see too, the stern moralist regale,
And pen a Latin ode to Mrs. Thrale. ||
I see, without a night-cap on his head,
Rare sight ! bald Sam in the Pretender's ¶ bed.
I hear (what's wonderful !) unsought by studying,
His classic dissertation upon pudding. **
Of PROVOST JOFF, †† I mark the marv'ling face,
Who gave the RAMBLER's freedom with a grace.
I see too, trav'ling from the ISLE OF EGG, ‡‡
The humble servant §§ of a horse's leg;
And SNIP, the taylor, from the ISLE OF MUCK, ||||
Who stitched in SKY with tolerable luck.
I seen the horn that drunkards must adore;
The horn, the mighty horn of Rorie More; ¶¶
And bloody shields that guarded hearts in quarrels,
Now guard from rats the milk and butter barrels.
Methinks, the Caledonian dame I see
Familiar sitting on the RAMBLER's knee,

* P. 404.

† P. 143.

‡ P. 299.

§ P. 317.

|| P. 117.

¶ P. 216.

** P. 440.

†† P. 36.

‡‡ P. 275.

§§ A Blacksmith.

|||| P. 275.

¶¶ P. 254.

Charming with kisses sweet, the chuckling sage !
 Melting with sweetest smiles the frost of age ;
 Like SOL, who darts at times a chearful ray
 O'er the wan visage of a winter's day.

" Do it again, my dear," (I hear Sam cry)

" See who first tires, my charmer, *you* or *I*."

I see thee stuffing, with a hand uncouth,
 An old dry'd whiting in thy Johnson's mouth,
 And lo I see, with all his might and main,
 Thy Johnson spit the whiting out again.

Rare anecdotes ! 'tis anecdotes like these,
 That bring thee glory, and the million please !

On these, shall future times delighted stare,
 Thou charming haberdasher of small ware !

STEWART and ROBERTSON, from *thee*, shall learn,
 The simple charms of HIST'RY to discern :

To *thee*, fair HIST'RY's palm, shall LIVY yield,
 And TACITUS, to BOZZY, leave the field !

JOE MILLER's self, whose page such fun provokes,
 Shall quit his shroud, to grin at Bozzy's jokes !

How are we all with rapture touch'd, to see
Where, when, and at what hour, you swallow'd tea !

How, *once*, to grace this Asiatic treat,
 Came haddocks, which the RAMBLER could not eat.
 Pleas'd, on thy book thy SOV'REIGN's eye-balls
 roll,

Who loves a gossip's story from his soul !
 Blest with the mem'ry of the Persian king, *

HE, *ev'ry body* knows, and *ev'ry thing* ;
 Who's dead, who's married, what poor girl beguil'd,
 Hath *lost* a paramour, and *found* a child ;
 Which gard'ner hath most cabbages and peas,
 And which old woman hath most hives of bees ;

* Xerxes.

Which

Which farmer boasts the most prolific fows,
Cocks, hens, geese, turkies, goats, sheep, bulls, and
cows ;

Which barber, best the ladies locks can curl ;
Which house in Windsor, sells the finest purll ;

Which CHIMNEY-SWEEP, best beats, in gold array,
His brush, and shovel, on the first of May .

Whose dancing dogs, in rigadoons excel ;
And whose the puppet-shew, that bears the bell ;
Which clever SMITH, the prettiest man trap *
makes,

To save from thieves, the royal ducks and drakes ;
The Guinea hens and peacocks with their eggs ;
And catch his loving subjects by the legs.

O! since the PRINCE OF GOSSIPS, reads thy book,
To what high honours may not Bozzy look ?

The sunshine of his smile, may soon be thine—

Perchance, in converse thou may'st hear him shine :

Perchance, to stamp thy merit through the nation,

He begs of Johnson's life, thy Dedication :

Asks questions † of thee, O thou lucky elf,

And *kindly* answers ev'ry one, *himself*.

Blest with the classic learning ‡ of a college,

Our K—g is not a *miser* in his knowledge :

* His M-----y hath planted a number of those trusty guardians a
round his park at Windsor, for the benefit of the public.

† Just after Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an interview with
a certain great personage, in the Queen's library at Buckingham House,
he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion
of the r-y-l intellect---His M-----y seems to be possessed of much good
nature, and much curiosity [replied the Doctor] ; as for his *res* it is far
from contemptible.---His M-----y indeed was *multifarious* in his *questions* ;
but thank God, he answered them all *himself*.

‡ This is a very extraordinary circumstance, as the late P-----s D-----
retained three parts of the money ordered for the education of her chil-
dren. *The effect* of this absurd conduct was so conspicuous in her daugh-
ter M-----A, that the letters received from her during her residence
at Denmark, were absolutely unintelligible.

Nought

Nought in the storehouse of his brain turns musty :
 No razor-wit, for want of use, grows rusty.
 Whate'er his head suggests, whate'er he knows,
 Free as election beer from tubs, it flows !
 Yet, ah ! superior far !—it boasts the merit
 Of never *fuddling* people with the *spirit* !
 Say, Bozzy, *when*, to bless our anxious fight,
When shall thy volume * burst the gates of light ?
 O, cloath'd in calf, ambitious brat, be born—
 Our kitchens, parlours, libraries, adorn !
 My fancy's keen anticipating eye,
 A thousand charming anecdotes can spy :
 I read, I read of G—ge the *learn'd* † display
 On LOUTH's and WARBURTON's immortal fray :
 Of G—ge, whose brain, if right the mark I hit,
 Forms one huge Cyclopædia of wit :
 That holds the wisdom of a thousand ages,
 And frightens all his WORKMEN and his PAGES !
 O Bozzy, still thy tell-tale plan pursue :
 The world is wond'rous fond of something *new* ;
 And, let but SCANDAL's breath embalm the page,
 It lives a *welcome guest* from age to age.
 Not only say who *breathes* an arrant knave,
 But who hath sneak'd a rascal to his *grave* :
 Make o'er his turf (in VIRTUE's cause) a rout,
 And, like a *d-mn'd good Christian*, pull him out.
 Without a fear, on *families*, harangue,
 Say who shall lose their ears, and who shall hang ;
 Publish the demireps, and punks—nay more,
 Declare what virtuous wife *will* be a wh-re.
 Thy brilliant brain, conjecture, can supply,
 To charm through ev'ry leaf, the eager eye.

* The Life of Dr. Johnson.

† His M-----y's *commentary* on that quarrel, in which the BISHOP and the DOCTOR pelted one the other with dirt so *gracefully*, will be a *treasure* to the lovers of literature ! Mr. B. hath as good as promised it to the PUBLIC, and we hope, means to keep his word.

The BLUE STOCKING * society describe,
 And give thy comment on each joke, and gibe :
 Tell what the *women* are, their wit, their quality,
 And dip them in thy streams of *immortality* !

Let Lord M'DONALD threat thy breech to kick, †
 And o'er thy shrinking shoulders shake his stick :
 Treat with contempt, the menace of this Lord,
 'Tis HIST'RY'S province, Bozzy, to *record*.
 Though WILKES abuse thy brain, that *airy mill*,
 And swear poor JOHNSON *murther'd* by thy quill ;
 What's that to thee ? Why let the victim bleed—
 Thy end is answer'd, if the Nation *read*.
 The fiddling Knight, ‡ and *tuneful* Mrs. Thrale,
 Who frequent *hobb'd* or *nobb'd* with Sam, in ale,
 Snatch up the pen (as thirst of fame inspires !)
 To write his *jokes* and *stories* by their fires :
 Then why not THOU, each joke and tale enroll,
 Who like a watchful cat, before a hole,
 Full twenty years (inflam'd with letter'd pride)
 Did'st mousing sit before SAM's mouth so wide,
 To catch as many scraps as thou wert able—
 A very LAZ'RUS at the RICH MAN's table ?
 What, tho' against thee PORTERS § bounce the door,
 And bid thee hunt for secrets *there* no more,
 With pen and ink so ready at thy coat,
 EXCISEMAN-LIKE, each syllable to note,

* A Club mostly composed of learned ladies, to which Mr. B. was admitted.

† A letter of *severe* remonstrance was sent to Mr. B. who, in consequence, omitted, in the second edition of his Journal, what is so generally pleasing to the public, viz. the *scandalous passages* relative to this nobleman.

‡ Sir John Hawkins, who [as well as Mrs. Thrale, now Madam Piozzi] threatens us with the life of the late lexicographer.

§ This is literally true---Nobody is at home. Our great people want the taste to relish Mr. Boswell's vehicles to immortality. Though in LONDON, poor Bozzy is in a *desert*.

That

That giv'n to PRINTERS-DEVILS, (a precious load !)
 On wings of PRINT, comes flying all abroad ?
 Watch then the venal VALETS—smack the MAIDS,
 And try with gold to make them *rogues* and *jades* :
 Yet should their honesty, thy bribes, resent ;
 Fly to thy *fertile genius*, and *invent* :
 Like old VOLTAIRE, who plac'd his greatest glory
 In cooking up an *entertaining* story ;
 Who laugh'd at TRUTH, whene'er her *simple* tongue
 Would snatch *amusement* from a tale or song.

O ! whilst amid the anecdotic mine,
 Thou labour'st hard to bid thy HERO shine,
 Run to Bolt Court, || exert thy CURL-like † foul,
 And fish for golden leaves from hole to hole ;
 Find when we eat and drank, and cough'd, and
 sneez'd—

Let all his *motions* in thy book be squeez'd :
 On tales, *however strange*, impose thy claw ;
 Yes, let thy amber lick up ev'ry straw :
 SAM's nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a
treat ;

For all that breathes of JOHNSON *must* be *great* !

Blest be thy labours, most advent'rous Bozzy,
 Bold rival of Sir John, and Dame Piozzi ;
 Heav'ns ! with what laurels shall thy head be crown'd !
 A *grove*, a *forest*, shall thy ears surround !
 Yes ! whilst the RAMBLER shall a COMET blaze,
 And gild a world of darkness with his rays,
 THEE too, that WORLD, with wonderment, shall hail,
 A lively, bouncing CRACKER at his TAIL !

|| In Fleet-street, where the Doctor lived and died.

† CURL the bookseller frequently bribed people to hunt the temples
 of Cloacina for Pope's and Swift's Letters.

P O S T S C R I P T.

AS Mr. BOSWELL's Journal hath afforded such universal pleasure by the relation of minute incidents, and the great Moralist's opinion of men and things, during his northern tour; it will be adding greatly to the anecdotal treasury, as well as making Mr. B. happy, to communicate part of a Dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnson and the Author of this Congratulatory Epistle, a few months before the Doctor paid the great debt of nature.—The Doctor was very chearful that day, had on a black coat and waistcoat, a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted stockings; a handsome grey wig, a shirt, a muslin neckcloth, a black pair of buttons in his shirt sleeves, a pair of shoes, ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the philosopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fresh shaved by a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

P. P. “ Pray, Doctor, what is your opinion of Mr. Boswell's literary powers?”

Johnson. “ Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature—he seems strongly affected by the *cacoethes scribendi*; wishes to be thought a *rara avis*, and in truth so he is—your knowledge in ornithology, Sir, will easily discover, to what species of bird I allude.” Here the Doctor shook his head and laughed.

P. P. “ What think you, Sir, of his account of Corsica?—Of his character of Paoli.”

Johnson.

Johnson. “ Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart But Paoli has virtues. The account is a farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous inanity.”

P. P. “ I have heard it whispered, Doctor, that should you die before him, Mr. B. means to write your life.”

Johnson. “ Sir, he cannot mean me so irreparable an injury.—Which of us shall die first, is only known to the Great Disposer of Events; but were I sure that James Boswell would write *my* life, I do not know whether I would not anticipate the measure, by taking *his*.” (Here he made three or four strides across the room, and returned to his chair with violent emotion.)

P. P. “ I am afraid that he means to do you the favour.”

Johnson. “ He dares not—he would make a scarecrow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunderbuss in *his own* face, but not murder *me*. Sir, I heed not his *αυτος εφ'α*—BOSWELL write my life ! why the fellow possesses not abilities for writing the life of an *ephemeron*.”

E

BOZZY AND PIOZZI;
OR, THE
BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS.
A PAIR OF
TOWN ECLOGUES.

*Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere, parati.*

VIRGIL.

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T H E
A R G U M E N T.

ON the death of DOCTOR JOHNSON, a number of people, ambitious of being distinguished from the mute part of their species, set about relating and printing Stories and Bons Mots of this celebrated moralist.—Amongst the most zealous, though not the most enlightened, appeared Mr. Boswell, and MADAME PIOZZI, the HERO and HEROINE of our ECLOGUES. They are supposed to have in contemplation the LIFE of JOHNSON; and to prove their biographical abilities, appeal to SIR JOHN HAWKINS for his decision on their respective merits, by quotations from their printed anecdotes of the DOCTOR. SIR JOHN hears them with uncommon patience, and determines very properly on the pretensions of the contending parties.

V

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BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

A PAIR OF

TOWN ECLOGUES.

PART I.

WHEN JOHNSON fought (as Shakespeare says) *that*
bourn,

From whence, alas ! no travellers return :
In *humbler* English, when the DOCTOR died,
APOLLO whimper'd and the MUSES cried ;
PARNASSUS mop'd for days, in business slack,
And like a *herse*, the hill was hung with *black*.
MINERVA fighting for her *fav'rite* son,
Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face, the world *undone* :
Her OWL too, hooted in so loud a stile,
That people might have heard the BIRD, *a mile* :
JOVE wip'd his eyes so red, and told his WIFE
He ne'er made JOHNSON'S *equal*, in his life ;
And that 'twould be a *long time* first, if ever,
His art could form a fellow *half so clever* :

P

VENUS,

VENUS, of all the little Loves, the DAM,
 With all the GRACES, sobb'd for BROTHER SAM :
 Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,
 As if DAME NATURE had *resign'd* her *breath*.
 Nor less sonorous was the grief, I ween,
 Amidst the natives of our *earthly* scene :
 From beggars, to the GREAT who hold the helm,
 One *Johnso-mania*, rag'd through all the realm !
 " Who, (cried the world) can match his prose or rhyme ?
 O'er wits of modern days, he tow'rs *sublime* !
 An OAK, wide spreading o'er the *shrubs* below,
 That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow :
 A PYRAMID, amidst some barren waste,
 That frowns o'er *buts* the sport of ev'ry blast :
 A mighty ATLAS, whose aspiring head,
 O'er distant regions, casts an awful shade.
 By KINGS and vagabonds, his tales are told,
 And ev'ry sentence glows a *grain of gold* !
 Blest ! who his philosophic phiz can *take*,
 Catch ev'n his *weaknesses*—his NODDLE'S *shake*,
 The lengthen'd lip of scorn, the forehead's scowl,
 The low'ring eye's contempt, and bear-like growl.
 In vain, the CRITICS vent their toothless rage !
 Mere *sprats*, that venture, war with WHALES, to wage :
 Unmov'd he stands, and feels their force, *no more*,
 Than some huge rock amidst the *wat'ry* roar,
 That calmly bears the tumults of the DEEP,
 And howling TEMPESTS, that as well, might *sleep*.
 Strong, 'midst the RAMBLER'S *cronies*, was the rage
 To fill with SAM'S *bons mots*, and tales, the page :
 Mere *flies*, that buzz'd around his setting ray,
 And bore a *splendor*, on their wings away :
 Thus round his ORB, the pigmy PLANETS run,
 And catch their little lustre from the SUN.

At length, rush'd forth two CANDIDATES for fame
 A SCOTCHMAN, *one* ; and *one* a LONDON-DAME :
That, by th' *emphatic* JOHNSON, christen'd BOZZY ;
This, by the BISHOP'S Licence, DAME PIOZZI ;
 Whose *widow'd* name, by topers lov'd, was THRALE,
 Bright in the annals of *election ale* :
 A name, by *marriage*, that gave up the *ghost* !
 In *poor* PEDOCCHIO, * —no!—PIOZZI, lost !
 Each seiz'd with ardor wild, the grey goose quill :
 Each sat to work, the *intellectual mill* ;
 That *peck* of *bran* so coarse, began to pour,
 To *one small* solitary grain of *flour*.

FORTH rush'd to light, their books—but *who* should
 say,
 WHICH bore the palm of anecdote away ?
This, to decide, the RIVAL WITS agreed,
 Before SIR JOHN, their tales, and jokes to read,
 And let the KNIGHT'S opinion in the strife,
 Declare the prop'rest pen, to write SAM'S LIFE.
 SIR JOHN, renown'd for musical † palavers :
 The PRINCE, the KING, the EMPEROR of *Qua-*
vers !
 Sharp in solfeggi, as the sharpest needle :
 Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle.
 Of MUSIC'S College, form'd to be a FELLOW,
 Fit for MUS : D. or MAESTRO DE CAPELLA ;
 Whose VOLUME, tho' it here and there offends,
 Boasts *German merit*—makes by *bulk*, amends.
 Superior, frowning o'er *octavo wits*
 High plac'd the *venerable* QUARTO fits ;

* The author was nearly committing a blunder---fortunate indeed was his recollection ; as *Pedocchio* signifies in the Italian language, that most contemptible of all animals, a LOUSE.

† Vide his History of Music.

And *duodecimos*, ignoble scum!
 Poor prostitutes to ev'ry vulgar thumb!
 Whilst undefil'd by literary rage,
 He bears a *spotless* leaf from age to age.

LIKE *school-boys*, lo! before a two-arm'd chair
 That held the KNIGHT, wise judging, stood the PAIR:
 Or like two *ponies* on the sporting ground
 Prepar'd to gallop when the DRUM should sound,
 The COUPLE rang'd—for vict'ry, both as keen,
 As for a tott'ring bishoprick, a DEAN,
 Or patriot BURKE, for giving glorious bastings
 To that *intolerable fellow* HASTINGS.
 Thus with their songs, contended VIRGIL'S SWAINS,
 And made the valleys vocal with their strains,
 Before some grey-beard SWAIN, whose judgment ripe,
 Gave goats for prizes, to the *prettiest* pipe.

“ *Alternately*, in anecdotes, go on;
 But *first*, begin *you*, MADAM,” cried SIR JOHN:
 The thankful DAME, low curtsied to the CHAIR,
 And thus, for vict'ry panting, read the FAIR.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.*

SAM JOHNSON was of MICHAEL JOHNSON, born;
 Whose shop of books, did LITCHFIELD Town adorn:
 Wrong-headed, stubborn as a *halter'd* RAM;
 In short, the *model* of our HERO SAM:
 Inclined to *madness too*—for when his shop
 Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop;
 For fear the thieves might steal the *vanish'd* store,
 He duly went each night, and *lock'd the door*!

* Vide Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 3.

B O Z Z Y.*

WHILST JOHNSON was in Edinburgh, my WIFE,
To please his palate, studied for her life ;
With ev'ry rarity she fill'd her house,
And gave the DOCTOR, for his dinner, *grouse*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.†

DEAR DOCTOR JOHNSON was in size an OX ;
And from his UNCLE ANDREW, learn'd to box :
A MAN, to wrestlers, and to bruifers dear,
Who kept the ring in SMITHFIELD a *whole* year.

B O Z Z Y.‡

AT supper, rose a dialogue on witches,
When CROSBIE said, there could not be such b-tch-s ;
And that 'twas *blasphemy* to think *such* HAGS
Could stir up storms, and on their *broomstick* NAGS
Gallop along the air with wondrous pace,
And boldly fly in GOD ALMIGHTY'S face :
But JOHNSON answer'd him, " there *might be* witches,
Nought prov'd the non-existence of the b-tch-s."

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.§

WHEN THRALE as nimble as a boy at school,
Jump'd, tho' fatigu'd with hunting, o'er a *stool* ;
The DOCTOR, proud the same grand feat to *do* ;
His pow'rs exerted, and jump'd over too.
And tho' he might a broken back bewail ;
He scorn'd to be *eclips'd* by Mr. THRALE.

* Bozzy's Tour, page 38.

† Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 5.

‡ Page 39.

§ Page 6.

B O Z Z Y.*

AT ULINISH our friend to pass the time,
 Regal'd us with his knowledges *sublime* ;
 Show'd that all sorts of learning fill'd his NOB ;
 And that in *butchery* he could *bear a Bob*.
 He *sagely* told us of the diff'rent feat
 Employ'd to kill the animals we eat :
 An ox, says he, in country and in town,
 Is, by the butchers, constantly *knock'd down* ;
 As for that lesser animal, a calf,
 The knock is really not so strong by *half*.
 The beast is only *stunn'd* : but as for goats,
 And sheep, and lambs ; the butchers *cut their throats*.
 Those fellows only want to keep them *quiet* ;
 Not chusing that the brutes should breed a *riot*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.†

WHEN JOHNSON was a child, and swallow'd pap,
 'Twas in his mother's old maid CATHARINE's lap :
 There, whilst he sat, he took in wond'rous learning,
 For much his bowels were for knowledge *yearning*.
 There, heard the story, which we BRITONS brag on,
 The story of ST. GEORGE and *eke* the DRAGON.

B O Z Z Y.‖

WHEN FOOTE, his leg, by some misfortune broke ;
 Says *I* to JOHNSON, all by way of joke,
 " SAM, Sir, in PARAGRAPH, will soon be clever,
 And take off PETER, better now, than ever."
 On which, says JOHNSON, without *hesitation*,
 GEORGE § will rejoice at Foote's *depeditation*."

* Page 300. † Page 15. ‖ Page 141.

§ George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote under the character of PETER PARAGRAPH.

On which, says *I*, a *penetrating elf*!
 “ Doctor, I’m sure, you *coin’d* that word, *yourself*.”
 On which he *laugh’d*; and said I had *divin’d* it,
 For *bona fide*, he had *really coin’d* it.
 And yet, of all the words I’ve *coin’d*, (says he)
 My Dictionary, Sir, contains but *three*.”

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

THE DOCTOR said, in literary matters,
 A Frenchman goes not *deep*—he only *smatters* :
 Then ask’d, what could be hop’d for from the dogs ;
 Fellows that liv’d eternally on *frogs*.

B O Z Z Y.*

IN grave procession to St. Lennard’s College,
 Well stuff’d with ev’ry sort of useful knowledge,
 We, *stately* walk’d as soon as supper ended :
 The LANDLORD and the WAITER both attended ;
 The LANDLORD skill’d a piece of grease to handle,
 Before us, march’d, and held a tallow candle ;
 A lantern, (some fam’d Scotsman its creator)
 With *equal grace*, was carried by the WAITER :
 Next morning, from our beds, we took a leap ;
 And found ourselves much better for our sleep.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.†

IN Lincolnshire, a lady show’d our friend,
 A grotto, that she wish’d him to *commend* ;
 Quoth she, “ How *cool* in summer this abode !
 “ Yes, Madam (answer’d JOHNSON) for a *toad*.”

B O Z Z Y.§

BETWEEN old Scalpa’s rugged isle and Rafay’s,
 The wind was vastly boist’rous in our faces :

* Page 55,

† Page 203,

§ Page 185.

’Twas

'Twas *glorious*, JOHNSON's figure to set sight on—
 High in the boat, he look'd a noble TRITON!
 But lo! to damp our pleasure, Fate concurs,
 For Jo. the blockhead lost his master's spurs:
 This, for the RAMBLER's temper, was a *rubber*,
 Who wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I. *

I ask'd him, if he knock'd TOM OSBORN down †
 As such a tale was current through the town—
 Says I, “Do tell me, DOCTOR, what befell,”
 “Why, dearest lady, there is nought to *tell*:
 I ponder'd on the *prop'rest* mode to *treat* him—
 The *dog* was *impudent*, and so I *beat* him!
 'TOM, like a fool, *proclaim'd* his fancied wrongs;
 Others that I *belabour'd*, held their tongues.”

DID any one that he was *happy*, cry—
 JOHNSON would tell him *plumply*, 'twas a lie:
 A LADY ‡ told him she was *really so*:
 On which, he sternly answer'd, MADAM, *no*!
 Sickly you are, and ugly—foolish, poor;
 And therefore can't be *happy*, I am sure.
 'Twould make a fellow hang himself whose ear,
 Were, from *such creatures*, forc'd such stuff to hear.”

B O Z Z Y. §

Lo! when we landed on the Isle of MULL,
 The *megrims* got into the DOCTOR's scull:
 With such bad humours, he began to fill,
 I thought he would not go to ICOLMKILL:
 But lo! those megrims (wonderful to utter!)
 Were banish'd all by tea and bread and butter!

* Page 232. † Bookfeller. ‡ Page 286. § Page 336.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I. ‡

THE DOCTOR had a CAT and christ'ned HODGE,
 That at his house in Fleet-street us'd to lodge—
 This HODGE grew old, and sick, and us'd to wish
 That all his dinners were compos'd of *fish*.
 To please poor HODGE, the DOCTOR all so kind,
 Went out, and bought him *oysters to his mind*.
 This every day he did—nor ask'd black FRANK, *
 Who deem'd himself of much too high a rank,
 With *vulgar fish-fags*, to be forc'd to chat,
 And purchase oysters, for a *mangy* CAT.

S I R J O H N.

FOR God's sake stay each anecdotic scrap:
 Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap;
 With one half hour's refreshing slumber, blest,
 And Heav'n's assistance, I may hear the *rest*:

Aside.]—What I have done, inform me, gracious Lord:
 That thus my ears, with nonsense, should be bor'd?
 Oh! if I do not in the trial die,
 The Dev'l and all his brimstone, I defy:
 No punishment in other worlds, I fear:
 My crimes will all be expiated *here*.
 Ah! ten times happier was my lot of yore,
 When rais'd to *consequence*, that all adore;
 I sat, each session, king-like in the chair;
 Aw'd ev'ry rank, and made the million stare:
 Lord Paramount o'er ev'ry JUSTICE, riding;
 In causes, with a Turkish sway, deciding!
 Yes! like a noble BASHAW of *three tails*,
 I spread a *fear* and *trembling* through the jails!

‡ Page 257.

* Dr. Johnson's servant.

Blest, have I brow-beaten each thief, and strumpet,
 And *blasted* on them, like the LAST DAY's trumpet.
 I know no paltry weakness of the soul—
 No sniv'ling pity dares my deeds controul—
 Asham'd, the *weakness* of my KING, I hear;
 Who childish, drops on ev'ry *death* * a tear.
 Return, † return again, thou glorious hour,
 That to my grasp, once gav'st my idol, POW'R;
 When at my feet, the humbled knaves would fall;
 The THUND'RING JUPITER of HICK'S HALL.

THE KNIGHT, thus finishing his speech so *fair*;
 SLEEP pull'd him gently backwards, in his chair:
 Op'd wide the mouth, that oft on jail-birds, *swore*,
 Then rais'd his nasal organ to a roar,
 That actually surpass'd in *tone*, and *grace*,
 The grumbled ditties of his fav'rite BASE ‡.

* Such is the report concerning his MAJESTY, when he signs the warrants for execution :-----How unlike the GREAT FREDERICK of Prussia, who *delights* in a *hanging* !

† Sir John wishes in vain.---His hour of insolence returns no more.

‡ The violoncello, on which the Knight is a performer.

BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

A PAIR OF

TOWN ECLOGUES.

PART II.

NOW, from his sleep, the KNIGHT, affrighted
sprung,

Whilst on his ear, the words of JOHNSON rung;
For lo! in dreams, the surly RAMBLER rose,
And wildly staring, seem'd a *man of woes*.

Wake HAWKINS (growl'd the DOCTOR, with a frown)
And knock *that* fellow, and *that* woman down—

Bid them with JOHNSON'S Life, proceed no further—
Enough already they have dealt in murder:

Say, to their tales, that little truth belongs—

If *fame* they mean me—bid them *hold their tongues*.

In vain at glory, gudgeon BOSWELL snaps—
His MIND, a *paper-kite*—compos'd of *scraps*;

Just

Just o'er the tops of *chimneys* form'd to fly:
 Not with a *wing sublime*, to *mount the sky*.
 Say to the dog, his head's a downright *drum*,
 Unequal to the Hist'ry of TOM THUMB:
 Nay—tell, of *anecdote*, that thirsty *leach*,
 He is not equal to a *Tyburn Speech*. *

For that PROZZI's wife, let me exhort her
 To *draw her immortality*, from *porter*:
 Give up her *anecdotal* inditing,
 And study *housewifery* instead of *writing*:
 Bid her, a poor *biography*, suspend;
 Not crucify, through vanity, a friend.
 I know no business women have with *learning*:
 I scorn, I hate, the mole-eyed, *half DISCERNING*:
 Their wit, but serves a husband's heart, to *rack*;
 And make eternal horsewhips for his back.

Tell PETER PINDAR, should you chance to meet
 him,
 I like his GENIUS—should be glad to greet him—
 Yet let him know, CROWN'D HEADS are sacred things,
 And bid him reverence more the BEST OF KINGS; †
 Still, on his PEGASUS, continue *jogging*,
 And give that BOSWELL's back another flogging.

* Composed for the unfortunate *brave* of Newgate, by different historians.

† This is a *strange* and almost *incredible* speech from *Johnson's* mouth, as not many years ago, when the *age* of a certain GREAT PERSONAGE became the subject of debate, the Doctor broke in upon the conversation with the following question, "Of what importance to the present company, is his *age*? ---Of what importance would it have been to the world if he had never existed?" If we may judge likewise from the *following speech*, he deemed the *present* POSSESSOR of a certain THRONE as much a USURPER as KING WILLIAM, whom, according to Mr. BOSWELL's account, he *befcoundrels*. The story is this---an acquaintance of JOHNSON asked him if he could not *sing*. He replied, "I know but *one song*;" and *that is*, "The KING shall enjoy his *own* again."

Such

Such was the dream that wak'd the sleepy KNIGHT;
 And op'd again his eyes upon the light—
 Who mindless of old JOHNSON and his frown,
 And stern commands to *knock the couple down*;
 Resolv'd to *keep the peace*—and in a *tone*
 Not much unlike a mastiff o'er a bone ;|
 He *grumbled*, that enabled by the nap,
 He now could meet *more* biographic scraps:
 Then nodding with a *magistral* air,
 To further anecdote, he call'd the FAIR.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I*.

DEAR DOCTOR JOHNSON lov'd a leg of pork;
 And hearty on it, would his grinders work:
 He lik'd to eat it so much *over-done*,
 That *one* might *shake* the flesh from off the bone.
 A veal-pye too, with sugar cramm'd, and plums,
 Was wond'rous grateful to the Doctor's gums.
 Though us'd, from morn to night, on fruit, to *stuff*;
 He vow'd his belly never had *enough*.

B O Z Z Y.†

On Thursday morn, did DOCTOR JOHNSON wake,
 And call out “Lanky, Lanky,” by *mistake*—
 But recollecting—“Bozzy, Bozzy,” cried—
 For in *contractions*, JOHNSON took a *pride*!

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I‡.

Whene'er our friend would read in bed, by night,
 Poor Mr. THRALE and I were in a *fright*;
 For blinking on his book too near the flame,
 Lo! to the fore-top of his wig, it came!
 Burnt all the hairs away, both *great* and *small*,
 Down to the very *net-work*, nam'd the *caul*.

* Page 8.

† Page 384.

‡ Page 237.

B O Z Z Y*.

At Corrachatachin's in *boggism* funk,
 I got with punch, alas! confounded *drunk* :
 Much was I vex'd, that I could not be quiet,
 But like a stupid blockhead, bred a riot.
 I scarcely knew how 'twas I reel'd to bed—
 Next morn, I wak'd with dreadful pains of head :
 And terrors too, that of my peace did *rob me*—
 For *much* I fear'd, the MORALIST would *mob me*.
 But as I lay along, a heavy log,
 The DOCTOR ent'ring, call'd me *drunken dog*.
 Then up rose I, with apostolic air,
 And read in dame M'Kinnon's book of pray'r ;
 In hopes for such a fin, to be forgiv'n—
 And make if *possible* my peace with heav'n.
 'Twas *strange*, that in *that* volume of divinity,
 I op'd the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,
 And read these words :—" Pray be not drunk with wine,
 Since drunkenness doth make a man a *swine*."
 " Alas!" says I, " the sinner that I am!"
 And having made my speech, I took a *dram*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I†.

One day, with spirits low, and sorrow fill'd,
 I told him I had got a *cousin* kill'd :
 My dear, quoth he, for heaven's sake hold your *canting* :
Were all your cousins kill'd, they'd not be *wanting* :
 Though *Death* on each of them should set his *mark* :
 Though ev'ry one were spitted like a lark—
 Roasted, and giv'n that dog there, for a meal ;
 The *loss* of them, the world would never feel—
 Trust me, dear madam, all your *dear relations*,
 Are *nits*—are *nothings* in the eye of NATIONS.

* Page 317.

† Page 63.

Again, ‡ says I one day—" I do believe,
A good acquaintance that I have, will *grieve*
To hear her FRIEND hath lost a *large estate*."—
" Yes" (answer'd he) " lament *as much, her fate,*
As did your *horse* (I freely will allow)
To hear of the *miscarriage* of your cow."

B O Z Z Y. §

At Enoch at M^cQueen's, we went to bed;
A colour'd handkerchief wrap'd JOHNSON's head:
He said, " God blefs us *both*—good night,"—and then,
I, like a *parish clerk*, pronounc'd, *Amen*!
My good companion *soon* by sleep, was seiz'd—
But I, by lice and fleas, was sadly teaz'd:
Methought, a spider with *terrific* claws,
Was striding from the wainscot, to my jaws:
But slumber soon did ev'ry sense entrap;
And so I sunk into the *sweetest nap*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.*

'Trav'ling in Wales, at dinner-time we *got on*,
Where at LEWENY, lives SIR ROBERT COTTON.
At table, our great MORALIST, to please—
Says I, " Dear Doctor, arn't those charming peas?"
Quoth he, to *contradict*, and *run his rig*:
" MADAM, they possibly might please a *PIG*."

B O Z Z Y. †

Of *thatching*, well the DOCTOR knew the art
And with his *threshing wisdom*, made us start.
Describ'd the greatest secrets of the Mint—
And made folks fancy that he had been *in't*.

‡ Page 89.

§ Page 153.

* Page 79.

† Page 324.

Of hops and malt, 'tis wond'rous what he knew;
And well as any BREWER, he could *brew*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I. †

In *ghosts* the DOCTOR strongly did believe;
And pinn'd his faith on many a lyar's sleeve:
He said to DOCTOR LAWRENCE, "sure I am,
I heard my poor dear mother call out "SAM."
"I'm sure (said he) that I can trust my ears:
And yet my mother had been dead for years."

B O Z Z Y. †

When *young*, ('twas rather silly I allow)
Much was I pleas'd to imitate a cow.
One time, at Drury-Lane with DOCTOR BLAIR,
My imitations made the playhouse *stare*!
So very charming was I, in my *roar*:
That both the galleries *clapp'd*, and cried *encore*,
Blest by the general plaudit, and the laugh—
I tried to be a JACK-ASS and a CALF:
But who, alas! in *all things* can be *great*?
In short, I met a *terrible* defeat:
So vile, I bray'd, and bellow'd, I was *hifs'd*—
Yet all who *knew* me, *wonder'd* that I *mifs'd*.
BLAIR whisper'd me, "You've lost your *credit now*,
Stick, BOSWELL, for the future, to your cow."

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I. †

For *me*, in Latin, DOCTOR JOHNSON wrote
Two lines upon SIR JOSEPH BANKS's goat:
A GOAT! that round the world, so *curious*, went—
A GOAT! that now eats *grafs*, that grows in KENT!

† Page 192.

† Page 499.

§ Page 70.

B O Z Z Y. †

To LORD MONBODDO a few lines I wrote,
And by the servant Joseph sent this note——

“ Thus far, my Lord, from Edinburgh my home,
With Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON I am come—
This night, by us, must *certainly* be seen,
The very handsome town of ABERDEEN.
For *thoughts* of JOHNSON you'll not be applied to—]
I know your Lordship likes him *less* than I *do*.
So near we are—to part, I can't tell how,
Without so much as making you a BOW :
Besides, the RAMBLER says, “ to see MONBODD,
He'd wander *two whole miles* out of the road.”
Which shows that HE *admires* (whoever rails)
The pen which proves, that men are born with *tails* :
Hoping that as to health your LORDSHIP does well,
I am your servant at command,
JAMES BOSWELL.”

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I. †

On Mr. THRALE's old HUNTER JOHNSON rode—
Who with prodigious pride the beast bestrode ;
And as on BRIGHTEN DOWNS, he *dass'd away*,
Much was he pleas'd to hear a sportsman say,
That at a *chace* he was as *tight a hand*
As e'er an ill-bred *lubber* in the land.

B O Z Z Y. *

One morning JOHNSON, on the Isle of MULL !
Was of his politics excessive full.
Quoth he, “ that PULTNEY was a *rogue*, 'tis plain—
Besides, the fellow was a *Whig in grain*.”

† Page 72.

† Page 207.

* Page 424.

Then to his *principles* he gave a banging,
 And swore no WHIG was ever worth a *banging*.
 “ ’Tis wonderful (says he) and makes one stare
 To think the LIVERY chose JOHN WILKES LORD

MAYOR:

A dog, of whom the world would nurse no hopes—
Prompt to debauch their girls, and rob their shops.”

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Sir, I believe that anecdote a lie;
 But grant that JOHNSON said it—*by the by*,
 As WILKES unhappily your *friendship* shar’d,
 The dirty anecdote might well be spar’d.

B O Z Z Y.

MADAM, I stick to truth as much as you,
 And dammee if the story be not *true*.
 What you have said of JOHNSON and the *larks*,
 As much, the RAMBLER, for a *savage*, marks.
 ’Twas scandalous, ev’n CANDOUR must allow,
 To give the hist’ry of the *horse* and *cow*.
 What but an *enemy*, to JOHNSON’S fame
 Dar’d, his vile prank at LITCHFIELD PLAYHOUSE,
name?

Where, without ceremony, he thought fit
 To fling the MAN and CHAIR into the PIT?
 Who would have register’d a speech so odd,
 On the dead STAY-MAKER *, and DOCTOR DODD?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

SAM JOHNSON’S *threshing* knowledge and his *thatch*
ing,
 May be your own *inimitable hatching*.——

* Piozzi’s Anecdotes, page 51, first edition.

Pray, of his wisdom can't you tell *more* news?
 Could not he *make a shirt, and cobble shoes?*
 Knit stockings, or ingenious, take up *stitches*—
 Draw teeth, dress wigs, or make a *pair of breeches?*
 You prate too of his knowledge of the MINT,
 As if the RAMBLER really had been in't—
 Who knows, but you will tell us, (truth forsaking)
 That each *bad shilling* is of JOHNSON'S *making* :
His, each *wile sixpence* that the world hath cheated—
 And *his* the *art*, that ev'ry guinea *sweated*.
 About his *brewing knowledge* you will prate too ;
 Who scarcely knew a *hop* from a *potatoe*.
 And tho' of *beer* he joy'd in hearty fwigs,
 I'd pit against his taste my husband's *pigs*.

B O Z Z Y.

How could your folly tell, so void of truth,
 That miserable story of the youth
 Who in your book, of DOCTOR JOHNSON, begs
 Most seriously, to know if CATS *laid eggs?*

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Who, told of Mrs. Montague, the lie—
 So palpable a falshood—Bozzy, *fie!*

B O Z Z Y.

Who, mad'ning with an anecdotic itch,
 Declar'd that JOHNSON call'd his mother b-tch?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Who, from M'Donald's rage, to save his snout,
 Cut twenty lines of defamation out?

B O Z Z Y.

Who, would have said a word about SAM's *wig*;
 Or told the story of the *peas* and *pig*?
 Who would have told a tale so very flat,
 Of FRANK the BLACK; and HODGE the mangy CAT?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

ECOD! you're grown at once confounded *tender*—
 Of DOCTOR JOHNSON's fame, a *fierce* defender.
 I'm sure you've mention'd many a pretty story
 Not much redounding to the DOCTOR's glory
Now, for a *saint* upon us you would palm him—
 First *murder* the poor man, and then *embalm* him!

B O Z Z Y.

And truly, Madam, JOHNSON cannot *boast*—
 By your acquaintance, he hath *rather*, *lost*.
 His character so shockingly you handle—
 You've sunk your COMET to a FARTHING CANDLE.
 Your vanities contriv'd the SAGE, to hitch in;
 And brib'd him with the *run* of all your kitchen:
 Yet nought, he *better'd* by his elevation—
 'Though *beef* he won—he lost his *reputation*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

One quarter of your book, had JOHNSON read,
 First-Criticism had rattled round your head.
 Yet let my satire not *too far* pursue—
 It boasts *some merit*, give the *Dev'l* his *due*.
 Where GROCERS and where PASTRY-COOKS reside,
 Thy book with triumph, may indulge its pride:
 Preach to the *patty-pans*, sententious stuff—
 And hug that idol of the nose, call'd *snuff*;

With

With all its stories, *cloves* and *ginger*, please,
And pour its *wonders* to a pound of *cheese*!

B O Z Z Y.

MADAM, your irony is *wond'rous fine*!
Sense in each thought, and *wit* in ev'ry line.
Yet MADAM, when the *leaves* of my poor book,
Visit the GROCER, or the PASTRY-COOK,
Yours, to enjoy of Fame the *just* reward,
May aid the TRUNK-MAKER of PAUL'S CHURCH-
YARD.

In the same ALEHOUSES, together us'd,
By the *same* fingers, they may be *amus'd*:
The greasy *snuffers*, yours, perchance, may *wipe*,
And *mine*, high honour'd light a TOPER's pipe.
The praise of COURTNEY, * my book's fame, secures:
Now, who the devil, Madam, praises *yours*?

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Thousands, you blockhead——no one now can doubt
it,
For not a soul in London is *without* it.
The folks were ready, CADELL to devour,
Who fold the first edition in an hour:
So!—COURTNEY's praises save you—ah!—that squire
Deals, let me tell you, more in smoke than fire.

* The lively RATLER of the House of Commons-----indeed, its
MOMUS; who seems to have been selected by his constituents, more
for the purpose of *laughing* at the misfortunes of his country, than
healing the wounds. He is the Author of a poem lately published, that
endeavours *totis viribus* to prove that DOCTOR JOHNSON was a *brute* as
well as a *moralist*!

B O Z Z Y.

Zounds! he has prais'd me in the *sweetest* line—

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

Ay! ay! the *verse* and *subject*, *equal* shine,
Few are the mouths that COURTNEY's wit, rehearse—
Mere cork in politics, and *lead* in verse.

B O Z Z Y.

Well MA'AM! since all that JOHNSON *said* or *wrote*,
You hold so *sacred*—how have you *forgot*
To grant the *wonder-hunting world*, a reading
Of SAM's *Epistle*, just before your *wedding*;
Beginning thus, (in strains not form'd to flatter)

“MADAM,

If that most ignominious matter,

Be not concluded,”

further, shall I say?

No—your *kind self* may give it us, one day—
And *justify* your passion for the *youth*;
With all the charms of *eloquence* and *truth*.

M A D A M E P I O Z Z I.

What was my marriage, Sir, to *you*, or *him*?
He tell me what to do!—a pretty whim!
He, to *propriety*, (the *beast*!) *exhort*!
As well might *elephants* *preside* at court.
Lord! let the world, to *damn* my match, *agree*—
Tell me, JAMES BOSWELL, what's *that world* to me?

The

The *folks* who paid respect to *Mrs. Thrale*;
 Fed on her pork, *poor souls!* and swill'd her ale,
 May *sicken* at *Piozzi*, nine in ten—
 Turn up the *nose* of *scorn*—good God! what then?
 For *me*—the Dev'l may fetch their souls so *great*—
 They keep their *company*—and *I* my *meat*.
 When the *poor owls!* shall beat their cage, a *jail*—
 I, *unconfi'd*, shall spread my *peacock tail*:
 Free as the birds of air, enjoy my ease;
 Choose my own food, and see what climes, I *please*.
Suffer only—if I'm in the *wrong*—
 So, now, you *prating puppy*, hold your tongue.

S I R J O H N.

For shame! for shame! for Heaven's sake, pray be
 quiet—

Not BILLINGSGATE exhibits such a riot.
 Behold, for SCANDAL, you have made a *feast*,
 And turn'd your *idol*, JOHNSON, to a *beast*:
 'Tis plain that *tales of ghosts*, are *arrant lies*,
 Or *instantaneously*, would JOHNSON'S rise:
 Make you both eat your paragraphs so *evil*—
 And for your treatment of him, *play the devil*.
 Just like two *Mohawks* on the man you fall—
 No *murderer*, is worse serv'd at SURGEON'S-HALL.
 Instead of adding *splendor* to his name,
 Your books are downright *gibbets* to his fame.
 Of those, your anecdotes—may I be *curst*
 If I can tell you, *which* of them, is *worst*.
 You never, with *posterity* can thrive—
 'Tis by the *Rambler's death alone*, you live—
 Like *areus*, (that in some volume, I have read)
 Hatch'd by strange fortune, in a HORSE'S HEAD.

Poor

Poor SAM was rather *fainting* in his glory—
 But lo! his fame, lies *foully dead* before ye.
Thus, to some dying man, (a frequent case)
 Two doctors come, and give the *coup de grace*.
 Zounds! Madam, mind the duties of a *wife*,
 And dream no more, of DOCTOR JOHNSON's *life*.
 A happy knowledge in a *pye* or *pudding*,
 Will more delight your friends, than all your *study-*
ing.

One cut from *ven'son*, to the heart can speak
 Stronger than *ten quotations* from the *Greek*:
 One fat SIR LOIN possesses more *sublime*
 Than all the airy castles built by RHIME.
 One *nipperkin* of *slingo* with a toast,
 Beats all the streams the Moses FOUNT can boast,
 Yes! in *one* pint of porter, lo! my belly can
 Find blisses, not in all the floods of Helicon.
 Enough those anecdotes your *pow'rs* have shown:
 SAM's Life, dear Ma'am, will only *damn your own*

For *thee*, JAMES BOSWELL, may the hand of
 FATE

Arrest thy goose-quill, and confine thy prate:
 Thy egotisms, the world, *disgusted* hears—
 Then load with vanities, no more our ears,
 Like some lone Puppy yelping all night long;
 That tires the *very echoes* with his tongue.
 Yet should it lie beyond the pow'rs of FATE,
 To stop thy pen, and still thy darling prate;
 Oh! be in solitude to live thy luck:
 A *chattering* MAGPIE on the ISLE OF MUCK.

Thus spoke the JUDGE, then leaping from the
 chair,
 He left, in consternation lost, the PAIR:

Black FRANK, * he fought, on anecdote to cram,
And vomit *first*, † a LIFE of surly SAM.
Shock'd at the little manners of the KNIGHT,
The RIVALS marv'ling mark'd his sudden flight;
Then to their pens, and paper, rush'd the TWAIN
To kill the *mangled* RAMBLER, o'er again.

* DOCTOR JOHNSON's Negro servant.

† The KNIGHT's volume is reported to be in great forwardness, and
likely to *distance* his formidable competitors.

N. B. The Quotations from Mr. Boswell, are made from the Second
Edition of his Journal.-----Those from Mrs. Piozzi from the First
Edition of her Anecdotes.

ODE UPON ODE;

OR

A PEEP AT ST. JAMES'S;

OR

NEW-YEARS' DAY;

OR

WHAT YOU WILL.

Quo me cunque rapit Tempestas, deferor Hospes.

HORACE.

Just as the Maggot bites, I take my way—
To Painters now my court respectful pay;
Now (ever welcome!), on the Muse's Wings,
Drop in at *Windsor*, on the best of KINGS;
Now, at *St. James's*, about HANDEL prate,
Hear Odes, see Lords and 'Squires, and smile at State.

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th

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

READER,

I THINK it necessary to inform thee, if thou hast not read Mr. WARTON's Ode, that I mean not to say that he hath, *totidem verbis*, sung what I have asserted of him : I therefore beg that my Ode may be considered as an Amplification of the ingenious LAUREAT's Idea.

Th

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P R O O E M I U M.

KNOW, Reader, that the LAUREAT's Post sublime

Is destin'd to record, in handsome Rhyme,
The Deeds of Monarchs, twice a year :
If *great*—how happy is the tuneful Tongue !
If *pitiful*—(as Shakespeare says) the Song,
“ Must suckle Fools and chronicle Small Beer.”

But Bards must take the *uphill* with the *down* :
Kings cannot always Oracles be hatching :
Maggots are oft the Tenants of a Crown—
Therefore, like those in Cheese, not worth the catching.

O gentle Reader ! if, by God's good Grace,
Or (what's more sought) good Interest at Court,
Thou gett'st, of Lyric Trumpeter, the Place,
And hundreds are, like Gudgeons, gaping for't ;
Hear ! (at a Palace if thou mean'st to thrive)
And of a staunch old Coachman learn to drive.

Whene'er employ'd to celebrate a King,
Let Fancy lend thy Muse her loftiest wing—
Stun with thy Minstrelsy the frighten'd Sphere ;
Bid thy Voice thunder like a hundred Batteries ;
For common Sounds, conveying common Flatteries,
Are Zephyrs whisp'ring to the Royal Ear.

Know

Know—Glutton-like, on Praise each Monarch crams :
 Hot Spices suit alone their pumper'd Nature :
 Alas ! the Stomach, parch'd by burning Drams,
 With mad-dog Terror starts at simple Water.

Fierce is each royal *Maniac* for Applause ;
 And, as a Horse-pond wide, are Monarch Maws—
 Form'd therefore on a pretty ample scale :
 To found the *decent* Panegyric Note,
 To pour the *modest* flatt'ries down their throat,
 Were offering Shrimps for dinner to a Whale.

And mind, whene'er thou strik'st the Lyre to Kings,
 To touch to Abigails of Courts, the Strings ;—
 Give the Queen's Toad-eater a handsome Sop,
 And swear she always has more Grace
 Than ev'n to sell the *meanest* Place—
 Swear too, the Woman keeps no Title-Shop ;

Sells not, like Jews, in Paul's Church-Yard their
 Ware,
 Who on each Passenger for Custom stare ;
 And, in the happy Tones of Traffic, cry,
 “ *Sher ! vat you buy, Sher ?—Madam ! vat you buy ?* ”

Thus, Reader, ends the Prologue to my Ode !
 The true-bred Courtiers wonder whilst I preach—
 And, with grave Vizards, and stretch'd Eyes to God,
 Pronounce my Sermon a most impious Speech.
 With all my Spirit—let them damn my Lays—
 A Courtier's Curfies are exalted Praise.

I HEAR a startled Moralist exclaim,
 “ Fie, PETER, PETER ! fie for shame !

“ Such

“ Such Counsel disagrees with my Digestion.”

Well! well then, my old SOCRATES, to please
thee,

For much I'm willing of thy Qualms to ease thee,
I'll nobly take the other side the Question.

Par Exemple :

FAIR Praise is sterling Gold—all should desire it—

Flatt'ry, base Coin—a Cheat upon the Nation :
And yet, our Vanity doth much admire it,
And really gives it all its Circulation.

Flatt'ry's a fly insinuating Screw—

The World—a Bottle of Tokay so fine—
The Engine always can its Cork subdue,
And make an easy Pris'ner of the Wine.

Flatt'ry's an Ivy wriggling round an Oak—

This Oak is often honest blunt JOHN BULL—
Which Ivy would its great Supporter choak,
Whilst JOHN, (so thick the Walls of his dark
Scull)

Deems it a pretty Ornament, and struts—
Till MASTER IVY creeps into JOHN's Guts ;

And gives poor thoughtless JOHN a set of Gripes :
Then, like an Organ, opening all his Pipes,
JOHN roars ; and, when to a Consumption drain'd,
Finds out the Knave, his Folly entertain'd.

Praise is a modest unassuming Maid,

As simply as a Quaker-Beauty drest :
No Ostentation hers—no vain Parade :
Sweet Nymph! and of the fewest Words posselt ;
Yet, heard with rev'rence when she silence breaks,
She dignifies the Man to whom she speaks.

FLATTERY's a pert French Milliner—a Jade
 Cover'd with *rouge*, and flauntingly array'd—
 Makes faucy Love to ev'ry Man she meets,
 And offers ev'n her Favours in the Streets.

And yet, instead of meeting public Hisses—
 Divines so grave—Philosophers can bear her ;
 What's stranger still, with childish Rapture hear
 her——
 Nay, court the smiling Harlot's *very Kisses*.

O

D

E.

RICH as Dutch Cargoes from the fragrant East,
Or Custard-Pudding at a City Feast,
Tom's Incense greets his Sov'reign's hungry Nose:
For, bating Birth-day Torrents from Parnassus,
And New-year's Spring-tide of divine Molasses,
Fame in a scanty Rill to Windfor flows!

Poets (quoth tuneful Tom), in ancient times,
Delighted all the Country with their Rhymes;—
Sung Knights and Barbed Steeds with Valour big:—
Knights who encounter'd Witches — murder'd Wi-
zards,
Flogg'd Pagans till they grumbl'd in their gizzards:
Rogues! with no more Religion than a Pig:

—Knights who illumin'd unbelieving Souls
Through pretty little well-form'd Eyelet-holes,
By pious Pikes, and godly Lances made—
Tools that work'd Wonders in the holy Trade;
With Battle-Axes fit to knock down Bulls,
And therefore qualified (I wot) full well,
With force, the Sacred Oracles to tell
Unto the thickest unbelieving Skulls:

—Knights, who so famous at the Game of Tourney,
Took boldly to the Holy Land a Journey,
To plant with Sword, in Hearts the Gospel-Seeds;
Just as we hole for Cucumbers, Hot-Beds,
Or pierce the Bosom of the fullen Earth,
To give to Radishes or Onions Birth.

—Knights, who when tumbled on the hostile Field,
And to an enemy oblig'd to yield,
Could neither Leg, nor Arm, nor Neck, nor Nob,
flir :

Poor Devils ! who were like Alligators hack'd,
At length by Hammers, Hatchets, Sledges crack'd;
Dragg'd from their Coats of Armour—like a Lob-
ster.

Great (says the Laureat) were the Poet's Puffings
On idle daring Red-Cross Raggamuffins,
Who for their Childishness deserv'd a Birch :

Quoth Tom, a worthier Subject now, thank God !
Inspires the lofty Dealer in the Ode,
Than Blockheads battling for Old Mother Church.

Times (quoth our courtly Bard) are alter'd quite—
The Poet scorns what charm'd of yore the fight—
Goths, Women, Vandals, Castles, Horses, Mares —
The polish'd Poet of the present Day,
Doth in his tasty Shop display,
Ah ! vastly prettier colour'd Wares.

—The Poet “ moulds his Harp to Manners mild.”
Quoth Tom — to Monarchs, who, with Rapture
wild,
Hear their own Praise with Mouths of gaping Won-
der,
And catch each Crotchet of the Birth-day Thun-
der :

Crotchets that scorn the Praise of *common* Folly—
 Though not most *musical*—most *melancholy* :
 Ah! Crotchets doom'd to charm our Ears no more,
 Although by Mr. PARSONS fet in *score*;

Drear and eternal Silence doom'd to keep,
 Where the dark Waters of Oblivion sleep—
 To speak in humbler English—doom'd to rest,
 With Court Addressee, in a musty Chest.

Yet all the Lady *Amateurs* declar'd,
 They were the *charming'st* Things they ever heard :
 As for example—all the Angel GIDEONS—
 That is, my Lady, and her Daughters fair,
 With coal-black Eye-brows, and sweet Hebrew
 Air—

The lovely Produce of the two Religions.

Thus, in their Virtues, Grey-hounds best succeed,
 When Sportsmen very wisely cross the Breed :
 And thus, with nobler Lustre, shines the Fowl
 Begot between a Game-Hen and an Owl.

Sir SAMPSON too declar'd, with Voice divine,
 “ *Dat sbince he haf turn Chrestian, and eat Hog,*
He nebber did hear Moosbic half sbo fine ;
No! nebber sbince he lefs de Shinnygogue.”

HIS GRACE OF QUEENSBURY too, with Eyes though
 dim,

And one deaf Ear was there in Wonder drown'd !
 Lift'ning, in Attitude of Corp'ral Trim,
 He rais'd his thin grey Curl to catch the Sound :

Then swore the Airs would never meet their matches,
 But in his own immortal Glees and Catches.
 Yet were those Crotchets all condemn'd to rest
 In the dark bosom of a musty Chest !

Crotchets

Crotchets that form'd into so sweet an Air,
 As charm'd my LADY MAYORESS and LORD MAYOR:
 Who thought (and really they were true Believers)
 The Music equall'd Marrow-bones and Cleavers.

Strains! that the Reverend BISHOPS had no Qualms,
 In saying, that they equalled David's Psalms;
 But not surpass'd in Melody the Bell,
 That mournful foundeth an ARCH-BISHOP's Knell;
 Strains! that Sir JOSEPH MAWBEE deem'd divine,
 Sweet as the Quavers of his fattest Swine.

Ev'n great * LORD BRUDNELL's self admir'd the
 Strain,

In all the tuneful Agonies of Pain;
 Who, winking, beat with Duck-like Nods the Time,
 And call'd the Music and the Words sublime.

Too, all the other Lords, with Plaudits swarming,
 Cried *Bravo! Bravo!* charming! *Bravo!* charming!
 And Majesty itself, to Music bred,
 Pronounc'd it, "very, very good indeed!"
 Indulging, p'rhaps, the *very* nat'ral Dream,
 That all its Charms were owing to the *Theme*.

Not but some small degree of harmless Pleasure
 Might in the Brace of R—y—l Bosoms rise,
 To think they heard it without Waste of Treasure:
 As Sixpences are lovely in their Eyes.

A few Months since, I heard a forward Dame,
 Thus, in a Tone of Impudence, exclaim—
 "Good God! how Kings and Queens a Song adore!
 "With what Delight they order an *encore*!
 "When that same Song, *encor'd*, for *nothing* flows!
 "This MADAM MARA to her Sorrow knows."

* A prodigious *Amateur*—without his Lordship there can be no Re-
 hearfal.

" To Windsor, several times, and eke to Kew,
 " The R—y—l Mandate MADAM MARA drew.
 " No cheering Drop was MARA ask'd to sip—
 " No Bread was offer'd to her quiv'ring Lip.
 " Though faint, she was not suffer'd to sit down—
 " Heav'n help the *Goodness—Grandeur* of the Cr—n !
 " Now tell me, Ladies, will it be believ'd,
 " How much for Song and Chaise-hire she receiv'd ?
 " How much pray think ye ?—Fifty Guineas—
 " No."
 Most surely, Forty.—" No, no."—Thirty.—
 " poh !
 " Pray, Ladies, guess in Reason—come—again"—
 Alas ! you jeer us—Twenty at the least ;
 No Man could ever be so great a B——st
 As not to give her Twenty for her Pain.—
 " To keep you then no longer in Suspense,
 " For MADAM MARA'S Chaise-hire and sweet
 " Note,
 " Out of their *wonderful* Benevolence,
 " Their bounteous M——ies gave—not a Groat."
 " Ay !" cried a second Slanderer, with a Sneer,
 " I know a Story like it—You shall hear—
 " Poor Mrs. SIDDONS, *she* was order'd out—
 " To wait upon their M—j—ies, to *spout*—
 " To read old Shakespear's *As you like it* to 'em ;
 " And how to mind their Stops, and Commas, shew
 " 'em.
 " She read and spouted—almost lost her Breath—
 " And, standing all the time, was tir'd to Death ;
 " Whilst both their M—j—ies, in Royal Style,
 " At perfect Ease were sitting all the while.
 " Not offer'd to her was one Drop of Beer,
 " Nor Wine, nor Chocolate, her Heart to cheer.

" Ready

- “ Ready to drop to earth, she must have sunk,
 “ But for a Child, that at the Hardship shrunk—
 “ A little PRINCE, who mark’d her Situation,
 “ Thus, pitying, pour’d a tender Exclamation :

 “ La ! Mrs. SIDDONS is quite faint indeed,
 “ How pale ! I’m sure she cannot longer read.
 “ She somewhat wants, her Spirit to repair,
 “ And would, I’m sure, be happy in a *Chair*.”

 “ What follow’d ?—Why, the R—y—I Pair arose
 “ Surly enough—one fairly may suppose ;
 “ And to a Room adjoining made retreat,
 “ To let her, for one Minute, *steal* a Seat.”
 “ At length the Actress ceas’d to read and spout
 “ Where Generosity’s a crying Sin :
 “ Her Curt’fy dropp’d—was nodded to—came out—
 “ So rich !—How rich ?—As rich as she *went in*.”

Such are the Stories twain—Why, grant the Fact,
Are PRINCES, pray, like *common Folks* to act ?

Should MARA call it *Cruelty*, and blame
Such R—y—I Conduct, I’d cry, Fie upon her !
To Mrs. SIDDONS, freely say the same—
Sufficient for *such People* is the *Honour* !

Ev’n I, the BARD, expect no Gifts from KINGS,
 Although I’ve said of them such *handsome* Things —
 Nay, not their Eye’s Attention, whose bright Ray
 Would, like the SUN, illumine my poor Lay,
 And like the Sun, so kind to Procreation,
 Increase within my Brain the Maggot Nation.
 So much for idle Tales.—Now, MUSE, thy Strain
 Digressive, turn to Drawing-Rooms again.

There

There too was PITT, who scrap'd and bow'd to
ground,

And whisper'd Majesty, 'twas vastly fine;
Then wish'd such Harmony could once be found

Where *he*, each Day, was treated like a Swine
By that Arch-fiend CHARLES FOX, and his vile Party,
Villains! in nought but black Rebellion hearty;
Fellows! who had the Impudence to place
The *sacred Sceptre* underdeath the *Mace*,
And twisted Ropes, with Malice disappointed,
To hang or hamper the poor LORD'S AN—ED.

To whom, a certain SAGE so earnest cried,

“ Don't mind—don't mind—the Rogues their Aim
“ have mis'd—

“ Don't fear your Place, whilst I am well supply'd—
“ But mind the Poverty of Civil List.

“ Swear that no K——'s so poor upon the Globe;
“ Compare me—yes, compare me, to poor JOB.
“ The House will credit thee—I know the Ninnies;
“ And Wife and I are fond of Bags of Guineas.

“ What? What, PITT—hæ? We must have t'other
“ Grant,

“ What, what? You know that B—, my old dead
“ AUNT,

“ Left not a Sixpence, PITT, these Eyes to bless,
“ But from the Parish sav'd that F—l at *H-ff*.

“ But mind me—hæ, to plague her Heart when dy-
“ ing

“ I was a Nimrod still—a constant Hunter;
“ And when in State as dead's a Mack'rel lying,
“ I did not care a Button for the B——r.

“ And

“ And three Days after my old Aunt was dead,
 “ Which some Folks thought prodigiously profane,
 “ I took it—yes—I took it in my Head,
 “ To order *Sir John Brute* at Drury-Lane.

“ Had she respected *me*, I do aver,
 “ I should have stay’d at Home, and thought of *Her*.”

LORD ROCHFORD too, the gentle Youth was there,
 Whose sweet *falsetto* Voice is often sported
 In Gleees and Catches; so that all who hear
 Believe a pretty *Semi vir* imported.

Yet was there *one* who much the Day decried—
 Old LADY MARY DUNCAN (says Report),
 “ What, no dear, dear *Castrato* here!” she sigh’d,
 “ Why then—P-x take the Voices and the Court;
 “ Then Lord have Mercy on my tortur’d Ears,
 “ And shield me from the Shouts of such H—
 “ BEARS.”

“ Where, where is PACCHIEROTTI’s *Heart felt*
 “ *Strain*?
 “ Where RUBINELLI’s *sostenuto* Note?
 “ That tickled oft my fighting Soul to *Pain*,
 “ That bade my Senses in Elysium float?
 “ Avaunt! you vile black-bearded Rogues—avaunt!
 “ ’Tis smother Chins, and sweeter Tones, *I want*.”

MY LORD OF EXETER was also there;
 Who, marv’ling, cock’d his Time-discerning Ear
 To strains that did such Honour to a Throne:—
 There UXBRIDGE taught the Audience how to *think*;
 With much significant and knowing Wink,
 And Speeches clad in Wisdom’s critic Tone;
 Who look’d Musicians *through* with half-shut Eyes;
 Most solemn, most *chromatically* wise!

SANDWICH, the Glory of each jovial Meeting,
This Fiddler, now—now *that*, so kindly greeting,
 Appear'd, and shrewdly pour'd his *babs* and *hums* :
 Great in Tatto, my Lord, and Cross-hand Roll ;
 Great in the Dead-march-stroke sublime of SAUL ;
 He beats Old * ASHBRIDGE on the Kettle-Drums.

What Pity ! to our *military* Host,
 That such a charming Drummer should be lost !
 And feel through Life his Glories overcast
 At that dull † Board, where, never could he learn,
 Of Ships, the difference between *Stem* and *Siern*,
 Hen-coops and boats, the Rudder and the Mast.

Say—'midst the tuneful Tribe was EDMUND
 BURKE ?

No ! MUN was cutting out for HASTINGS, work ;
 Writing to COUSIN WILL and Co. to league 'em
 Against that Rogue, who like a Russian rose,
 And tweak'd a Bulse of Jewels from the Nose
 Of Dames, in India, christen'd *Munny Begum*.

EDMUND ! who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbald
 On that most horrid Imp SIR THOMAS RUMBOLD,
 Vow'd, like a Sheep, to flea that Eastern Thief ;—

Till *strange good fortune* open'd EDMUND's Eyes ;
 Oh ! then he heard of INNOCENCE the Cries,
 And, like Jew-Converts, damn'd his Old Belief.

Yet, let *some* Praise for MUN's Conversion pass
 To that great Wonder-worker, SAINT DUNDAS.

EDMUND ! who battled hard for POWELL's Life,
 And swore no Man, in Virtue, e'er went further :
 To prove which Oath, this POWELL took a Knife,
 And made the World believe it, by *Self-Murther*.

* A Kettle-drummer of great Celebrity.

† The Admiralty.

Reader—suppose I give thee a small Ode
 Made when vile TIPPOO SAIB in Triumph rode,
 And play'd the Devil on our Indian Borders,
 In Person, or by vile Satanic Orders :

When Mr. BURKE, so famous for fine Speeches,
 From *Trope* to *Trope*, a downright Rabbit, skipping,
 Meant, School-boy like, to take down HASTINGS'
Breeches,

And give the noble GOVERNOR a Whipping ?

If rightly, Reader, I translate thy Phiz,
 Thou smil'st Consent—I thank thee—Here it is.

But mark my Cleanliness ere I begin :
 Know, I've not caught the *Itch* of Party-Sin.
 To PITT or FOX, I never did belong :
 TRUTH, TRUTH I seek—so help me, GOD OF SONG !

P'rhaps, to a *Heathen Oath* thou may'st demur :
 Well then—Suspicion that I mayn't incur,
 But, like a *Christian* swear—I do not sham—
 By all the Angels of yon lofty Sky,
 Where burning Seraphims and Cherubs cry,
 I'm of no Party—curse me if I am !

By all those Wonder-monger Saints and Martyrs
 Cut for the Love of God in Halves and Quarters ;
 By each black Soul in Purgatory frying ,
 By all those whiter Souls, though we can't see 'em,
 Singing their *Ave-Mary* and *Te Deum*
 On yon bright Clouds—I swear I am not lying.

No ! free as Air the MUSE shall spread her Wing,
 Of *whom*, and *when*, and *what* she pleases sing,
 Though * Privy Councils, jealous of her Note,
 Prescrib'd of late, a Halter for her Throat.

* This is a Piece of secret History.

Let Folly spring—my Eagle, Falcon, Kite,
Hawk—Satire—what you will—shall mark her
Flight;

Through Huts or Palaces ('tis just the same),
With equal Rage, pursue the panting Game;
And lay (by Princes, or by Peasants, bred)
Low at the OWNER's Feet, the CUCKOW, dead.

O D E T O E D M U N D.

MUCH edified am I by EDMUND BURKE!
Well-pleas'd I see his Patriot-Mouth at work,
Grinding away for poor Old England's Good.
He gives of Elocution, such a Feast!
He tells of such vile Doings in the East!
And fights, as 'twere for his own Flesh and Blood.
Shroff, Chout, Lack, Omra, Dufluck, Nabob, Bunder,
Core, Choultry, Begum, leave his Lips in Thunder.

With matchless *Pathos*, MUN describes the Gag,
Employ'd by that vile Son of HYDER NAIG,
Nam'd TIPPO.—Gags! that British Mouths detest;
Occasion'd partly by that Man so fad,
That HASTINGS!—oh! deserving all that's bad—
That Villain, Murd'rer, Tyrant, Dog, Wild Beast!

Poor EDMUND sees poor Britain's setting Sun;
Poor Edmund *groans*,—and Britain is *undone*!

Reader! thou hast, I do presume,
(God knows though) been in a snug Room,
By Coals or Wood made comfortably warm;
And often fancied that a Storm *without*
Hath made a diabolic Rout—
Sunk Ships—tore Trees up—done a world of Harm.

Yes!

Yes! thou hast lifted up thy tearful Eyes,
 Fancying thou heardest of Mariners the Cries
 And sigh'd, "How wretched now must thousands
 " be!

" Oh! how I pity the poor Souls at Sea!"
 When, lo! this dreadful Tempest, and his Roar,
 A Zephyr—in the Key-hole of the Door!

Now, may not EDMUND's Howlings be a Sigh
 Pressing through EDMUND's Lungs for Loaves and
 Fishes,
 On which he long hath look'd with *longing* Eye,
 To fill poor EDMUND's not o'er-burthen'd Dishes?
 Give MUN a Sop—forgot will be Complaint,
 BRITAIN be safe, and HASTINGS prove a *Saint*.

Now for the Drawing-Room—O Muse so madding,
 Delighted in Digression to be gadding.

HAMPDEN and FORTESCUE (brave Names!) attended—
 The *last*, in Catches, wonderfully mended.
 The lovely LADY CLARGES too was there,
 To all the Graces as to Music born;
 Whose Note so sweetly melting sooths the Ear!
 Soft as the Robin's to the Blush of Morn!

There too the rare *Viol-di-Gamba* PRATT,
 Whose Fingers fair, the Strings so nicely pat,
 And Bow, that brings out Sounds unknown at Babel—
 Though not so sweet as those of Mr. ABEL.

Dear Maid! the Daughter of that PRINCE of PRATTs,
 Who Music *cons*, as well as Law; and swears
 The Girl shall *scrub* no Soul's but Handel's Ains,
 To whom he thinks our great Composers, Cats.

Id est, SACCHINI, HAYDN, BACH, and GLUCK,
 And Twenty more, who never had the Luck
 To please the nicer Ears of *some crown'd* FOLK :
 Ears, that, like other People's, though they grow,
 Poor Creatures ! really want the Sense to know
 Psalm-Tunes, so mournful, from the Old Black Joke.

That musty Music-hunter too—*Mus. D.*
 Much-travell'd BURNEY, came to hear and see :
 HE, in his Tour, who found such great Protectors—
 KINGS, QUEENS, DUKES, MARGRAVES, MARGRA-
 VINES, ELECTORS,
 Who ask'd the DOCTOR many a gracious Question,
 And treated him with marv'lous Hospitality ;
 Guessing he has as clever a Digestion
 For Meat and Drink, as Music of rare Quality.—

Not with much Glee the Doctor heard the Ode,
 But turn'd his disappointed Eyes to God ;
 And wish'd it his own Setting, with a Sigh :
 For, ere to SALISBURY's House the Doctor came—
 To get, as ODE-SETTER, enroll'd his Name—
 Behold ! behold *the Wedding was gone by*.

Ah ! how unlucky that the Prize was lost !
 PARSONS, who daring dash'd through thick and
 thin—
 ECLIPSE the second !—got like Lightning *in*,
 When BURNEY just had reach'd the *Distance Post*.

Yet, gentle Muse, let Candour *this* allow,
 That, though his Heart was mortified enow,
 The Doctor did his Rival's Art admire,
 And own'd his *maiden* Crotchets full of Fire—
 Crotchets ! though sweet—alas ! condemn'd to lie
 Hid, like most Royal Virtues, from our Eye !

Crotchets,

Crotchets, that songful Mr. PARSONS ties
 To Tom's big Phrase, to make sublimer Cries;
 Thrice happy Union to entrance the Soul!
 How like the Notes of Cats, a vocal Pair,
 By Boys (to catch their wild and mingled Air)
 Tied Tail to Tail, and thrown across a Pole!

But where was great SIR WATKYN all this time?
 Why heard he not the Air and lofty Rhyme?
 The sleek Welsh Deity, who Music knows—

The ALEXANDER of the * Tot'n'am Troops,
 Who, tortur'd by his Stampings, Nods, Grunts,
 Whoops,
 Do wondrous Execution with their Bows?

SIR WATKYN, deep in dismal Dudgeon gone,
 Far in his Cambrian † Villa sat alone:

To ‡ Mrs. WALSINGHAM he scrubb'd his Bafe,
 Whilst Anger swell'd the Volume of his Face,
 Flaming, like Suns of London in a Fog,
 Of Mrs. WALSINGHAM he sung with Ire;
 His Eyes as red as Ferret's Eyes, with Fire;
 His mighty Soul for Vengeance all agog.

ACHILLES thus, affronted to the Beard,
 His sledge-like Fist o'er AGAMEMNON rear'd,
 And down his Throat would fain his Words have ramm'd:
 Who, after Oaths (a pretty decent Volly),
 And rating long the Monarch for his Folly,
 Inform'd the King of Men he might be d—mn'd;

* Sir Watkyn is a Member of the Antient Music Concert in Tottenham-Street, and much attended to both for his Art and Science.

† Wynneflay.

‡ The Quarrel between the Knight and the Lady was a wonderful one———*Tantene animis calidissimis ira?*

Then

Then to his Tent majestic strode to strum,
And scrape his Anger out on Tweedle-dum.

“ He moulds his Harp (quoth Tom) to Manners
“ mild;”

To Kings, for babe-like Manners, *simple* styl'd,
And grac'd with Virtues that would fill a Tun:
To *him* the Poet humbly makes a Leg,
Who, Goose-like, brooding o'er the fav'rite Egg
Of Genius, gives the Phoenix to the Sun:

To *him*, who for such Eggs is always watching,
And never more delighted than when hatching;
Which makes the number offer'd to the Sun
So vast!—why, verily as thick as Peas,
That People may collect, with equal Ease,
A *thousand* noble Instances, as *one*.

What Numbers Wisdom to his Care hath giv'n!
All hatch'd—some living—others gone to Heav'n:
Thus in the * Pinnick's Nest the Cuckow lays,
Then, easy as a Frenchman, takes her flight:—
Due Homage to the Eggs the Pinnick pays,
And brings the little Lubbers into Light.

The Modern Poet sings, quoth Tom again,
Of M——chs, who, with œconomic Fury,
Force all the tuneful World to TOT'N'AM Lane,
And lock up all the Doors of harmless † DRURY.

* A Bird so called in some Countries, that attends upon the Wife,
Bird, and feeds him.

† The Oratorios were to have been performed at Drury-lane, in this
Year, under the Conduct of Mr. LINLEY and Dr. ARNOLD.—MADAM
MARA was to have exhibited her amazing Powers. This would have
been a Death-stroke to the Pigmy Performance in Tottenham-Court
Road. How should the Pigmy be saved?—By killing the *Giant*;—and
lo! his Death-warrant hath been signed.-----By what Power of the
Constitution? None!-----Can the *Grand Monarque* do more? *Quicquid*
delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Say, why this Curse on DRURY's harmless Door,
That thus, in Anger, M——y should lock it?
MUSE, are the Tot'n'am-Street Subscribers poor?

Will Drury keep some Pence from Tot'n'am's
Pocket?

Doth threat'ning Bankruptcy extend a Gloom
O'er the proud Walls of Tot'n'am's Regal Room?

Perchance 'tis MARA's Song that gives offence!

Hinc illæ Lacrymæ!—Oh dear—oh dear!

The Song that once could charm the R—l Sense,
Delights, alas! no more the Royal Ear.

Gods! can a Guinea deaden ev'ry Note,
And make the Nightingale's, a Raven's Throat!

But let me give His M——y a Hint,
Fresh from my Brain's prolific Mint—
Suppose we *Amateurs* should, in a Fury,
Just take it in our John Bull Heads to say
(And lo! 'tis very probable we *may*)—
“ We *will* have Oratorios at Drury?”

How must he look?—Blank—wonderfully blank?
And think such Speech an Insult on his Rank.
What could he do?—oppose with Ire so hot?
I think his M—— had better *not*!

Kings should be never in the *wrong* *
They never *are*, some Wise-Acres declare.—
Poh! such a Speech may do for Birth-day Song;
But makes us Philosophic People *stare*!

I know

* Yet let us give an Instance of wrong Proceeding.—A certain K—— and Q——, instead of having Concerts at their Palace, in the Style of other Princes, such as the King of France, the Emperor, the Empress of Russia, &c. have entered into a private Subscription for a Concert in a pitiful Street.—They pay their Six Guineas a-piece; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their Children, as we are told, *gratis*!

What

I know a certain Owner of a C——n,
 Not quite a hundred Miles from Windsor Town,
 Who harbour'd of his Neighbour, horrid Notions—
 A Widow Gentlewoman—who, he said,
 Popp'd from her Window ev'ry Day her Head
 Impertinent, to watch his Royal Motions.

“ What ? what ? (quoth M——y,) I'll teach her
 Eyes

To take my Motions by Surprise——
 One cannot breakfast, dine, drink Tea, nor sup,
 But, whip ! the Woman's Head at once is out,
 To see and hear what we are all about :—
 I'll cure her of that Trick—and block her up.”

Mad as His Military GRACE *
 For fortifying ev'ry Place
 From Dockyards to a Necessary House—
 The M——ch dreamt of nothing but the Wall—
 The faucy Spit in Petticoats to maul,
 And make her eagle Pride crawl like a Louse.

Now Workmen came, with formidable Stones,
 To block up the poor Widow JONES—

What is still more extraordinary, they have entered into a Bond for *borrowing* Two Thousand Pounds for putting the House into a decent Repair ; fit for the Reception of the K----- of the first Empire upon Earth. Of whom has this Money been borrowed ? Marvelling Reader ! of the poor Musicians Fund !---which Money might have been placed out at a much superior Advantage. Let me add, that the Subscribers order a formal Rehearfal previous to every Concert ; so that in fact, they get a double Concert for their Money ;---undoubtedly, to the vast Satisfaction of the Fingers of the happy CRAMER, BORGHJ, SHIELD, CERVETTO, &c. who, in this Instance, earn their Money not very unlike the patient and laborious Animal called a *Drayhorse*.

* Duke of Richmond.

Who mark'd this dread Blockade, and with a Frown,
 And to the Cause of Freedom true—
 One of the Old Hen's Chicks so blue,
 Fast as the K—— built *up*, the Dame pull'd *down*.

'Twas up—'twas down—'twas up again—'twas down,
 Much did the Country with this Battle ring,
 Between the valiant Widow and the K——,
 That Admiration rais'd in Windsor Town :

The mighty, batt'ling BROUGHTONS and the
 SLACKS,
 Ne'er knew more Money betted on their Backs.

Sing, Heav'nly Muse, how ended this Affray,
 Just as it happens, faith, nine Times in ten,
 When Dames so spirited engage with Men——
 That is--the valiant WIDOW won the Day.

The K—— could not the Woman maul :
 But found himself most shamefully defeated ;
 Then very wisely he retreated,
 And very prudently gave up the Wall.

Now sing, O Muse, the warlike Ammunition
 Us'd by the Dame in her besieg'd Condition,
 That on the Host of vile Invaders flew :
 Say, did no God nor Goddess cry out, Shame !
 And nobly hasten to relieve the Dame
 From such a resolute and hostile Crew ?

Yes—NEPTUNE, like her Guardian Angel, kind,
 Join'd the poor WIDOW JONES, and ran up stairs ;
 There fiercely caught up certain Earthen Wares,
 And, pleas'd his fav'rite Element to find,
 Bid, on their Heads, the briny torrents flow,
 And wash'd, like Shags, the Combatants below.

The Goddesses CLOACINA too, so hearty,
 Rush'd to the Widow's House, and join'd the Party.
 But say, what Ammunition fill'd her Hand,
 Much Glory for the Widow to acquire,
 And give to public Scorn the daring Band?

What that *strong* Ammunition was, the Bard
 Heard as a Secret—therefore must not tell:
 Nor would he, for a Thousand Pounds Reward,
 To Beaux reveal it, or the sweetest Belle.
 Yet Nature possibly hath made a Snout,
 Blest with Sagacity to smell it out.

Reader, don't stand so, staring like a Calf—
 Thy gaping Attitude provokes my Laugh—
 Thou think'st that Monarchs never can act ill:
 Get thy Head shav'd, thou Fool! or think so still.

Whether thou deem'st my Story false or true

I value not a Rush.

Wilt have another?—"No."—Nay, prithee do.

"I wo'n't."—Thou shalt, by Heavens! so prithee
 hush!

But ere I give the Tale, my tuneful Bride,
 My LADY MUSE, shall talk of Kings and Pride.

Some Kings on Thrones are Children on the Lap—

Children, that all of us see ev'ry Day—

Brats that kick, squall, and quarrel with their Pap,

Tearing and swearing they will have their Way!

And what, too, their great Reputation rifles,

KINGS quarrel, just like Children, about *Trifles*.

Moreover—'tis a terrible Affair

For Knightly Worship to be kick'd by Fellows

Who probably feed half their Time on Air,

Mending old Kettles, or old Bellows.

My

My LADY PRIDE's a very lofty BEING,
 Much pleas'd with People's scraping, bowing, kneeling,
 Fruitful in Egotisms, and full of Brags—

HER LADYSHIP in nought can brook Denial;
 And, as for Insult 'tis a killing Trial,
 And more especially from Men of Rags.

For PRIDE, such is her Stateliness, alas!
 Rather than feel the Kickings of an *Ass*,
 Would calmly put up with a Leg of *Horse*;
 Though pelting her with fifty times the Force:
 Nay, though her Brains came out upon the Ground,
 Were Brains within her Head-piece to be found.

A KING AND A BRICK-MAKER.

A T A L E.

A KING, near Pimlico, with Nose and State,
 Did very much a neighbouring Brick-kiln hate,
 Because the Kiln did vomit nasty Smoak:
 Which Smoak—I can't say very neatly bred,
 Did very often take it in the Head
 To blacken the Great House, and try the K—— to
 choak.

His sacred Majesty would sputt'ring say,
 Upon a windy Day,
 “ I'll make the Rascal and his Brick-kiln hop—
 “ P-x take the Smoak—the Sulphur!—Zounds!—
 “ It forces down my Throat by Pounds—
 “ My Belly is a downright Blacksmith's Shop.”

One Day, he was so pester'd by a Cloud—
He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud :

“ Go,” (roar'd his M——y unto a Page
Work'd, like a Lion, to a dev'lish Rage,)

“ Go, tell the Rascal who the Brick-kiln owns,
“ That if he dares to burn another Brick,
“ Black all my House like Hell, and make me sick,
“ I'll tear his Kiln to Rags, and break his Bones.”

Off set the Page, and soon his Errand told:
On which the Brick-maker—a little bold,
Exclaim'd, “ He break my bones, good Master Page !

“ He say my Kiln shan't burn another Brick,
“ Because it blacks his house, and makes him sick !
“ Go—give my Compliments to MASTER's Rage,
“ And say, more Bricks I am resolv'd to burn ;
“ And, if the Smoke his Worship's Stomach turn,
“ To stop his Royal Mouth and Snout—
“ Nay, more, good PAGE—His M——y shall find
“ I'll always take th' Advantage of the Wind,
“ And, dam'me try to smoak him out.”

This was a dreadful Message to a K——
From a poor ragged Rogue that dealt in Mud :
Yet, though so impudent a Thing,
The Fellow's Rhet'ric could not be withstood.

Stiff as against poor HASTINGS, EDMUND BURKE,
This BRICK-MAKER went tooth and nail to work,
And form'd a true VESUVIUS on the Eye :
The Smoke in pitchy Volumes roll'd along,
Rush'd thro' the Royal Dome with Sulphur strong,
And then ascending darken'd all the sky.

Thus did this Cloud of Darknefs daily shade
The Building for the Lord's Anointed made,

And

And blacken'd it, like Palls that grace a Burying :
 Thus was this Man of Mud and straw employ'd*
 And, at the thought so wicked, overjoy'd,
 Of smoking his Liege Sovereign like a Herring :

Of serving him as we do Parts of Swine,
 Thought, with green Peas, a Dish extremely fine.
 But lo ! this baneful Rogue of Brick,
 Fell, for his SOV'REIGN, fortunately sick,
 And ere the Wretch could please his Spleen and Pride
 Of turning Monarchs into Bacon—died.

The modern Bard (quoth Tom) sublimely sings
 Of sharp and prudent œconomic Kings,
 Who Rams, and Ewes, and Lambs, and Bullocks, feed,
 And Pigs of ev'ry fort of Breed : -

—Of Kings who pride themselves on fruitful Sows ;
 Who sell skimm'd Milk, and keep a Guard so stout
 To keep the Geese, the thievish Rascals, out,
 That ev'ry Morning us'd to suck the * Cows :

—Of Kings who † Cabbages and Carrots plant
 For such as wholesome Vegetables want ;—
 Who feed, too, Poultry for the People's sake,
 Then send it through the Villages in Carts,
 To cheer (how wondrous kind ! the hungry Hearts
 Of such as *only pay* for what they take.

The Poet now, quoth Tom's rare Lucubration,
 Singeth Commercial Treaties—Commutation—

* Is it possible for this Story to be true ? We would rather give it
 as *apocryphal*.

† Mr. Warton says in his Ode, "*Who plant the Civic Bay*,"—but he
 assuredly meant Cabbages and Carrots :—the Fact proves it.

Taxes

Taxes on Paint, Pomatum, Milk of Roses,
 Olympian Dew, Gloves, Sticking-Plaster, Hats,
 Quack Medicines for sick Christians and found Rats,
 And all that charms our Eyes, or Mouths, or Noses.

The modern Bard, says Tom, sublimely sings
 Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious Kings,
 Who love their Wives so constant from their Heart,
 Who down at Windsor daily go a shopping—
 Their Heads so lovely into houses popping,
 And doing Wonders in the haggling Art.

And why, in God's Name, should not Queens and Kings
 Purchase a Comb, or Corkscrew, Lace for Cloaks,
 Edging for Caps, or Tape for Apron-strings,
 Or Pins, or Bobbin, cheap as other Folks?

Reader! to make thine Eyes with Wonder stare,
Farthings are not beneath the Royal Care!
 Farthings are helpless Children of a Guinea:
 If not well watch'd, they travel to their Cost!
 For, lo! each Copper-vifag'd little Ninney
 Is very apt to stray, and to be lost.

Extravagance I never dar'd defend—
 I'd have a Monarch save a Candle End;
 Since 'tis an Axiom sure, the more Folks *save*,
 The more, indisputably, they must *have*.
 Crown'd Heads, of *saving* should appear Examples;
 And Britain really boasts two pretty Samples!

The modern Poet sings, quoth Tom again,
 Of sweet Excisemen an obliging Train;
 Who, like our Guardian Angels, watch our Houses,
 And add another civil Obligation
 That addeth greatly to our Reputation—
 Hug in our Absences, our loving Spouses.

Reader!

Reader! when tir'd, I'm fond of taking Breath—
 Now, as thou dost admire the true Sublime,
 And, consequently, my immortal Rhyme,
 'Tis clear thou never can'st desire my Death:—

Swans, in their Songs, most musically die—
 If that's the Case then, Reader, so might I.
 Let me then join my Wishes—stay my Rapture,
 And nurse my Lungs to sing a second Chapter.

IN CONTINUATION.

“GRANT me an honest Fame, or grant me
 “none,”

Says POPE (I don't know where) a little Liar;
 Who, if he prais'd a man, 'twas in a Tone
 That made his Praise like Bunches of Sweet-Briar,
 Which, whilst a pleasing Fragrance it bestows,
 Pops out a pretty Prickle on your Nose.

Were *some Folks* to exclaim, who fill a Throne,
 “Grant me an honest Fame, or grant me none;”
 Such PRINCES were upon the forlorn Hope,—
 Soon, very soon, to Reputation dead;
 Their idle Laureats, faith, might shut up Shop,
 And bid their lofty Genius go to bed.

Muse, this is all well said; but not t'offend ye,
 I beg you will not cultivate Digression—
 Plead not the Poet's *quidlibet audendi*;
 For surely there are Limits to th' Expression.

Then

Then cease to wanton thus in Episode,
And tell the World of Mr. WARTON's Ode.

The modern Poet, Laureat Thomas says,
To BOTANY's grand Island tunes his Lays,
Fix'd for the Swains and Damsels of St. Giles,
Whose Knowledge in the *Hocus-Pocus* Art
Bids them from BRITAIN somewhat sudden start,
To teach to southern Climes their Ministerial Wiles :

Improve the Wisdom of the Common Weal,
And teach the simple Natives how to steal,
The Picklock Sciences so dark, explain,
And to ingenious Murther turn each Brain.

Quoth Tom again—the modern Poet sings
Of sweet, good-natur'd, inoffensive Kings ;
Who, by a Miracle, escap'd with Life—
Escap'd a Damsel's most tremendous Knife ;
A Knife that had been taught, by Toil and Art,
To pierce the Bowels of a Pye or Tart.

Thus, having giv'n a full Display
Of what our Laureat says, or meant to say ;
I'll beg of Thomas to instruct my Ears,
Why, on his Verses, he should call
The Knights who grac'd the high-arch'd Hall,
A set of * Bears ?

Why the bold steel-clad Knights of elder Days
Are not intitled to a little Praise,
Who for God's Cause did Palace, House, and *Hut sell*,
As well as Monarchs of the present Date,
Whose dear Religion, of which Poets prate,
Might lodge, without much squeezing, in a Nut-shell ?

* *Vid.* the Word *Savage* in the Laureat's Ode for the New Year.

“ What King hath small Religion ?” thou repliest—
 “ If G - - - - the Th - - - thou meanest—Bard, thou
 “ liest.”

Hold, Thomas—not so furious—I know Things
 That add not to the Piety of - - - -
 I’ve seen a K. at Chapel, I declare,
 Yawn, gape, laugh in the middle of a Pray’r—
 When inwards his sad Optics ought to roll,
 To view the dark Condition of his Soul ;
 Catch up an Opera-Glass with curious Eye,
 Forgetting God, some Stranger’s Phiz to spy,
 As tho’ desirous to observe, if Heav’n
 Had Christian Features to the Visage giv’n ;
 Then turn (for kind Communication, keen)
 And tell some new-found Wonders to the - - - -

“ Ah ! Peter, Peter,” Laureat Thomas cries,
 “ Thou hast no Fear of KING’s before thy Eyes ;
 “ Great—Little—all, with thee, are equal Jokes,
 “ And mighty Monarchs merely common Folks.
 “ Ah, wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know—”
Know what ?——“ That Monarchs are not merely
Show :

“ *Souls* they possess, and on a glorious Scale.”
 To this I answer, Thomas, with a *Tale*.

A Duke of Burgundy (I know not *which*)
 Thus on a certain time, address’d a Poet—
 “ I’m much afraid of that same scribbling Itch—
 “ You’ve Wit—but pray be cautious how you show it ;
 “ Say nothing in your Rhymes about a King—
 “ If Praise—’tis Lies——if Blame—a dangerous
 “ Thing.”

That is, the DUKE believ’d the KING uncivil,
 Might kick the saucy Poet to the Devil.

T. W.

T. W.

PETER, there's Odds 'twixt staring and stark mad—

P. P.

Who dares deny it? So there is, egad!

T. W.

Thou think'st *no Prince*, of Common Sense poss'est—

P. P.

Thomas, thou art mistaken, I protest—

On STANISLAUS the Muse could pour her Strain,

Who, dying, sunk a Sun upon Lorraine :

Too, like the parted SUN, with Glory crown'd—

He fill'd with Blushes deep th' Horizon round.

FREDERICK the GREAT, who died the other day,

Had for himself, indeed, a deal to say.

We must not touch upon the KING's *Belief*—

Because (I fear) he seldom said his Pray'rs—

Nor dare we say the HERO was no THIEF,

Because he plunder'd ev'ry Body's Wares.

I'm told the EMPEROR is vastly wise—

And hope that Madame Fame hath not told Lies :

Yet, in his Disputations with the Dutch,

The MONARCH's Oratory was not much :

Full many a Trope from Bayonet and Drum

He threaten'd—but, behold! 'twas all a Hum.

Wife are our gracious Q——'s *superb* Relations,

The Pride and Envy of the German Nations—

People of Fashion, Worship, Wealth, and State—

Lo! what Demand for them, in Heav'n, of late!

Lo!

Lo ! with his Knapfack, ev'n juſt now departed,
 As fine a Soldier, faith, as ever ſtated—
 Whom Death did almoſt *dread* to lay his *Claws* on—
 Old Captain—what's his Name ?—* SAXEHILBERG-

HAUSEN :

For whom (with Zeal, for *Folks of Worſhip*, burning)
 We once again are blacken'd up by Mourning ;
 To ſhow, by Glove, Cloth, Ribband, Crape and Fan,
 A Peck of Trouble for th' old Gentleman.

Good-lack-a-daiſie then ! what Dozens
 Our Q— hath got of Uncles, Aunts, and Couſins !
 Egad, if thus thoſe Folks continue dying,
 Each BRITON doom'd to diſmal Black,
 Muſt always bear a Hearſe-like Back,
 And, like HERACLITUS, be always *crying*.

Great is the Northern EMPRESS, I confeſs !
 Much, in her Humour, like our good QUEEN BESS :
 She keeps her fair Court-Dames from getting † drunk ;
 And all ſo temperate herſelf, Folks ſay,
 She ſcarcely drinks a Dozen Drams a Day ;
 And, in *Love-matters*, is a QUEEN of *Spunk*.
 And when on Horſe-back—lo ! with *manly* Pride,
 This brave SEMIRAMIS doth ſit *aſtride* !

Yet like I not ſuch Woman for a Wife—
 Such Heroines, in a matrimonial Strife,
 Might hammer from one's *tender* Head hard Notes :
 I own my Delicacy is ſo great,
 I cannot in Diſpute, with Rapture meet
 Women who look like Men in Petticoats.

* Great Uncle to our moſt gracious Q. He died in the EMPEROR'S Service.

† At an Aſſembly, ſome Years ſince, at Peterſburg, which was honoured with the EMPRESS'S Preſence, one of the Rules was, “ That no “ Lady ſhould come *drunk* into the Room.”

Oft

Oft in a learn'd Dispute upon a Cap,
 By way of *Answer*, one might have a *Slap*—
 P'rhaps on a simple Petticoat or Gown—
 Nay! possibly on MADAM's being *kiss'd*!
 And really, I would rather be knock'd down
 By Weight of Argument, than Weight of *Fist*.

I like not Dames whose Conversation runs
 On Battles, Sieges, Mortars and great Guns—
 The *milder* BEAUTIES win my soften'd Soul;
 Who look for Fashions with desiring Eyes;
 Pleas'd when on *Wigs* the Conversations roll,
 Cork Rumps, and Merry-thoughts, and Lovers'
 Sighs.

LOVE! when I marry, give me not an Ox—
 I hate a WOMAN like a SENTRY-BOX;
 Nor can I deem the DAME a charming Creature
 Whose hard Face holds an *Oath* in ev'ry Feature.
 In Women—Angel-sweetness let me see—
 No galloping Horse-godmothers for *me*.

I own I cannot brook such manly *Belles*
 As MADEMOISELLE D'EONS, and HANNAH SNELLS.
 Yet Men are there, (how strange are LOVE's De-
 crees!)
 Whom vulgar, coarse JACK-GENTLEWOMEN please.

How diff'rent, SILVIA, from thy Form so fair!
 That triumphs in a Love-inspiring Air;
 Superior beaming ev'n where 'Thousands shine—
 Thy Form! where all the tender Graces play,
 That, blushing, seem in ev'ry Smile to say,
 "Behold! we boast an Origin divine!"—

See too the QUEEN OF FRANCE—a Gem, I ween!
 With rev'rence let me hail that charming Queen,

Bliss

Bliss to the King, and Lustre to her Race :
 Though VENUS gave of Beauty half her Store,
 And all the GRACES bid a World adore—
 Her smallest Beauties are the Charms of *Face*.

T. W.

Heav'ns! why *abroad* for Virtues must you roam?

P. P.

Because I cannot find them, Tom, *at Home*.
 I beg your Pardon—yes—the PRINCE of WALES
 (Whose Actions smile Contempt on SCANDAL'S
 Tales)

Ranks in the Muse's Favour, high—
 I wish *some Folks*, that I should name with Ease,
 Blest with *his* Head—*his* Heart—*his* Pow'rs to
 please—
 Then PITY'S Soul would cease from many a Sigh.

The crouching Courtiers, that surround a Throne,
 And learn to speak and grin from ONE alone,
 Who watch, like Dancing-Dogs, their Master's Nod,
 Are ready now, if Horfewhipp'd from their Places,
 At CARLTON-HOUSE to shew their supple Faces,
 And call the PRINCE they vilify, a GOD.

T. W.

Think'st thou not CÆSAR doth the Arts possess?

P. P.

Arts in Abundance!—Yes, Tom—yes, Tom—yes!

T. W.

Think'st thou not CÆSAR would each Joy forego,
 To make his Children happy?

P. P.

P. P.

No, Tom—no.

T. W.

What! not *one* Bag, to bless a Child bestow?—

P. P.

Heav'n help thy Folly!—no, Tom—no, Tom—no!
The fordid Souls that Avarice enslaves,
Would gladly grasp their Guineas in their *Graves*
Like that old GREEK—a miserable Cur,
Who made himself his own Executor.

A Cat is with her Kittens much delighted;
She licks so lovingly their Mouths and Chins:
At ev'ry Danger, Lord! how Pufs is frightened—
She curls her Back, and swells her Tail, and grins
Rolls her wild Eyes, and claws the Backs of Curs
Who smell too curious to her Children's Furs.

This happens whilst her Cats are *young*, indeed;
But when *grown* up, alas! how chang'd their Luck!
No more she plays at Bo-peep with her Breed,
Lies down, and mewling bids them come and suck.

No more she sports and pats them, frisks and purs;
Plays with their little Tails, and licks their Furs;
But when they beg her Blessing and Embraces,
Spits, like a dirty Vixen, in their Faces.

Nay, after making the poor Lambkins fly,
She watches the dear Babes with squinting Eye;
And if she spies them with a bit of Meat,
Springs on their Property, and steals their Treat—
No more a tender Love she seems to feel—
The Dev'l, for *her*, may eat 'em at a Meal—

T

With

With all *her* Soul—the Jade, so wond’rous saving,
 Cries, “ Off! You now are at your own Beard-shav-
 “ ing.”

So—to some K——s this Evil doth belong—
 Th’ Intelligence is good, I make no doubt—
 Who really love their Offspring when they’re young,
 But lose that fond Affection when they’re stout;
 Far off they fend them—not a Sixpence give—
 I wonder, Thomas, where such M——Hs live!

Should such one, Thomas, come across thy way,
 And for thy Flatt’ry, offer Butts of Sack;
 Say plainly, that he would disgrace thy Lay;
 And turning on him thy Pindaric Back,
 Bid, like a Porcupine, thine Anger bristle,
 Nor damn thy precious Soul to wet thy Whistle.

C O N C L U S I O N.

THINK not, Friend TOM, I envy thee thy
 Rhyme,
 By numbers, I assure thee, deem’d sublime;
 Or that thy Laureat’s Place my Spleen provokes:
 The KING (good Man!) and I should never quarrel,
 E’en though his Royal Wisdom gave the Laurel
 To Mr. TOM-A-STILES or JOHN-A-NOKES.

Old-fashion’d, as if tutor’d in the Ark,
 I never sigh’d for Glory’s high Degrees;
 This very Instant, should our *Grand Monarque*
 Say, “ PETER; be my Laureat, if you please;”

“ No,

- “ No, please your Majesty,” should be my Answer,
 With sweetest Diffidence and modest Grace :
- “ The Office suits a more ingenious Man, Sir ;
 “ In God’s Name, therefore, let *him* have the Place :
- “ Unlike the Poets, ’tis my vast Affliction
 “ To be a miserable Hand at *Fiction*.
- “ But, Sir, I’ll find some Lyric Undertaker,
 “ Acrostic, Rebus, or Conundrum-Maker,
 “ Who oft hath rode old Pegasus so fiery,
 “ And won the Sweepstakes in the LADY’S DIARY.”

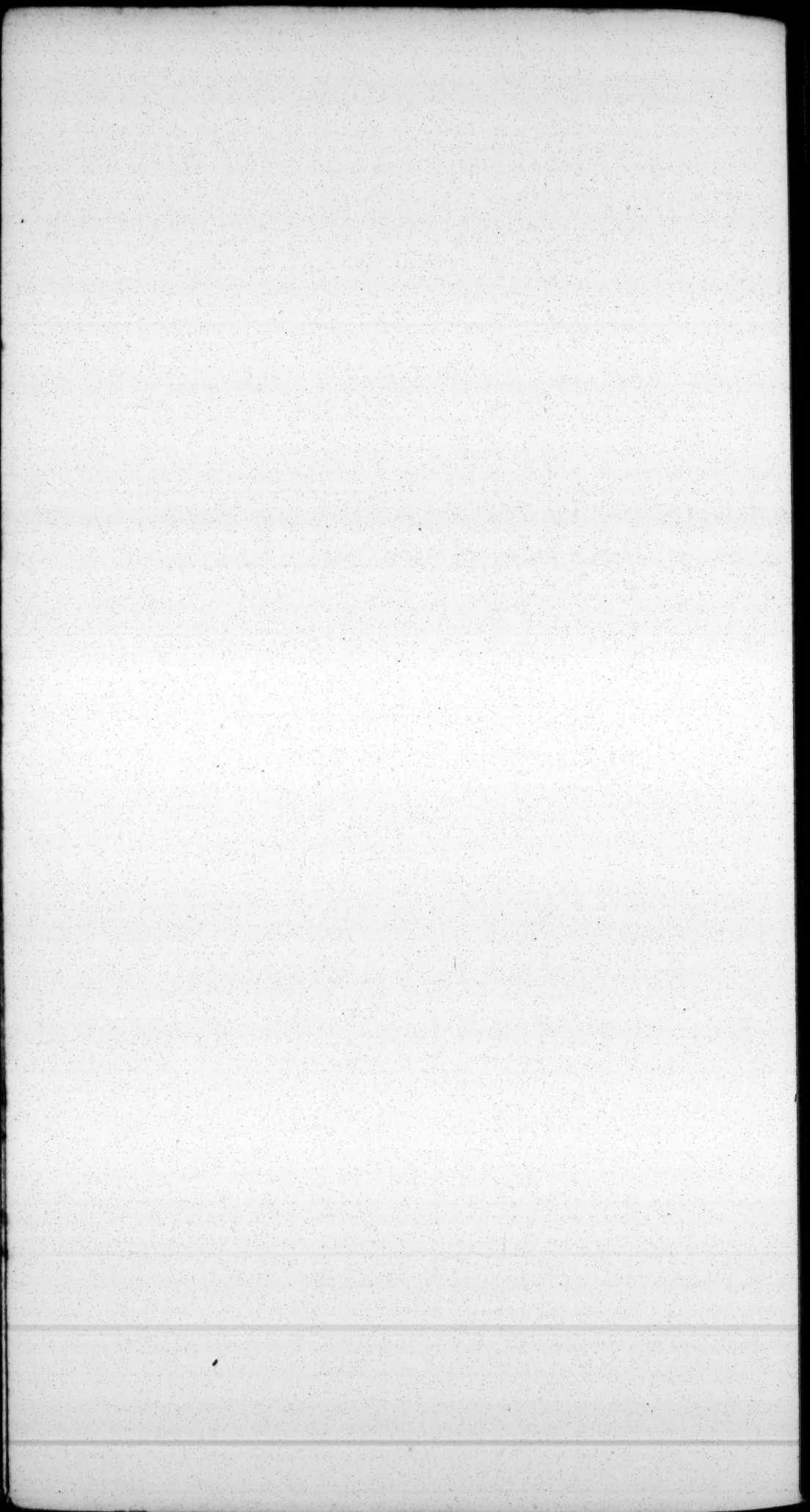
A

A

AN
APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

TO
ODE UPON ODE:

OR,
A PEEP AT SAINT JAMES'S.



A N

APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

T O

O D E U P O N O D E.

READER, I solemnly protest,
I thought that I had work'd up all my rhyme !
What stupid Demon hath my brain possess'd ?
I prithee pardon me this time.

Afford thy patience through more Ode ;
'Tis not a vast extent of road :

Together let us gallop then along :
Most nimbly shall old Pegasus, my hack, stir,
To drop the image—prithee hear more song,
Some '*more last words of Mr. Baxter*'

O D E.

WORLD ! stop thy mouth—I am resolv'd to rhyme ;
I cannot throw away a vein sublime.

If

If I may take the liberty to brag,
I cannot, like the fellow in the Bible,
Venting upon his master a rank libel,
Conceal my talent in a *rag*.
Kings must continue still to be my theme—
Eternally of Kings I dream.

As beggars ev'ry night, we must suppose,
Dream of their vermin, in their beds;
Because, as ev'ry body knows,
Such *things* are always *running* in their heads.

Besides—were I to write of *common* folks,
No soul would buy my rhymes so strange, and jokes;
Then what becomes of mutton, beef, and pork—
How would my masticating muscles work?

Indeed, I dare not say they would be idle,
But, like my Pegafus's chops, so stout,
Who plays and wantons with his bridle,
And nobly flings the foam about.

So mine would work—on what? my reader cries,
With a stretch'd pair of unbelieving eyes—
Heav'n help thy most unpenetrating wit!
On a *hard* morsel—HUNGER's iron bit.

By all the rhyming goddesses and gods
I will—I *must*, persist in Odes—
And not a pow'r on earth shall hinder—
I hear both * Universities exclaim,
“ PETER, it is a glorious road to fame,
“ *Euge, Poeta magne*—well said, PINDAR!”

* The violence of the Universities on this occasion may probably arise from the contempt thrown on them by his Majesty's sending the Royal children to Gottengen for education; but have not their Majesties amply made it up to Oxford by a visit to that celebrated seminary—and is not Cambridge to receive the same honour?

Yet some approach with apostolic face,
And cry, " O PETER, what a want of grace
" Thus in thy rhyme to roast a King !"
I roast a King ! by heav'ns 'tis not a fact—
I scorn such wicked and disloyal act—
Who dares assert it, says a slanderous thing.

Hear what I have to say of Kings—
If unsublime they deal in childish things,
And yield not, of reform, a ray of hope ;
Each mighty Monarch straight appears to *me*
A roaster of himself—*Felo de se*—
I only act as Cook, and *disb him up*.

Reader ! another simile as rare—
My verses form a sort of bill of fare,
Informing guests what kind of flesh and fish
Is to be found within each dish ;
That eating people may not be mistaken,
And take for ortolan, a lump of bacon.

Whenever I have heard of Kings
Who place in gossipings, and news, their pride,
And knowing family concerns—mean things,
Very judiciously indeed, I've cry'd,
" I wonder.

" How their blind stars could make so gross a blunder !

" Instead of sitting on a throne

" In purple rich—of state so full,

" They should have had an apron on,

" And, seated on a three-legg'd stool,

" Commanded of dead hair, the sprigs

" To do their duty upon wigs.

" By such mistakes, is nature often foil'd :

" Such improprieties should never spring—

" Thus a fine chattering *barber* may be spoil'd,

" To make a most indiff'rent *King*."

" Sir,

“ Sir, Sir, (I hear the world exclaim)
 “ At too high game you impudently aim—
 “ How dare you, with your jokes and gibes,
 “ Tread like a horse on kingly kibes?”

Folks who can't see their errors, can't *reform* :
 No plainer axiom ever came from man ;
 And 'tis a Christian's duty, in a storm,
 To save his sinking neighbour, if he can :
 Thus *I* to Kings my Ode of Wisdom pen,
 Because your Kings have souls like *common men*.

The Bible warrants me to speak the truth—
 Nor mealy-mouth'd my tongue in silence keep :
 Did not good NATHAN tell that buckish youth,
 DAVID the KING, that he stole sheep ?

Stole poor URIAH's little fav'rite lamb—
 An ewe it chanc'd to be, and not a ram—
 For had it been a ram, the royal glutton
 Had never meddled with URIAH's mutton.

What *modern* Courtier, pray, hath got the face
 To say to Majesty—“ O King,
 “ At *such* a time, in *such* a place,
 “ You did a very foolish thing ?”
 What Courtier, not a foe to his own glory,
 Would publish of his King this simple story ?

THE

APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

ONCE on a time, a Monarch, tir'd with hooping,
 Whipping and spurring,
 Happy in worrying
 A poor, defenceless, harmless buck,
 The horse and rider wet as muck;
 From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
 Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot,
 Where sat a poor old woman with her pot.

The wrinkl'd, blear-ey'd, good old granny,
 In this fame cot illum'd by many a cranny,
 Had finish'd apple dumplings for her pot:
 In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
 When, lo! the Monarch, in his usual way,
 Like lightning spoke, "What's this? what's this?
 what? what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
 His eyes with admiration did expand—
 And oft did Majesty the dumpling grapple:
 "'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed," he cried:
 "What makes it, pray, so hard?"—The Dame re-
 plied,
 Low curtsying, "Please Your Majesty, the apple."

"Very astonishing indeed!—strange thing!"
 Turning the dumpling round, rejoin'd the King.
 "'Tis most extraordinary then, all this is—"
 "It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces—"

"Strange

“ Strange ! I should never of a dumpling dream—
 “ But, Goody, tell me where, where, where’s the
 seam ?”

“ Sir, there’s no seam (quoth she) ; I never knew
 “ That folks did apple dumplings *sew*.”—
 “ No ! (cried the staring Monarch with a grin)”
 “ How, how the devil got the apple in ?”

Reader, thou likest not my tale—look’st *blue*—
 Thou art a Courtier—roarest “ Lies, Lies, Lies !”
 Do, for a moment, stop thy cries—
 I tell thee, roaring infidel, ’tis *true*.

Why should it not be true ? The *greatest men*
 May ask a foolish question now and then—

This is the language of all ages :
 Folly lays many a trap—we can’t escape it :
Nemo (says some one) *omnibus horis sapit* :
 Then why not Kings, like *me* and *other* sages ?

Far from despising Kings, I like the breed,
 Provided *King-like* they behave :
 Kings are an instrument we need,
 Just as we razors want—to shave ;
 To keep the State’s face smooth—give it an air—
 Like my Lord North’s so jolly, round, and fair.

My sense of Kings tho’ freely I impart—
 I hate not royalty, Heav’n knows my heart :
 Princes and Princesses I like, so loyal—

Great GEORGE’S children are my great delight ;
 The sweet Augusta, and sweet Princess Royal,
 Obtain my love by day and pray’rs by night.

Yes ! I like Kings—and oft look back with pride
 Upon the Edwards, Harrys of our isle—
 Great souls ! in virtue as in valour try’d,
 Whose actions bid the cheek of Britons smile.

Muse !

Muse! let us also *forward* look,
And take a peep into Fate's book.

Behold! the sceptre young AUGUSTUS sways;
I hear the mingled voice of millions rise;
I see uprais'd to Heav'n their ardent eyes;
That for their Monarch ask a length of days.

Bright in the *brightest* annals of renown,
Behold fair Fame his youthful temples crown
With laurels of unfading bloom;
Behold DOMINION swell beneath his care,
And GENIUS, rising from a dark despair,
His long-extinguish'd fires relume.

Such are the Kings that suit my taste, I own—
Not *those* where all the *littleneffes* join—
Whose souls should start to find their lot a *throne*,
And blush to show their noses on a coin.

Reader, for fear of wicked applications
I now allude to Kings of *foreign nations*.

Poets (so unimpeach'd tradition says)
The sole historians were of antient days,
Who help'd their heroes Fame's high hill to clamber;
Penning their glorious acts in language strong,
And thus preserving, by immortal song,
Their names amidst their tuneful amber.

What am *I* doing? Lord! the very same—
Preserving many a deed deserving Fame,
Which that old lean devouring shark call'd Time
Would, without ceremony, eat,
In my opinion, far too rich a treat—
I therefore merit statues for my rhyme.

“ All

“ All this is laudable, (a Quaker cries)
 “ But let grave Wisdom all thy verses rule ;
 “ Put out thine IRONY’s two squinting eyes—
 “ Despise thy grinning monkey, RIDICULE.”

What flight my sportive monkey, RIDICULE,
 Who acts like birch on boys at school,
 Neglecting lessons—truant, perhaps, whole weeks !
 My RIDICULE, with humour fraught, and wit,
 Is that satiric friend, a gouty fit,
 Which bites men into health and rosy cheeks.

A moral Mercury that cleanseth souls
 Of ills that with them play the devil——
 Like Mercury that much the pow’r controuls
 Of presents gain’d from ladies *over civil*.

Reader, I’ll brag a little, if you please ;
 The antients did so, therefore why not *I* ?
 Lo ! for my wond’rous cures I ask no fees,
 Whilst other Doctors let their patients die ;

That is, such patients as can’t pay for cure—
 A very selfish, wicked thing, I’m sure.

Now though I’m foul physician to the King,
 I never begg’d of him the smallest thing
 For all the threshing of my virtuous brains ;
 Nay, were I my poor pocket’s state t’impart,
 So well I know my royal patient’s heart,
 He would not give me two pence for my pains.

But hark ! folks say the King is very mad—
 The news, if true, indeed, were very sad,

And

And far too serious an affair to mock it—
Yet how can this agree with what I've heard,
That so much by him are my rhymes rever'd—
He goes a hunting with them in his pocket :

And when *thrown out*—which often is the case,
(In bacon hunting, or of bucks the race)
My verse so much his Majesty bewitches,
That out he pulls my honour'd Odes,
And reads them, on the turnpike roads—
Now under trees and hedges—now in ditches.

Hark ! with astonishment, a sound I hear,
That strikes tremendous on my ear ;
It says, Great Arden, commonly call'd Pepper,
Of mighty George's thunderbolts the keeper,
Just like of Jupiter the famous eagle,
Is order'd out to hunt me like a beagle.

But, eagle Pepper, give my love
Unto thy lofty master, MR. JOVE,
And ask how it can square with his religion,
To bid thee, without mercy, fall on,
With thy short sturdy beak, and iron talon,
A pretty, little, harmless, cooing pigeon ?

By Heav'ns, I disbelieve the fact——
A Monarch cannot so unwisely act !

Suppose that Kings, so rich, are always *mumping*,
Praying and pressing Ministers for money ;
Bidding them on our hive (poor bees !) be thumping,
'Trying to shake out all our honey ;

A thing that oft hath happen'd in our isle !—
Pray, shan't we be allow'd to smile ?

To

To cut a joke, or epigram contrive,
By way of solace for our plunder'd hive ?

A King of France, (I've lost the Monarch's name,) A
Who avaricious got himself bad fame,
By most unmannerly and thievish plunges
Into his subjects purses,
A *deep manœuvre* that obtain'd their curses,
Because it treated gentlefolks like *spunges*.

To show how much they relish'd not such squeezing,
Such goods and chattel-seizing,
They publish'd libels to display their hate,
To comfort, in some sort, their souls,
For such a number of large holes,
Eat by this Royal Rat in each estate.

The PREMIER op'd his gullet like a shark,
To hear such satires on the Grand Monarque,
And roar'd—" Messieurs, you soon shall feel
" My criticism upon your ballads,
" Not to your taste so sweet as frogs and fallads,
" A stricture critical yclep'd BASTILE."

But first he told the tidings to the King,
Then swore *par Dieu* that he would quickly bring
Unto the grinding-stone their noses down—
No, not a soul of 'em should ever thrive;
He'd slay them, like St. BARTLEMEW, alive—
Villains! for daring to insult the Crown.

The Monarch heard Monsieur le PREMIER out,
And, smiling on his loyalty so stout,
Replied—" Monsieur le PREMIER, you are wrong,
" Don't of the pleasure let them be debarr'd—
" You know how we have serv'd 'em—faith! 'tis hard
" They should not for their money have a *song*."

OVID,

OVID, sweet story-teller of old times,
Unluckily transported for his rhymes,
Address'd his book before he bade it walk ;
Therefore my Worship, and my Ode,
In imitation of such classic mode,
Must, like two Indian nations, have a *Talk*.

" Dear Ode ! whose verse the true sublime affords,
" Go, visit Kings, Queens, Parasites, and Lords ;
" And if thy modest beauties they adore,
" Inform them, they shall speedily have more."

But possibly a mighty King may say—
" Ode ! Ode !—What ? What ? I hate your rhyme
haranguing ;
" I'd rather hear a jackass bray :
" I never knew a poet worth the hanging.

" I hate, abhor them—but I'll clip their wings ;
" I'll teach the saucy knaves to laugh at Kings ;
" Yes, yes, the rhyming rogues their songs shall rue,
" A ragged, bold-fac'd, ballad-singing crew.
" Yes, yes, the poets shall my pow'r confess ;
" I'll maul that spawning devil call'd the Press."

" If furious thus exclaim a King of glory,
Tell him, O gentle Muse, this pithy story :
" Canute was by his nobles taught to fancy,
" That by a kind of royal necromancy
" He had the pow'r Old Ocean to controul—
" Down rush'd the Royal Dane upon the Strand,
" And issued, like a Solomon, command—
" Poor soul !"

" Go back, ye waves, you blust'ring rogues," quoth he,
" Touch not your Lord and Master, SEA,

“ For by my pow’r almighty, if you do—
 “ Then staring vengeance—out he held a stick,
 “ Vowing to drive Old Ocean to Old Nick,
 “ Shou’d he ev’n wét the latchet of his shoe.”

The Sea retir’d—the Monarch fierce rush’d on,
 And look’d as if he’d drive him from the land—
 But SEA not caring to be put upon,
 Made for a moment a bold stand :

Not only make a *stand* did Mr. OCEAN,
 But to his honest waves he made a motion,
 And bid them give the King a hearty trimming :
 The orders seem’d a deal the waves to tickle,
 For soon they put his Majesty in pickle ;
 And sat his Royalties, like geese, a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,
 Soon did they make him wish himself on shore ;
 His head and ears most handsomely they dous’d—
 Just like a porpoise, with one general shout,
 The waves so tumbled the poor King about—
 No Anabaptist e’er was half so fous’d.

At length to land he crawl’d, a half drown’d thing,
 Indeed more like a crab than like a King,

And found his Courtiers making rueful faces :
 But what said Canute to the Lords and Gentry,
 Who hail’d him from the water, on his entry,
 All trembling for their lives or places ?

“ My Lords and Gentlemen, by your advice,
 “ I’ve had with Mr. SEA a pretty bustle ;
 “ My treatment from my foe not over-nice,
 “ Just made a jest for ev’ry shrimp and muscle :

“ A pretty trick for one of my dominion !
 “ My Lords, I thank you for your great opinion.

“ You’ll

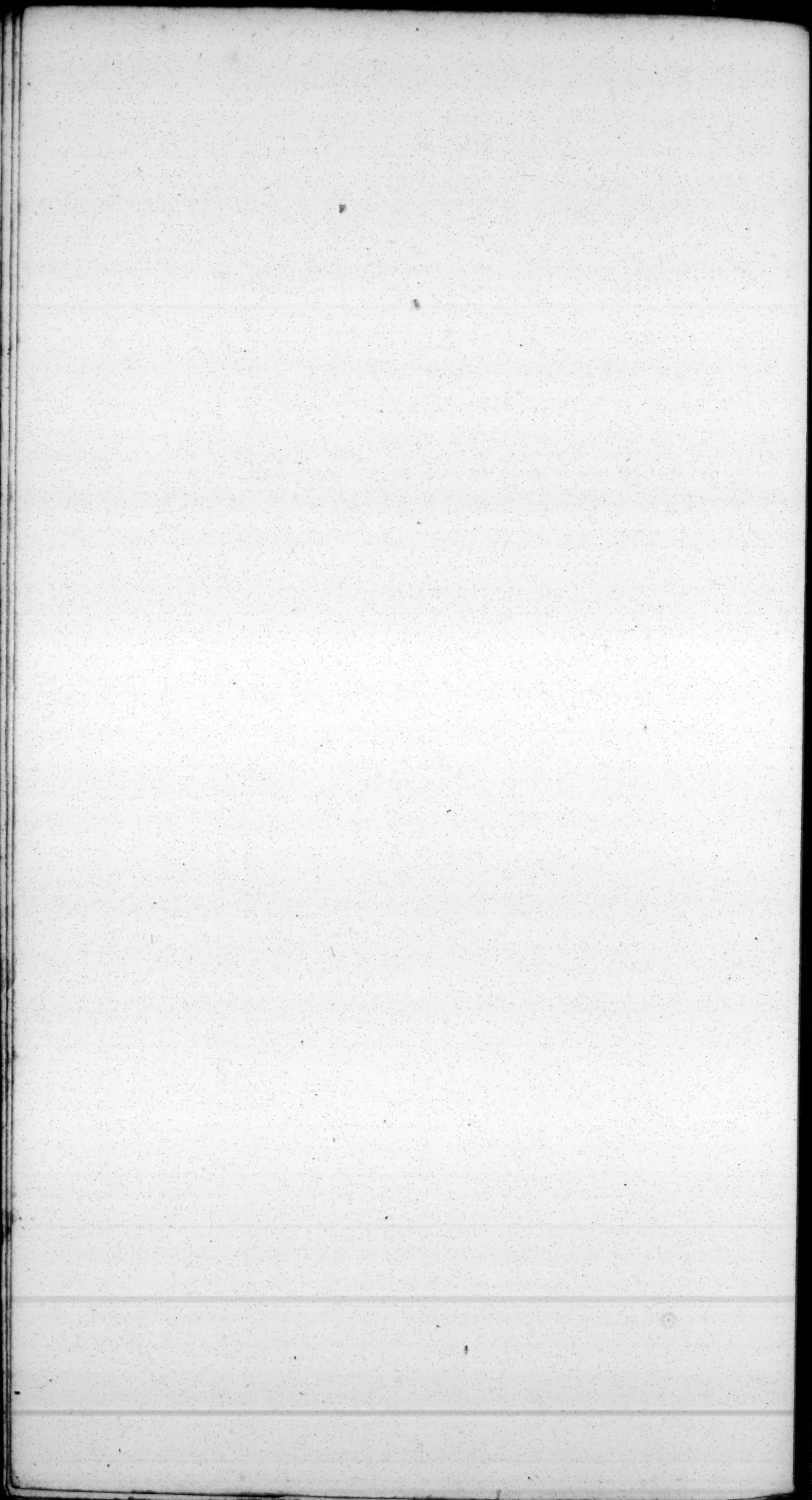
“ You’ll say, perhaps, I’ve only lost *one* game,
 “ And bid me try another—for the rubber—
 “ Permit me to inform you all, with shame,
 “ That you’re a set of knaves, and I’m a lubber.”

Such is the story, my dear Ode,
 Which thou wilt bear—a sacred load !

Yet, much I fear, ’twill be of no great use :
 Kings are in general obstinate as mules ;
 Those who surround them, mostly rogues and fools,
 And therefore can no benefit produce.

Yet stories, sentences, and golden rules,
 Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools ;

But this unluckily the simple fact is :
 Those rogues and fools do nothing but *admire*,
 And all so dev’lish modest, don’t desire
 The glory of reducing them to *practice*.



INSTRUCTIONS
TO A
CELEBRATED LAUREAT;
ALIAS
THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY;
ALIAS
A BIRTH-DAY ODE;
ALIAS
Mr. WHITBREAD's BREWHOUSE.

Sic transit Gloria Mundi!—OLD SUN-DIALS.

From *House* of Buckingham, in grand Parade,
To Whitbread's *Brewhouse* mov'd the Cavalcade!

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

PETER's loyalty. He suspecteth Mr. Warton of joking. Complimenteth the Poet Laureat. Peter differeth in opinion from Mr. Warton. Taketh up the cudgels for KING EDWARD, KING HARRY V. and QUEEN BESS. Feats on Blackheath and Wimbledon performed by our most gracious Sovereign. King CHARLES II. half damned by PETER, yet praised for keeping company with gentlemen. PETER praiseth himself. PETER reproved by Mr. WARTON. Desireth Mr. WARTON's prayers. A fine simile. PETER still suspecteth the Laureat of ironical dealings. PETER expostulateth with Mr. WARTON. Mr. WARTON replieth. PETER administereth bold advice. Wittily calleth death and physicians poachers. Praiseth the King for paternal tendernefs. PETER maketh a natural simile. PETER furthermore telleth THOMAS WARTON what to say. PETER giveth a beautiful example of Ode-writing.

T H E

C O N T E N T S O F T H E O D E .

HIS Majesty's love for the arts and sciences even in quadrupeds. His resolution to know the history of brewing beer. BILLY RAMUS sent ambassador to Chiswell-Street. Interview between Messrs. Ramus and Whitbread. Mr. Whitbread's bow and compliments to his Majesty. Mr. Ramus's return from his embassy. Mr. Whitbread's terrors described to Majesty by Mr. Ramus. The King's pleasure thereat. Description of people of worship. Account of the Whitbread preparation. The royal cavalcade to Chiswell-Street. The arrival at the brewhouse. Great joy of Mr. Whitbread. His Majesty's nod, the Queen's dip, and a number of questions. A West-India *simile*. The marvellings of the draymen described. His Majesty peepeth into a pump. Beautifully compared to a magpie peeping into a marrow-bone. The *minute* curiosity of the King. Mr. Whitbread endeavoureth to surprize Majesty. His Majesty puzzleth Mr. Whitbread. Mr. Whitbread's horse expresth wonder. Also Mr. Whitbread's dog. His Majesty maketh laudable enquiry about porter. Again puzzleth Mr. Whitbread. The King noteth *notable* things. Profound Questions proposed by Majesty. *As* profoundly answered by Mr. Whitbread. Majesty in a mistake. Corrected by the brewer. A nose *simile*. Majesty's admiration of the bell. Good manners of the bell. Fine appearance of Mr. Whitbread's pigs. Majesty proposeth questions,

tions, but benevolently waiteth not for answers. Peter telleth the duty of Kings. Discovereth one of his shrewd maxims. Sublime *simile* of a water-spout and a King. The great use of asking questions. The habitation of Truth. The collation. The wonders performed by the royal visitors. Majesty proposeth to take leave. Offereth knighthood to Mr. Whitbread. Mr. Whitbread's objections. The King runneth a rig on his host. Mr. Whitbread thanketh Majesty. Miss Whitbread curtsieth. The Queen dippeth. The cavalcade departeth.

Peter triumpheth. Admonisheth the Laureat. Peter *croweth* over the Laureat. Discovereth deep knowledge of Kings, and surgeons, and men who have lost their legs. Peter reasoneth. Vaunteth. Even insulteth the Laureat. Peter proclaimeth his peaceable disposition. Praiseth Majesty, and concludeth with a prayer for *curious* KINGS.

INSTRUC.

INSTRUCTIONS, &c.

TOM, soon as e'er thou strik'st thy *golden* lyre,
Thy brother Peter's muse is all on fire,
To sing of Kings and Queens, and such rare folk;
Yet midst thy heap of compliments so fine,
Say, may we venture to believe a line?
You Oxford wits most dearly love a joke.

Son of the NINE, thou writest well on *nought*—
Thy thund'ring stanza, and its pompous thought,
I think must put a *dog* into a laugh:
EDWARD, and HARRY, were much braver men
Than this new christen'd hero of thy pen;
Yes, laurel'd ODE-MAN, braver far, by half.

Tho' on Blackheath, and Wimbledon's wide plain,
GEORGE keeps his hat off in a show'r of rain;
Sees swords and bayonets without a dread,
Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head.

Although at grand reviews he seems so blest,
And leaves at six o'clock his downy nest,
Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, or bolsters;
Unlike his officers, who fond of cramming,
And at reviews, afraid of thirst and famine,
With bread and cheese and brandy fill their holsters.

Sure

Sure, Tom, we should do justice to Queen Bess,
 His present Majesty, whom Heav'n long blest
 With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality,
 Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche
 As that old queen, tho' often call'd old b—ch,
 In Fame's colossal house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles—that King
 Indeed was never any mighty thing—
 He merited few honours from the pen—
 And yet he was a dev'lish hearty fellow,
 Enjoy'd his girl and bottle—and got mellow—
 And *mind*—kept company with GENTLEMEN.

For like some kings, in hobby grooms,
 Knights of the manger, curry-combs, and brooms,
 Lost to all glory, Charles did not delight—
 Nor jok'd by day with pages, servant-maids,
 Large, red poll'd, blowzy, hard two-handed *jades* :
 Indeed I know not what Charles did by *night*.

Reader, I am of candour a great lover,
 In short, I'm candour's self all over ;
 Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe,
 Make it a rule that Virtue shall be prais'd,
 And humble Merit from her bum be rais'd :
 What thinkest thou of Peter now ?

Thou criest, " Oh ! how false ! behold thy King,
 " Of whom thou scarcely say'st a *handsome* thing ;
 " *That* King hath virtues that should make thee *stare*."
 Is it so ?—then the sin's in *me*—
 ' Tis my vile optics that can't see—
 Then pray for them, when next thou say'st a pray'r.

But p'rhaps aloft on his imperial throne,
 So distant, O ye gods ! from ev'ry one ;

The royal virtues are, like many a star, *
 From this our pigmy system rather far;
 Whose light, tho' flying ever since creation,
 Hath not yet pitch'd upon our nation.

Then may the royal ray be soon explor'd—

And, Thomas, if thou'lt swear thou art not humming,
 I'll take my spying-glass, and bring thee word
 The instant I behold it coming.

But, Thomas Warton, without joking,
 Art thou, or art thou *not*, thy Sov'reign smoking?

How can'st thou seriously declare

That George the Third
 With Cressy's Edward can compare,
 Or Harry?—'tis too bad, upon my word.
 George is a clever King, I needs must own,
 And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaim'st, "G-d rot it, Peter, pray,
 "What to the devil shall I sing or say?"

I'll tell thee *what* to say, O tuneful Tom—

Sing how a monarch, when his son was dying,
 His gracious eyes and ears was edifying,
 By Abbey company, and kettle-drum:
 Leaving that son to death and the physician,
 Between two fires—a forlorn-hope condition;
 Two poachers, who make man their game,
 And special marksmen! seldom miss their aim.

Say tho' the Monarch did not see his son,

He kept aloof through fatherly affection—

Determin'd nothing should be done

To bring on useless tears and dismal recollection.

* Such was the sublime opinion of the Dutch astronomer Huygens.

For what can tears avail, and piteous sighs?
 Death heeds not howls, nor dripping eyes:
 And what are sighs and tears but wind and water,
 That show the leakiness of feeble nature!

Reader, thou'lt with my *simile* not quarrel:
 Like air and any sort of drink,
 Whizzing and oozing through each chink,
 That proves the weakness of the barrel.

Say—for the PRINCE, when wet was ev'ry eye,
 And thousands pour'd to heav'n the pitying sigh
 Devout;
 Say how a KING, unable to dissemble,
 Order'd the SIDDONS to his house, and KEMBLE,
 To *spout*:

Gave them ice creams and wines, so dear!—
 Who ne'er could get till *then*, a thimbleful of beer—

For *which* they've thank'd the author of this metre,
Videlicet, the moral mender PETER,
 Who in his ODE on ODE did dare exclaim,
 And call such royal avarice, a shame.

Say—but I'll teach thee *how* to *say* an ode,
 Thus shall thy labours visit FAME's abode
 In company with my immortal lay—
 And look, Tom—thus I fire away—

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

THIS day, this very day gave birth
Not to the *brightest* monarch upon earth,
Because there are some brighter, and as big—
Who love the arts that man exalt to heav'n—
George loves them likewise when they're giv'n
To four-legg'd gentry, christen'd dog and pig, †
Whose acts in this our unenlighten'd nation
Have much improv'd the British education.

And what a charming thing is
Full of the art of brewing beer,

The Monarch heard of Mr. WHITBREAD's fame:

Quoth he one day unto the Queen, "My dear,

"Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name;

"Shame, shame, we have not yet this brewhouse seen;"

Thus said the KING unto the QUEEN.

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,

To Mr. WHITBREAD forth he sent a page,

To say that MAJESTY propos'd to view,

With thirst of knowledge deep inflam'd,

His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogheads fam'd,

And learn the noble secret how to brew.

† The dancing dogs and wife pig have formed a considerable part of the royal amusement.

Of such unthought of honour, proud,
 Most lowly Mr. WHITBREAD bow'd :
 So *humbly*, so the humble story goes,
 He touch'd ev'n *terra firma* with his nose ;
 Then said unto the page, *hight* Billy Ramus,
 Happy are we that our great KING should name us
 As worthy unto Majesty to shew,
 How ~~very dext'rously~~ *we poor chivalry people* we brew.

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought :
 To Majesty the welcome tidings brought ;
 Then told how WHITBREAD star'd like any stake,
 And trembled—then the civil things he said—
 On which the King did smile and nod his head ;
 For Monarchs love to see their subjects quake :

Such ~~horrors~~ *honours* unto Kings most pleasant are,
 Proclaiming rev'rence and humility—
 High thoughts too all those shaking fits declare
 Of kingly grandeur and great capability !

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
 Look on the humbler sons of earth,
 Indeed in a most humble light, God knows !
 High stations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,
 Where ships below appear like little skiffs,
 The people walking on the strand, like *crows*.

MUSE, sing the stir that Mr. Whitbread made ;
 Poor gentleman, most terribly afraid,
 He should not charm enough his guests *divine* :
 His *maids* had all new aprons, gowns, and smocks,
 And lo ! two hundred pounds were spend in frocks
 To make th' apprentices and draymen *fine* :

Busy as horses in a field of clover,
 Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over

Amidst

Amidst the Whitbread-rout of preparation
To treat the lofty RULER of the nation.

Now mov'd KING, QUEEN, and PRINCESSES so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land—
Who sometimes drank his beer and munch'd his meat
In a snug corner christen'd Chifwell-street.

Lord AYLESBURY, and DENBIGH's Lord *also*,
His Grace the Duke of MONTAGUE *likewise*,
With Lady HARCOURT join'd the *raree-show*,
And fix'd all Smithfield's marv'ling eyes—
For lo! a greater show ne'er grac'd those *quarters*,
Since MARY roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the King broad grinn'd and gave a nod
To Mr. Whitbread, who had GOD
Come with his angels, to behold his beer;
With more respect he never could have met—
Indeed the man was in a sweat,
So much the BREWER did the KING revere.

Her MAJESTY contriv'd to make a *dip*—
Light as a feather then the KING did skip,
And ask'd a thousand questions, with a laugh,
Before poor WHITBREAD well could answer half.

Reader! my Ode should have a *simile*—
Well! in Jamaica, on a tam'rind tree,
Five hundred parrots, gabbling just like Jews,
I saw—such noise the feather'd imps did make
As made my *pericranium* ake—
Asking and telling parrot news:

Thus was the brewhouse fill'd with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,

Did eat the questions which the King did ask :
 In diff'rent parties, were they staring seen,
 Wond'ring to think they saw a King and Queen ;
 Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask

Some draymen forc'd themselves (a pretty luncheon)
 Into the mouths of many a gaping puncheon,
 And thro' the bung-hole wink'd with curious eye,
 To view, and be assur'd what sort of things
 Were Princesses, and Queens, and Kings ;
 For whose most lofty station thousands sigh !
 And lo ! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
 Few were the mouths that had not got a man !

Now Majesty into a pump so deep
 Did with an opera glass of DOLLAND peep,
 Examining with care each wond'rous matter
 That brought up water—

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
 A chatt'ring bird we often meet,
 A bird for curiosity well known,
 With head awry,
 And cunning eye,
 Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious M——y did stoop
 To count the nails on ev'ry hoop :
 And lo ! no single thing came in his way
 That full of deep research, he did not say.
 “ What's this ? hæ, hæ ? what's that ? what's this ?
 what's that ? ”

So quick the words too, when he deign'd to speak,
 As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
 Our SOVEREIGN peeps into the world of *small* :

Thus

Thus microscopic geniuses explore
 Things that too oft provoke the public scorn,
 Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
 By finding systems in a pepper-corn.

Now Mr. Whitbread, serious, did declare,
 To make the Majesty of England stare,
 That he had butts enough, he knew,
 Plac'd side by side, would reach along to Kew :

On which the KING with wonder swiftly cry'd,
 " What ? if they reach to Kew then, side by side,
 " What would they do plac'd end to end ? "

To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
 The Man of Beer most solemnly did vow,
 Almost to Windsor that they would extend ;
 On which the KING, with *wond'ring* mien,
 Repeated it unto the *wond'ring* QUEEN ;

On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
 The brewer's horse with face astonish'd neigh'd ;
 The brewer's dog too pour'd a note of thunder,
 Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.

Now did the KING for other beers enquire,
 For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire—
 And after talking of these diff'rent beers,
 Ask'd Whitbread if *his* porter equall'd *theirs* ?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
 Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion ;
 A kind of question to the Man of Cask
 That not ev'n SOLOMON himself would ask.

Now MAJESTY, alive to knowledge, took
 A very pretty memorandum-book,
 With gilded leaves of asses skin so white,
 And in it *legibly* began to write—

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chefnuts or potatoes.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer—
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell—
Would not horse aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it soon on our small beer—
'Twill save us sev'ral pounds a year.

Mem.

To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day—

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offer'd me, away.

Now having pencil'd his remarks so *sbrewd*—

Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin,
His MAJESTY his watch most sagely view'd,
And then put up his asses skin.

To Whitbread now deign'd MAJESTY to say,

“Whitbread, are all your horses fond of *hay*?”

“Yes, please your MAJESTY,” in humble notes,
The brewer answer'd—“also, Sir, of *oats*.”

“Another thing my horses too maintains—

“And that, an't please your MAJESTY, are *grains*.”

“Grains? grains?” said MAJESTY, “to fill their crops?”

“Grains? grains?—that come from hops—yes, hops,
“hops, hops.”

Here

Here was the KING, like hounds sometimes, *at fault*—

“SIRE,” cry’d the humble brewer, “give me leave
“Your sacred MAJESTY to undeceive,
“Grains, SIRE, are never made from *hops* but *malt*.”

“True,” said the cautious MONARCH, with a smile:
“From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while.”
“Yes,” with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
“An’t please your MAJESTY, you did I’m sure.”
“Yes,” answer’d MAJESTY, with quick reply,
“I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.”

Reader, whene’er thou dost espy a nose
That bright with many a ruby glows;
That nose thou may’st pronounce, nay safely swear,
Was nurs’d on something better than *small beer*.

Thus when thou findest KINGS in brewing, wise—
In Nat’ral Hist’ry holding lofty station;
Thou may’st conclude with marv’ling eyes,
Such KINGS have had a *goodly* education—

Now did the KING admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine:
On which the bell rung out (how very proper!)
To show it was a bell and had a clapper.

And now before their SOVEREIGN’s curious eye,
Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their stye,
Appear’d the brewer’s tribe of handsome pigs:
On which th’ observant Man who fills a Throne,
Declar’d the pigs were vastly like *his own*.

Now did his MAJESTY so gracious say
To Mr. Whitbread, in his flying way,

“Whitbread,

- “ Whitbread, dy’e *nick* th’ Exciseman now and then?
 “ Hæ, Whitbread, when d’ye think to leave off trade?
 “ Hæ, what? Miss Whitbread’s still a maid, a maid?
 “ What, what’s the matter with the men?
 “ D’ye hunt?—hæ hunt? No, no, you are too *old*—
 “ You’ll be Lord May’r—Lord May’r one day—
 “ Yes, yes, I’ve heard so—yes, yes, so I’m told:
 “ Don’t, don’t the fine for Sheriff pay—
 “ I’ll prick you ev’ry year man, I declare:
 “ Yes, Whitbread—yes, yes—you shall be Lord May’r.
 “ Whitbread, d’y *keep* a coach or *job* one, pray?
 “ Job, job, that’s cheapest—yes, that’s best, that’s
 “ best—
 “ You put your liv’ries on your draymen—hæ?
 “ Hæ, Whitbread?—You have feather’d well your
 “ nest.
 “ What is the price now, hæ, of all your stock?
 “ But, Whitbread, what’s o’clock, pray, what’s o’clock?”

Now Whitbread inward said, “ May I be curst

“ If I know what to answer *first*.”

Then search’d his brains with ruminating eye—
 But ere the Man of Malt an answer found,
 Quick on his heel, lo, MAJESTY turn’d round,
 Skipp’d off, and baulk’d the pleasure of reply.

Kings in inquisitiveness should be strong—
 From curiosity doth wisdom flow;
 For ’tis a maxim I’ve adopted long,
 The more a man *enquires*, the more he’ll *know*.

Reader, didst ever see a water-spout?

’Tis possible that thou wilt answer, “ No.”
 Well then! he makes a most infernal rout:
 Sucks like an elephant the waves below.

With

With huge proboscis reaching from the sky,
 As if he meant to drink the ocean dry:
 At length *so full* he can't hold one drop more—
 He bursts—down rush the waters with a roar.

Thus have I seen a MONARCH at reviews
 Suck from the tribe of officers the news,
 Then bear in triumph off each *wond'rous* matter,
 And fouse it on the QUEEN with *such a clatter*!

I always would advise folks to ask questions—
 For truly, questions are the keys of knowledge:
Soldiers—that forage for the MIND's digestions—

Cut figures at th' OLD BAILEY, and at COLLEGE:
 Make Chancellors, Chief Justices, and Judges,
 Ev'n of the *lowest* green-bag drudges.

The Sages say DAME TRUTH delights to dwell,
 Strange mansion! in the bottom of a well—
 Questions are then the windlafs and the rope
 That pull the grave OLD GENTLEWOMAN up,
 Damn * jokes then, and unmannerly suggestions,
 Reflecting upon Kings for asking Questions.

Now having well employ'd his royal lungs
 On nails, hoops, staves, pumps, barrels and their bungs,
 The KING and Co. sat down to a collation,
 Of flesh, and fish, and fowl of ev'ry nation.

Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
 That merc'less fell like tomohawks to work,
 And fearless scalp'd the fowl, the fish, and cattle,
 Whilst Whitbread, in the rear beheld the battle.

The conqu'ring MONARCH stopping to take breath
 Amidst the regiments of death,

* This alludes to the late Dr. JOHNSON's laugh on a Great Personage, for a laudable curiosity in the Queen's Library, some years since.

Now turn'd to Whitbread with complacence round,
And merry thus address'd the Man of Beer—

“ Whitbread, is't true? is't true? I hear, I hear,

“ You're of an ancient family—renown'd—

“ What? what? I'm told that you're a limb

“ Of PYM, that famous fellow PYM:

“ What, Whitbread, is it true what people say?

“ Son of a Round-head are you? hæ? hæ? hæ?

“ I'm told that you send Bibles to your votes—

“ A snuffling round-headed society—

“ Pray'r books instead of cash to buy them coats—

“ Bunyans, and Practices of Piety:

“ Your Bedford votes would wish to change their *fare*,

“ Rather see cash—yes, yes—than books of pray'r,

“ Thirtieth of January don't you *feed*?

“ Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head.”

Now having wonders done on flesh, fowl, fish,

Whole hosts o'erturn'd—and seiz'd on all supplies,
The royal visitors express'd a wish

To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes.

But first the MONARCH so polite,

Ask'd Mr. Whitbread if he'd be a *Knight*,

Unwilling in the list to be enroll'd,

Whitbread contemplated the Knights of PEG,

Then to his gracious SOV'REIGN made a leg,

And said, “ He was afraid he was *too old*.

“ He thank'd however his most gracious KING,

“ For offering to make him *such a THING*.”

But ah! a diff'rent reason, 'twas I fear!

It was not age that bade the Man of beer.

The proffer'd honour of the MONARCH shun:

The tale of MARG'RET's knife, and royal fright,

Had almost made him damn the *name* of knight:

A tale that *farrow'd* such a world of fun.

He

He mock'd the pray'r † too, by the KING appointed,
Ev'n by *himself*, the LORD'S ANOINTED—

A foe to *fast* too is he, let me tell ye,
And, tho' a Presbyterian, cannot think
Heav'n (quarrelling with meat and drink)
Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly!

Now from the table with Cæsarean air
Up rose the MONARCH with his laurell'd brow,
When Mr. Whitbread, waiting on his chair,
Express'd much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.

Miss Whitbread now so thick her curtsies drops,
Thick as her honour'd father's Kentish hops,
Which hoplike curtsies were return'd by dips
That never hurt the royal knees and hips;
For hips and knees of QUEENS are sacred things,
That only bend on gala days
Before the best of Kings,
When odes of triumph sound his praise.

Now thro' a thund'ring peal of loud huzzas,
Proceeding some from *bir'd* and *unbir'd* jaws,
The raree-show thought proper to retire;
Whilst Mr. Whitbread and his daughter fair
Survey'd all Chiswell-Street with lofty air,
To lo! they felt themselves some six feet higher!

Such, Thomas, is the way to write!
Thus shouldst thou Birth-day Song indite:
Then stick to *earth*, and leave the lofty *sky*,
No more of *ti tum tum*, and *ti tum ti*.

† For the miraculous escape from a poor innocent insane woman,
who only held out a small knife in a piece of white paper, for her
Sovereign to view.

Thus

Thus should an *honest* LAUREAT write of Kings—

Not praise them for *imaginary things* :

I own I cannot make my stubborn rhyme

Call *ev'ry* KING a character *sublime* :

For *Conscience* will not suffer me to wander

So *very* widely from the paths of Candour.

I know full well *some* Kings * are to be seen,

To whom my verse so bold would give the spleen,

Should that bold verse declare they wanted *brains*—

I won't say that they *never* brain possess'd—

They *may* have been with such a present blest'd,

And therefore fancy that *some* *still* remains :

For *ev'ry* well experienc'd surgeon knows

That men who with their *legs* have parted,

Swear that they've felt a pain in all their *toes*,

And often at the twinges *started* :

They *stared* upon their oaken stumps in vain!

Fancying the toes were all come back again.

If men then, who their *absent* toes have mourn'd,

Can fancy those same toes at times return'd;

So Kings, in matters of *intelligences*,

May fancy they have stumbled on their *senses*.

Yes, Tom—mine is the way of writing Ode—

Why listest thou thy pious eyes to GOD?

Strange disappointment in thy looks I read;

And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,

“ Is this an action, PETER? this a deed

“ To raise a MONARCH to the sky?

“ Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the Whitbread throng,

“ Rare things to figure in the Muse's song!”

Thomas, I here protest I want no quarrels

On Kings and Brewers, porter, pumps and barrels—

* Foreign Kings.

Far from the dove-like PETER be such strife!
 But this I tell thee, Thomas, for a fact,
 Thy CÆSAR never did an act
 More wise, more glorious, in his life.

Now GOD preserve all wonder-hunting KINGS,
 Whether at Windsor, Buckingham or Kew-house,
 And may they never do more foolish things
 Than visiting SAM WHITBREAD and his brewhouse.

B R O T H E R P E T E R

T O

B R O T H E R T O M.

A N

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C O N T E N T S.

PETER staringly expostulateth with THOMAS on his unprecedented silence on the royal perfections in his last New-year's-Ode—Giveth Thomas a JOBATION—Instructeth Thomas in his trade—Talketh of Heralds, Moles, Fieldmice, and GENERAL CARPENTER—Telleth a strange story of the General—Commendeth Majesty, and laudeth his love of money, with delicious *similes*—Peter informeth Thomas how he might have praised Majesty for piety and oeconomy—Peter's great knowledge of Nature—He talketh of her different manufactures—Peter praiseth the royal Proclamation for leaving off sin, and reforming fiddling courtiers and others—Mistress WALSINGHAM not able to sin on a Sunday—nor my Lady YOUNG—nor my LORD OF EXETER—nor my Lord BRUDENELL—whose excellence in attending on the Rump Royal, Peter highly extolleth—nor the Welsh King WATKYN—whose poor violoncello Peter pitieth—nor my Lord of SALISBURY—Peter intimateth an intended reform among cats and dogs, pigeons, wrens, sparrows, and poultry—Love between the aforefaid animals to be severely punish'd if made on the Lord's day—Monday the most decent day—Sir JOHN DICK giveth up Sunday Concerts for godliness—Sir John's star his great hobby horse—Lords HAMPDEN and CHOLMONDELEY reproved for profaning the Sabbath by a full orchestra, while the King enjoyeth only wind instruments—Peter relateth a sad tale of GERMAN MUSICIANS, and concludeth with a pathetic simile of a woodcock

woodcock—Peter returneth from digression to Thomas—Peter asketh shrewd questions of Thomas—Telleth a delectable little history of the King and scratch wigs—Declareth love for Majesty—Praiseth the partnership—Peter denieth all odium towards his Sovereign, for a jealousy of the PRINCE OF WALES, for his rage for HANDEL, and enthusiasm for Mr. WEST—Peter giveth two *smiles*—Peter telleth a tale—Peter still insisteth on love for Majesty—Instanceth royal magnanimity—ending with curiosity and national advantage—Peter sheweth the King's superiority to the Prince in the article of books—The royal wardrobe's superiority to the shops in Monmouth Street—Peter expresseth more love for Majesty—A tale—Peter maketh a marvellous discovery of the cause of Thomas's silence in the article of royal flattery—His Majesty too much bedaubed—The King shutteth up Thomas's mouth—Peter telleth Thomas how he should have managed—Peter describeth a devil—Enquireth for Modesty—Findeth her—Giveth a lovely picture of Miss Morning—And her loyal speech to Peter—Peter cannot *exist* nor *subsist* without Kings—Peter citeth the world's opinion of him—Peter finely answereth it—Peter seemeth glad—He asketh a sly question about Cartoons—Peter telleth an uncommon story—Peter continueth talking about Cartoons—Feareth that they are in jeopardy—Peter concludeth with sublime *smiles* of trout, eels, whales, goats, sheep, and good advice to THOMAS.

BROTHER

BROTHER PETER

T O

BROTHER TOM.

SLIFE! Thomas, what hath swallow'd all the praise?
Of royal virtues not the slightest mention!
Strung, like mock pearl, so lately on thy lays!
Tell me, a bankrupt, TOM, is thy invention?

How cou'dst thou so thy PATRON's fame forget,
As not to pay, of praise, the annual debt?

WHITEHEAD and CIBBER, all the Laureat Throng,
To FAME's fair Temple, twice a year, presented
Some royal virtues, real or invented,
In all the grave sublimity of song.

Heralds so kind for many a chance-born wight,
Creeping from cellars, just like snails from earth;
Or moles, or field-mice, stealing into light,
Forge Arms to prove a loftiness of birth;
Tracing of each ambitious *Sir* and *Madam*
The branches to the very trunk of ADAM.

Then why not thou, the herald, TOM, of rhyme,
Still bid thy Royal Master soar sublime?

Y

Bards

Bards shine in fiction; then how slight a thing
To make a coat of merit for a King!

Know, General CARPENTER had been a theme
For furnishing a pretty lyric dream;
Once a monopolist of nod and smile:
Of broken sentences and questions rare,
Of snipsnap whispers sweet, and grin, and stare,
For which thy muse would travel many a mile.

But lo! the General, for a crying sin,
Lost broken sentences, and nod, and grin,
And stare and snipsnap of the best of Kings;
The sin, the crying sin, of rambling
Where Osnaburgh's good Bishop gambling,
Lost some few golden feathers from his wings;

Which made th' unlucky General run and drown;
Such were the horrors of the royal frown!
For lo! His M——y most roundly swore
He'd nod to General CARPENTER no more.

Oh! glorious love of all-commanding money!
Dear to *some* Monarchs, as to Bruin, honey;
Dear as to gamblers, pigeons fit to pluck;
Or show'rs to hackney coachmen or a duck!

Thomas, thy lyrics might have prais'd the King
For making sinners mind the Sabbath day,
Bidding the idle sons of pipe and string,
Instead of scraping jigs, sing psalms and pray;
Thus piously (against their inclination)
Dragooning souls unto salvation.

The MONARCH gave up Mr. JOAH BATE,
With that sweet nightingale his lovely mate;

Who

Who with the organ and one fiddle
 Made up a concert every Sunday night :
 Thus yielding MAJESTIES supreme delight,
 Who relish cheapness e'en in tweedle tweedle.

For NATURE formeth oft a kind
 Of money-loving, scraping, fave-all mind,
 That happy glorieth in the nat'ral thought
 Of getting ev'ry thing for nought :

From Delhi's diamonds to a Bristol stone ;
 From royal eagles to a squawling parrot ;
 From Bulls of Basan to a marrow-bone ;
 From rich ananas to a mawkish carrot :
 And getting things for nought, I needs must say,
 If not the *noblest*, is the *cheapest* way.

And often Nature manufactures stuff
 That thinks it never hath enough ;
 Hoarding up treasure——never once enjoying——
 Such is the composition of *some* souls !
 Like jackdaws all their cunning art employing,
 In hiding knives, and forks, and spoons, in holes.

Lo ! by the pious Monarch's proclamation,
 The courtier *Amateurs* of this fair nation
 On Sundays con their Bibles——make no riot——
 The stubborn UXBRIDGE, music-loving Lord,
 Pays dumb obedience to the royal word,
 And bids the instruments lie quiet.

Sweet Mistrefs WALSINGHAM is forc'd to pray,
 And turn her eyes up much against her will ;
 SANDWICH sings psalms too, in his pious way ;
 And Lady YOUNG forbears the tuneful thrill :
 And very politic is Lady Young :
 A husband must not suffer for a song.

The gentle EXETER his treat gave up,
 So us'd upon the sweet repast to sup;
 As eager for his Sunday's quaver dish,
 As cats and rav'nous Aldermen for fish.

Lord BRUDENELL, too, a Lord with lofty nose,
 Bringing to mind a verse the world well knows;
 Against sublimity that rather wars;
 Which in an almanack all eyes may see:
 "God gave to man an upright form, that he
 "Might view the Stars."

I say, this watchful LORD, who boasts the knack,
 Behind His Sacred Majesty's *great* back,
 Of placing for his *latter end* a chair
 Better than any Lord (so says Fame's trump)
 That ever waited on the royal rump,
 So swift his motions, and so sweet his air:

Who, if His Majesty but cough or hiccup,
 Trembles for fear the king should *kick up*;
 Drops, with concern, his jaw—with horror freezes,
 Or smiles "God blefs you, SIRE," whene'er he
 freezes;

This LORD, I say, uprais'd his convert chin,
 And curs'd the concert for a crying sin.

King WATKIN, from the land of leeks and cheese,
 With sighs, forbore his bafs to feize;
 With huge concern he dropp'd his Sunday airs,
 And grumbled out in Welch his thankless pray'rs.
 The bafs, indeed, *Te Deum* fung,
 Glad on the willows to be hung.

And really 'twas a very nat'ral case——
 Poor, inoffensive bafs!
 For when King Watkin scrubbeth him——alack!
 The instrument, like one upon the rack,

Sends forth such horrid, Inquisition groans !
 Enough to pierce the hearts of stones !

Thus though in *concert* politics the Knight
 Battled with Mistress WALSINGHAM *outright* ;
 Yet both agreed to lift their palms,
 Not in hostilities, but singing psalms.

SAL'SBURY was also order'd to *reform*,
 Who, with my Lady, thought it vastly odd,
 Thus to be forc'd, like sailors in a storm,
 Against their wills to pray to God.

Thus did the royal mandate through the town,
 Knock nearly all the Sunday concerts down !
 Great act ! ere long 'twill be a sin and shame
 For cats to warble out an am'rous flame !——
 Dogs shall be whipp'd for making love on Sunday,
 Who very well may put it off to Monday.

Nay, more the royal piety to prove ;
 And aid the purest of all pure religions ;
 To Bridewell shall be sent all cooing pigeons,
 And cocks and hens be lash'd for making love :
 Sparrows and wrens be shot from barns and houses,
 For being barely civil to their spouses.

Poor Sir JOHN DICK was, lamb-like, heard to bleat
 At losing such a Sunday's treat——

Sir JOHN, the happy owner of a *star*——
 Which radiant honour on furtouts he stitches ;
 Lamenting fashion doth not stretch so far
 As sewing them on waistcoats and on breeches ;
 Which thus would pour a blaze of silver day,
 And make the Knight a perfect milky way.

Yet HAMPDEN, CHOLMOND'LY, those sinful shavers,
 Rebellious, riot in their Sabbath quavers ;

Thus

Thus flying in the face of our GREAT KING,
 Prophane God's *resting* day with wind and string;
 Whilst on the Terrace, 'midst his German band,
 On Sunday evenings GEORGE is pleas'd to stand;
 Contented with a *simple* tune alone,
 "God save great George our King," or Bobbing Joan;
 Whilst CHERUBS, leaning from their starry height,
 Wink at each other, and enjoy the sight:
 And Satan, from a lurking hole,
 Fond of a seeming-godly soul,
 His eyes and ears scarce able to believe,
 Laughs in his sleeve.

Stay, Muse—the mention of the German band
 Bringeth a tale oppressive, to my hand,
 Relating to a tribe of German boys,
 Whose horrid fortune made some *little* noise;
 Sent for to take of Englishmen the places,
 Who, gall'd by such hard treatment, made wry faces.

Sent for they were, to feed in *fields of clover*,
 To feast upon the Coldstream regiment's fat:
 Swift with their empty stomachs they flew over,
 And wider than a Kevenhuller hat.
 But ah! their knives no veal nor mutton carv'd!
 To feasts they went indeed, but went and *starv'd*!
 Their Masters, raptur'd with the tuneful treat,
 Forgot musicians like themselves cou'd *eat*.
 Thus the poor woodcock leaves his frozen shores,
 When tyrant Winter 'midst his tempest roars:
 Invited by our milder sky, he roves;
 Views the pure streams with joy, and shelt'ring groves,
 And in *one* hour, Oh! sad reverse of fate!
 Is shot, and smokes upon a poacher's plate!
 Thus ending a sweet episodic strain,
 I turn, dear Thomas, to thy Ode again.

What!

What ! make a dish to baulk thy master's gums !

A pudding, and forget the plums !

Mercy upon us ! what a cook art thou !

Dry e'en already !——what a sad milch cow !——

Who gav'st, at first, of fame such flowing pails !

Say, Thomas, what thy lyric udder ails ?

Since truth belongs not to the laureat trade,

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, thou didst not flatter :

Speak——in light money were thy wages paid ?

Or was thy pipe of sack half fill'd with water ?

Or hast thou, Tom, been cheated of thy dues ?

Or hath a qualm of conscience touch'd thy Muse ?

Thou might'st have prais'd for *dignity* of pride

Display'd not long ago among the Cooks :

Searching the kitchen with sagacious looks ;

Wigs, christen'd *scratches*, on their heads he spied.

To find a wig on a cook's head

Just like the wig that grac'd his own,

Was verily a sight too dread !——

Enough to turn a king to stone !

On which, in language of his *very best*,

His Majesty his royal ire express'd.

“ How, how ! what ! Cooks wear *scratches* just like

“ me !——

“ Strange ! strange ! yes, yes, I see, I see, I see——

“ Fine fellows to wear scratches ! yes, no doubt——

“ I'll have no more——no more when mine's worn

“ out——

“ Ha ? pretty ! pretty ! pretty too it looks

“ To see *my* scratches upon *Cooks* !”

And lo ! as he had threatened all so big ;

As soon as ever he *were out* the wig ;

He

He with a *pig-tail* deign'd his head to match!—
No more profan'd his temples with a SCRATCH!

Thomas, I see my song thy feelings grate—
Thou think'st I'm joking; that the King's my hate,
The world may call me lyar, but sincerely
I love him—for a partner love him *dearly*:
Whilst his great name is on the *ferme*, I'm sure
My credit with the public is secure.

Yes, beef shall grace my spit, and ale shall flow,
As long as it continues George and Co.;
That is to say in plainer metre,
George and Peter.

Yet, as some little money I have made,
I've thoughts of turning *Squire*, and quitting trade:
This in my mind I've frequently revolv'd;
And in six months, or so,
For all I know,
The partnership may be dissolv'd.

Whate'er thou think'st—howe'er the world may carp,
Thomas, I'm far from hating our *good* King;
Yes, yes, or may I thrum no more my harp,
As DAVID swore, who touch'd so well the string—
No, Tom;—the idol of thy sweet devotion
Excites not HATE, *whatever else* th' emotion.

To write a book on the Sublime, I own,
Were I a bookseller, I would not hire him;
Yet, should I *hate* the man who fills a throne,
Because, forsooth, I can't admire him?

Hate him, because, ambitious of a name,
He thinks to rival e'en the PRINCE in fame?
A prince of science—in the arts so chaste!—
A giant to him in the world of taste;

Who from an envious cloud one day shall spring,
And prove that dignity may clothe a King.

Who when by Fortune fix'd on Britain's throne,
Wherever merit, humble plant, is shown,
Will shed around that plant a soft'ring ray;
Whose hand shall stretch thro' poverty's pale gloom
For drooping GENIUS, sinking to the tomb,
And lead the blushing stranger into day.

Who scorns (like *some*) to chronicle a shilling,
Once in a twelvemonth to a beggar giv'n;
By such mean charity (Lord help 'em) willing
To go as cheap as possible to Heav'n!

Hate him, because, untir'd, the monarch pores
On HANDEL's manuscript old scores,
And schemes successful daily hatches,
For saving notes o'erwhelm'd with scratches;
Recovering from the blotted leaves
Huge cart-horse *minims*, dromedary *breves*;
Thus saving damned bars from just damnation,
By way of *brightning* Handel's reputation?
Who, charm'd with every crotchet Handel wrote,
Heav'd into TOT'NAM STREET, each heavy note:
And forcing on the house the tuneless lumber,
Drove half to doors, the other half to slumber?

Hate him, because the works of Mr. WEST,
His eye (in wonder lost) unfated views?
Because his walls, with tasteless trumpery drest,
Robs a poor signpost of its dues?

Hate him, because he cannot rest
But in the company of West?
Because of modern works he makes a jest,
Except the works of Mr. West?

Who

Who by the public, fain would have carest
 The works alone of Mr. West !
 Who thinks, of painting, truth and taste, the test,
 None but the wond'rous works of Mr. West !

Who' as for REYNOLDS, cannot bear him ;
 And never suffers WILSON's landscapes near him.
 Nor, GAINSBROUGH, thy delightful Girls and Boys,
 In rural scenes so sweet, amidst their joys,
 With such simplicity as makes us *start*,
 Forgetting 'tis the work of art.
 Which wonder and which care of Mr. WEST
 May in a simile be well exprest :

A S I M I L E.

THUS have I seen a child with smiling face,
 A little daisy in the garden place,
 And strut in triumph round its fav'rite flow'r ;
 Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
 Thinking the flow'r the finest in the nation,
 Then pay a visit to it ev'ry hour :
 Lugging the wat'ring pot about,
 Which JOHN the gard'ner was oblig'd to fill ;
 The child, so pleas'd, would pour the water out,
 To show its marvellous gard'ning skill ;
 Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,
 Tell all the world it was its own sweet planting ;
 And boast away, too happy elf,
 How that it found the daisy all, itself !

ANOTHER

ANOTHER SIMILE.

IN *simile* if I may shine agen——
 Thus have I seen a fond old hen
 With one poor miserable chick;
 Bustling about a farmer's yard;
 Now on the dunghill labouring hard,
 Scraping away through thin and thick:
 Flutt'ring her feathers——making such a noise!
 Cackling aloud such quantities of joys,
 As if this chick, to which her egg gave birth,
 Was born to deal prodigious knocks,
 To shine the *Broughton* of game cocks,
 And kill the fowls of all the earth!

E'EN with his painter let the King be *blest*;
 Egad! eat, drink, and sleep, with Mr. WEST,
 Only let *me*, excus'd from such a guest,
 Not eat, and drink, and sleep, with Mr. West;
 And as he will not please my taste—no never—
 Let *me* not give him to the world as *clever*—
 A better conscience in my bosom lies,
 Than imitate the fellow and his flies.

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A GROUP of topers at a table fat,
 With punch that much regales the thirsty soul:
 Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
 Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At

At length those flies got drunk, and for their sin,
Some hundreds lost their legs and tumbled in;
And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown'd.

Wanting to drink—one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
And drank—then taking care that none were lost,
He put in ev'ry mother's son agen:

Up jump'd the Bacchanalian crew on this,
Taking it very much amiss——
Swearing, and in the attitude to *smite*:——
“ Lord!” cried the man with gravely-lifted eyes
“ Though I don't like to swallow flies,
“ I did not know but *others might*.”

WHO says I hate the King, proclaims a lie!
E'en now a royal virtue strikes my eye!
To prove th' assertion, let me just relate
The King's submission to the will of FATE.
Whene'er in hunts the Monarch is thrown out,
As in his politics——a common thing!
With searching eyes he stares at first about,
Then faces the misfortune like a *King*!

Hearing no news of nimble Mr. STAG,
He sits like PATIENCE grinning on his nag!
Now, wisdom-fraught, his curious eye-balls ken
The little hovels that around him rise:
To these he trots—of hogs surveys the fyes,
And nicely numbers ev'ry cock and hen.

Then asks the farmer's wife or farmer's maid,
How many eggs the fowls have laid!
What's in the oven—in the pot—the crock—
Whether 'twill rain or no, and what's o'clock.—

Thus

Thus from poor hovels gleaning information,
To serve as future treasure for the nation !

There, terrier-like, till pages find him out,
He pokes his most sagacious nose about,
And seems in Paradise——like *that* so fam'd ;
Looking like ADAM too, and Eve so fair ;
Sweet simpletons ! who, though so very *bare*,
“ Were (says the Bible) not *asham'd*.”

No man binds books so well as GEORGE the Third,
By thirst of leather glory spurr'd——
At bookbinders he oft is seen to laugh——
And wond'rous is the King in sheep or calf !

But see ! the PRINCE upon such labour looks
Fastidious down, and only *readeth* books !——
Here by the Sire the Son is much surpass'd ;
Which Fame should publish on her loudest *blast* !

The King beats Monmouth-street in cast-off riches——
That is, in coats, and waistcoats, and in breeches——
Which, draughted once a year for foreign stations——
Make fine recruits to serve some *near* relations.

But lo ! the PRINCE, shame on him ! never dreams
Of petty Jewish, œconomic schemes !
So very proud, (I'm griev'd, O Tom, to tell it)
He'd rather *give* a coat away than *sell* it !

Fair justice to the Monarch must allow
Prodigious science in a calf or cow ;
And wisdom in the article of swine !
What most *unusual* knowledge for a King !
Because pig-wisdom is a *thing*
In which no Sov'reigns e'er were known to *shine*.

Yet

Yet who will think I am not telling fibs?—

The PRINCE, who Britain's throne in time shall grace,
Ne'er finger'd at a fair, a bullock's r. s,
Nor ever ogled a pig's face!
O dire disgrace! O let it not be known
That *thus* a father hath excell'd a son!

Truth bids me own that I can bring
A *dozen* who *admire* the King;
And should he dream of setting off for HANOVER,
As once he said he wou'd, to spite CHARLES FOX;
Draw all his *little* money from the stocks,
Shut shop, and carry ev'ry pot and pan over;

I think—indeed I'm *sure* I know,
That dozen would not let him go;
But in the struggle spend their vital breath,
And hug their idol, probably to death;
As happen'd to a Romish Priest—a tale
That, whilst I tell it, almost turns me pale,

THE ROMISH PRIEST,

A T A L E.

A PARSON in the neighbourhood of ROME,
Some years ago—how many, I don't say—
Handled so well his heav'nly broom,
He brush'd, like cobwebs, fins away;
Brighten'd the black horizon of his parish;
Gave to the PRINCE OF DARKNESS such hard blows,
That SATAN was afraid to show his nose,
(Except in hell), before this priest so warriish!

To teach folks how to shun the paths of evil,
 And prove a Match for Mr. DEVIL,
 Was constantly this pious man's endeavour,
 And, as I've said before, the man was *clever*.

Red-hot was all his zeal—and Fame declares,
 He gallop'd like a hunter o'er his pray'rs;
 For ever lifting to the clouds his forehead——

Petitions on petitions he let fly,
 Which nothing but BARBARIANS could deny——
 In short, the *Saints* were to compliance *worried*.
 With shoulders, arms, and hands, this priest devout,
 So well his evolutions did perform;
 His pray'rs, those holy small-shot, flew about
 So thick!——it seem'd like taking Heav'n by *storm*!

Without one atom of reflection,
 No candidate at an election
 Did ever labour more, and fume and sweat,
 To make a fellow change his coat,
 And bless him with the casting vote,
 Than this dear man to get in Heav'n a seat
 For souls of children, women, and of men:——
 No matter which the species——cock or hen!

Thus did he not like that vile Jesuit think
 Who makes us all with horror shrink,
 A knave high-meriting Hell's hottest coals;
 Who wrote a dreadful book, to prove
 That women, charming women, form'd for love,
 Have got no souls!

Monster! to think that WOMAN had no soul!
 Ha! hast *thou* not a soul, thou peerless MAID,
 Who bidst my rural hours with rapture roll?
 Whose beauties charm the shepherds and the shade!

Yes,

Yes, CYNTHIA, and for souls like thine,
 Fate into being drew yon starry sphere;
 Then kindly sent thy form divine,
 To show what wond'rous blifs inhabits there!

In short, no drayhorse ever work'd so hard,
 From vaults, to drag up hogthead, tun or pipe,
 As this good priest, to drag, for *small* reward,
 The souls of sinners from the Devil's gripe.

Pleas'd were the *highest* angels to express
 Their wonder at his fine address;
 And pow'r against the FIEND who makes such
 strife——

Nay, e'en St. PETER said, to whom are giv'n
 The keys for letting people into Heav'n,
 He never got more halpence in his life.

'Twas added that my *namesake* did declare,
 (Peter, the porter of Heav'n gate, so trusty;)
 That till this priest appear'd, souls were so rare
 His bunch of keys was absolutely rusty!

Did GENTLEMEN of fortune die,
 And leave the CHURCH a good round sum;
 Lo! in the twinkling of an eye
 The parson frank'd their souls to kingdom-come!
 A letter to the PORTER, or a word,
 Insur'd admittance to the *Lord*.

Nor stopp'd those souls an instant on the road
 To take a *roast* before they enter'd in;
 For had they got the *Plague*, 'twas said that God
 Had let them enter without *quarantine*.

Well then! this parson was so much admir'd,
 So sought, so courted, so desired,

Thousands

Thousands with putrid souls, like putrid meat,
Came for his holy pickle, to be sweet :

Just as we see old hags with jaws of carrion,
Enter the shop of Mr. WARREN ;
Who disappoints that highwayman call'd TIME,
(Noted for robbing Ladies of their prime,)
By giving SIXTY FIVE's pale wither'd mein,
The blooming roses of SIXTEEN.

Such vast impressions did his sermons make,
He always kept his flock awake——
In summer too—hear, parsons, this strange news,
Ye who so often preach to nodding pews !

A neighb'ring town, into whose people's souls
SIN, like a rat, had eat large holes,
Begg'd him to be their tinker——their hole-stopper——
For, gentle reader, sin of such a sort is,
It souls corrodeeth just as *aqua fortis*
Corrodeeth iron, brass, or copper.

They told him they would give him better pay,
If he'd agree to change his quarters ;
Protesting, when his soul should leave its clay,
To rank his bones with those of SAINTS and MAR-
TYRS.

This was a handsome bribe all Papists know !
But stop——his parish would not let him go——
Then furly did the other parish look,
And swore to have the man by *Hook* or *Crook*.

So seiz'd him, like a graceless throng——
The priest's parishioners, who lov'd him *well* ;
Rather than to another church belong,
Swore they would sooner see him lodg'd in Hell——
So violent was their objection !
So very strong too their affection !

The LADIES, too, united in the strife;
 Protesting that they "lov'd him as their life,
 " So sweetly he would *look* when down to pray'r!
 " So happy in a sermon choice;
 " And then he had of nightingales the voice—
 " And holy water gave with *such* an air!
 " Lord! lose so fine a man!—so great a treasure!
 " Yielding such quantities of heavenly pleasure!
 " Forgiving sins so free, too, at confession,
 " However carnal the transgression,
 " In such a charming, love-condemning strain!—
 " He really seem'd to say "Go sin again;
 " HELL shall not throw, my angels, on your souls
 " So sweet, a single shovelful of coals."

Now in the fire was all the fat:
 Just as two bulldogs pull a cat,
 Both parishes with furious zeal contended——
 So heartily the holy man was hugg'd,
 That very fatally the battle ended!
 In short, by hugging, lugging and kind squeezes,
 The man of God was pull'd in fifty pieces!

This work perform'd, the bones were fought for stoutly;
 And so the fray continued most devoutly——
 Lo with an arm one rascal fled;
 This with a leg, and that the head——
 Off with the foot another goes——
 Another seizes him and gets the toes.

Nay, some, a relick so intent to crib,
 Fought just like mastiffs for a rib;
 Nay more, (for truth, to tell the whole, obliges)
 A dozen battled for his *Os Coccygis*!*

* The tip of the rump.

Heav'n, that sees all things, saw the dire dispute,
 In which each parish acted like a brute ;
 Then bade the dead man as a *Saint* be fought ;
 Still to reward him more, his bones enriches
 With pow'r o'er Evils, Rheumatisms, and Itches,
 However dreadful, and wherever caught :
 Thus, by the grace of HIM who governs thunder,
 His very toe-nail could perform a *wonder*.

Thus might our Monarch, by this dozen men,
 Be hugg'd—and then ! and then ! and then ! and
 then !

Then what ? why then, this direful ill must spring :
 I a good *subject* lose, and thou a KING !

No, Tom ; no more to strike us with amaze,
 Thy courtly tropes of adulation blaze :
 A setting sun art thou, so mild thy beam !
 Thou (like old OCEAN's heaving wave no more,
 That lifts a ship and fly with equal roar)
 Pour'st from thy lyric pipe a *sober* stream.

No more we hear the gale of fame
 Wild blust'ring with thy MASTER's name :
 No more ideal virtues ride sublime,
 (Like Feathers) on the furge of rhyme.

But lo the cause ! it was the ROYAL WILL
 To bid the tempest of his praise be still :
 No more to let his virtues make a rout,
 Blown by thy blasts like paper kites about—

Indeed thy sov'reign in thy verse so fine,
 Might justly have exclaim'd at many a line,

“ In peacock’s feathers, lo, this knave arrays me.”
And like a King of France of whom I’ve read,
Our gracious Sov’reign also might have said,

“ What have I done that he should *praise* me ?”

With pity have I seen thee, SON OF SONG,
Trundling thy lyric wheelbarrow along,
Amidst Sr. JAMES’s gapers to unload
The motley mafs of pompous ode;
And wish’d the sack, for verfe the annual prize,
To poets of a lefs renown——
To poor WILL MASON, who in fecret fighs
To strut beneath the LAUREAT’s leaden crown.

Warm in the praise thou might’st have been,
Of *thy* great King and *his* great Queen;
But not fo diabolically *hot*——
A downright devil, or a pepper-pot.

By *Dev’l*, (without thy being born a wizard)
Thou ought’st to know I mean turkey’s gizzard;
So chriften’d for its quality, by man,
Becaufe fo oft ’tis loaded with *kian*——
This dev’l is fuch a red-hot bit of meat
As nothing but the dev’l himfelf fhould eat.

A *foon* was large enough, the world well knows !
Why give the pap of praise then with a *ladle* ?
Gently thou fhould’st have rock’d him to repofe——
Not like a drunken nurfe o’eturn’d the cradle.

I do not marvel that the King was wrath,
(Knowing himfelf no bigger than a lath)
To find himfelf a tall, gigantic oak——
’Twas too much of a magic-lantern ftroke.

Ah!

Ah! where was MODESTY, the charming maid?

Where was the rural vagrant straying,
Not to admonish thee, an idle jade,

When thou thy tuneful compliments were paying?
Yet why this question put I, Tom, to thee?—
Lord! how we wits forget?—she was with me.

Dear Modesty (by very few carest,)
Oft condescends to be my guest:
From time to time, the maid my rhyme reviews,
And dictates sweet instructions to the muse.

Yes, frequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
Just like that bashful damsel call'd MISS MORN—

Who smiling on the dreary caves of night,
Moves from her east with silent pace and slow
O'er yonder shadowy mount's gigantic brow,
And to my window steals with dewy light,
Then peeping through the panes with cherub mien,
Seems to ask liberty to enter in.

Now vent'ring on the fables of my room,
She sweeps the darkness with her star-clad broom:

Now pleas'd a stronger splendor to diffuse,
Smiles on the plated buckles in my shoes;
Smiles on my breeches, too, of handsome plush,

Where George's heads *once* made no gingling sound,
But where amidst the pockets all was hush;

Such awful silence reign'd around!
Whose fob, which thieves so often pick,
Was quite a stranger to a watch's click.

Now casting on my pen and ink a ray,
Seeming with sweet reproof to say,

"The lark to Heav'n her grateful mattins sings:

"Then, Peter, also ope thy tuneful throat,

"And, happy in a fascinating note,

"Rise and bewitch the best of Kings."

Howe'er

Howe'er the world t' abuse me may be giv'n,
 I cannot do without CROWN'D HEAD's by Heav'n!
 Bards must have subjects that their genius suit—
 And if I've not Crown'd Heads, I must be mute.

My verse is somewhat like a game at Whist;
 Which game, tho' play'd by people e'er so keen,
 Cannot with much success, alas! exist,
 Except their hands possess a King and Queen.
 I own, my muse delights in royal folk:

Lead-mines, producing many pretty pounds!
 JOE MILLARS- furnishing a fund of joke!
 Lo, with a fund of joke a court abounds!

At royal follies, Lord! a lucky hit
 Saves our poor brain th' expence of wit:
 At Princes let but Satire lift his gun,
 The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.
 E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,
 Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

And, *vice versâ*, Kings and Queens
 Know pretty well what scandal means,
 And love it too——yes, Majesty's a grinner:
 Scandal that really would disgrace a stable,
 Hath oft been beckon'd to a royal table,
 And pleas'd a princely palate more than dinner.

I know the world exclaimeth in this guise:——

“ Suppose a King not otherwise,
 “ (A vice in Kings not very oft suspected)
 “ Suppose he does *this* childish thing, and *this*,
 “ If folly constitutes a Monarch's blifs,
 “ Shall such by faucy poets stand corrected?
 “ Bold is the man,” old Parson Calchas † cries,
 “ Who tells a Monarch where his error lies.”—

† Vid. Homer.

Grant that a King in converse cannot shine,
 " And sharp with shrewd remark a world alarm;
 What business, Peter Pindar, is't of thine?
 " Grant puerilities—pray where's the harm?"

To this I answer, " I don't think a King
 " Will go to hell for ev'ry childish thing—
 " Yet mind, I think that one in his great station
 " Should show sublime example to a nation:
 " And when an eagle he should spring
 " To drink the solar blaze on tow'ring wing;
 " With daring and undazzled eyes;
 " Not be a sparrow upon chimneys hopping,
 " His head in holes and corners popping
 " For flies."

Tom, I'm not griev'd that thou hast chang'd thy note,
 And op'd on Windsor wall thy tuneful throat;
 For verily it is a rare old mas!
 Nor angry that to WEST thou dost descend;
 The King's great painting oracle and friend,
 Who teacheth JERVAS how to spoil good glafs.

But, son of ISIS, since amidst this ode,
 Thou talk'ft of painting, like an ardent lover,
 Of panes of glafs now daubing over,
 Dimming delightfully the great abode;
 Speak—know'ft thou aught of RAPHAEL'S rare Car-
 tons?

I have not seen them, Tom, for many moons!
 Why did'ft thou not, amidst thy rhyming fit,
 Of those most heav'nly pictures talk a bit—
 For which the NATION paid down ev'ry *souffe*?
 Rare pictures, brought long since from HAMPTON
 COURT,
 And by a *self-taught* CARPENTER cut short,
 To suit the pannels of the QUEEN'S old house.

So

So says report—I hope it is not true——
 And yet I verily believe it too ;
 It is so like *some people* I could name,
 Whose *pericraniums* walk a little lame.

Beshrew me, but it brings to mind
 A cutting story, much of the same kind !

It happ'd at PLYMOUTH town so fair and sweet,
 Where wandering gutlers, wandering gutlers meet,
 Making in show'rs of rain a monstrous pother ;
 Bart'ring like RAG-FAIR JEWS, with one the other,
 With carrots, cabbage leaves, and breathless cats,
 Potatoes, turnip tops, old rags, and hats :

A town that brings to mind SWIFT's City Show'r—
 Where clouds to wash its face for ever pour——
 A town where Beautraps under water grin,
 Inviting gentle strangers to walk in ;
 Where dwell the Lady Naiads of the flood,
 Prepar'd to crown their visitors with mud.

A town where parsons for the *Living* fight,
 On every vacancy with godly might,
 Like wrestlers for lac'd hats and buckskin breeches ;
 Where oft the priest who best his lungs employs
 To make the rarest diabolic noise,
 With surest chance of vict'ry preaches :
 Whose empty sounds alone his labour blefs ;
 Like cannon fir'd by vessels in distress.

A town where exil'd by the Higher Pow'rs,
 The ROYAL TAR with indignation lours ;
 Kept by his SIRE from London and from sin,
 To say his Catechism to Mistress WYNN.

THE PLYMOUTH CARPENTER AND THE COFFINS.

IN the last war French pris'ners often died
Of fevers, colds, and more good things beside :
Presents for valour from damp walls and chinks,
And nakedness, that seldom sees a shirt :
And vermin, and all sorts of dirt ;
And multitudes of motley stinks,
That might with smells of any clime compare
That ever fought the nose or fields of air.

As coffins are deemed necessary things,
Forming a pretty sort of wooden wings
For waisting men, to graves for t'other world ;
Where anchor'd, (doom'd to make no voyages more)
The rudders of our souls are put ashore,
And all the sails for ever furl'd.

A carpenter, first cousin to the MAY'R,
Hight master SCREW, a man of reputation,
Got leave, through borough int'rest, to prepare
Good wooden lodgings for the Gallic nation :
I mean, for luckless Frenchmen that were dead ;
And very well indeed SCREW's contract sped.

His good friend Death made wonderful demands,
As if they play'd into each other's hands ;
As if the Carpenter and Death went snacks——
Wishing to make as much as e'er they cou'd
By this same contract coffin wood,
For such as Death had thrown upon their backs.

This Carpenter like men of other trades
Whom conscience very easily persuades

To

To take from neighbours useleſs ſuperfluity ;
 Reſolv'd upon an economic plan,
 Which ſhows that in the character of man
 Economy is not an incongruity.

I know ſome monarchs ſay the ſame—whoſe pulſes
 Beat high for iv'ry chairs and beds and bulſes.
 For lo! this man of economic fort
 Made all his coffins much too ſhort,
 Yet ſnugly he accommodates the dead——
 Cuts off, with much *ſang froid*, the head,
 And then to keep it ſafe as well as warm,
 He gravely puts it underneath the arm;
 Making his dead man quite a PARIS beau ;——
 Holding his jowl *en bras chapeau*.

But, Thomas, now to thoſe Cartons of fame——
 Do aſk thy Sov'reign in my name
 What's to be done with thoſe rare pictures next ;
 Some months ago, by night, they travell'd down
 To the Queen's houſe in Windſor town,
 At which the London folks were vaſtly vex'd.

For if thoſe fine Cartons, as hiſt'ry ſays
 Were (much to this great nation's praiſe)
 Bought for the nation's ſole inſpection ;
Unask'd to ſuffer any man to feel 'em,
 Or ſuffer any forward dame to ſteal 'em
 Would be a national reflection.

Tom, aſk, to STRELITZ if they 're doom'd to go ;
 Becauſe the walls are naked there, I know——

Strelitz

Strelitz a mouse-hole is, all dark and drear ;
And shou'd the pictures be inclin'd to stray,
Not liking Strelitz, they may lose their way,

And ramble to some Hebrew auctioneer :
Where like poor captur'd negroes in a knot,
The holy wand'ers may be made a lot——
And like the goods at Garraway's we handle,
Christ and the Saints be sold by *inch of candle* !

Dearly beloved Thomas, to conclude !

(I see thee ready to bawl out "*amen* :")

Joking apart, don't think me rude

For wishing to instruct thy lyric pen.

Whether like trout and eels in humble pride,
Along the simple stream of prose we glide ;
Or stirring from below a cloud of mud,
Like whales we flounder through the lyric flood ;

Or if a past'ral image charm thee more ;
Whether the vales of prose our feet explore,
Or rais'd sublime on ODE's aerial steep,
We bound from rock to rock like goats and sheep ;

Whether we dine with Dukes on fifty dishes,
Or, poet-like, against our wishes,
On beef or pork, an economic crumb,
(Perchance not bigger than our thumb,
Turn'd by a bit of packthread at the fire,)
To satisfy our hunger's keen desire ;
A good old proverb let us keep in view——
Viz. Thomas, "give the dev'l his due."

Whether a monarch, issuing high command,
Smiles us to court, and takes us by the hand ;
Or rude bumbailiffs touch us on the shoulder,
And bid our tuneful harps in prison moulder ;

Sell not (to meanness' funk) one golden line—
The MUSE's incense for a gill of wine.

This were a poor excuse of thine, my friend——

“ Few are the people that my ode attend :

“ I'm like a country clock, poor, lonely thing,

“ That on the staircase, or behind the door,

“ Cries, ‘ Cuckow, Cuckow,’ just at twelve and four,

“ And chimes that vulgar tune “ God save the King.”

Oh ! if deserting WINDSOR's lofty tow'rs,

To save a fix-pence in' his barrack bow'rs,

A Monarch shuffles from the world away,

And gives to FOLLY's whims the bustling day ;

From *such* low themes thy promis'd praise recall,

And sing more wonders of the old MUD WALL.

P E T E R's
P E N S I O N;

A

SOLEMN EPISTLE

TO A

SUBLIME PERSONAGE.

*"My Heart is inditing of a good Matter——I speak of the
Things which I have made, unto the KING."*

PSALM lxxv.

"Non possum tecum vivere, nec sine te."

T H E

A R G U M E N T.

AGRAND Exordium, containing news from Jericho—Peter informeth Majesty of the great noise on their respective accounts—and talketh of Sampson and Dalilah—the London Coffee-houses and the Royal Exchange—Peter explaineth the cause of the great noise, and Ejaculateth—talketh of preparations at the Palace for his disgrace and murder—Peter informeth Majesty of what Majesty hath been informed—complaineth that he hath been pictured a downright Devil—beggeth that a proper inquiry may be instituted—Peter pronounceth himself no Devil—Peter writeth soft Sonnets to prove that he hath not a hard heart.

Peter talketh of Courtiers and court matters—of what the World wickedly sayeth of him—Peter cannot convince the world—mentioneth the despondence of the Newspapers, Magazines and Reviews—also the famine in poetry—Peter exculpateh Majesty—Peter refuseth modestly—hinteth at royal misfortunes, Diamonds, Nabobs, and an action of Trover—Peter prophesieth mournfully—giveth the history of Nebuchadnezzar's grass diet—Peter affordeth good reasons for refusing a Pension—relateth an anecdote of a dead Archbishop—formeth a scheme for universal happiness, by discovering Sin and Shame to be a pair of Impostors, and for making mournful Sunday merry—Peter outdoeth old Poets in egotism—condemneth Mistress Damer, the great she-statuary, for attempting our most sublime Sovereign—Peter, like many authors, exhibiteth prodigious acquaintance with ancient Literature, by mentioning the names of Jupiter, Phidias, Praxiteles, Virgil, and Augustus Cæsar—Peter puffeth again—Peter produceth a Tale about Majesty, Mr. Robinson, Alderman Skinner, and choaked Sheep—also a Tale of Majesty and Parson Young, whose neck was unfortunately unhinged at a hunt.

Peter

Peter still bankereth after Pensons—declaimeth on the Powers of Poetry, as also on his own miraculous powers—Peter professeth independency and great capability of making a hearty mutton-bone dinner like Andrew Marvel—Peter distrusteth his fortitude—quoteth opposition-men for pitiful desertion of principle, and descanteth on money—Peter telleth an apposite Tale of Lady Huntington's Parson, a Dog and a Squire.

Peter quoteth the Wind and Mr. Eden—exhibiteth more symptoms of Pension-love—concludeth in a foam against knighthood.

P E N S I O N.

As

At first 'twas thought the triumph of the Jews
 On some great vict'ry in the boxing way :
 The news, the very anti-christian news,
 Of ISRAEL'S HERO * having won the day ;
 And HUMPHRIES, a true Christian boxer, beat :
 Enough to give all CHRISTENDOM a sweat.

Again, 'twas thought great news of the Grand Turk,
 Who on his hands had got some serious work ;
 'Twas fancied he had lost the day ;
 That ev'ry Mussulman was kill'd in battle,
 A fate most proper for such heathen cattle,
 Who did not pray to God our way.

But lo! unto the lofty skies,
 Of found this wonderful ascension,
 Doth verily, my Liege, from this arise ;
 That you have giv'n the gentle Bard a pension !
 Great is the shout indeed, Sir, all abroad,
 That you have order'd me this handsome thing ;
 On which, with lifted eyes, I've said, " Good God !
 " Though great my merits, yet how great the King !"

And yet, believe me, Sir, I lately heard,
 That all your doors were doubly lock'd and barr'd
 Against the POET for his tuneful art ;
 And that the tall, stiff, stately red machines,
 Your Grenadiers, the guards of Kings and Queens,
 Were order'd all to stab me to the heart :

That if to House of BUCKINGHAM I came,
 Commands were giv'n to Mistress BRIGGS,
 A comely, stout, two-handed dame,
 To box my ears and pull my wig,
 The Cooks to spit me——curry me, the Grooms,
 And *Kitchen Queens* to baste me with their brooms.

* Mendoza.

You're told that in my ways I'm very evil !
 So ugly ! fit to travel for a show,
 And that I look all grimly where I go !
 Just like a devil !

With horns, and tail, and hoofs that make folks start ;
 And in my breast a millstone for a heart !
 This cometh from a certain Painter, SIRE ;
 Bid story-mousing NICOLAY inquire :

Your Page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes ;
 Who jumping at each sound, so eager opes
 His pretty wither'd pair of *Chinese* chops,
 Like a Dutch dog that leaps at butterflies.
 He, SIRE, will look me o'er, and will not fail
 To swear that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord ! Lord ! these sayings grieve me and surprise !
 Dread Sir, don't see with other people's eyes—

No dev'l am I with horns, and tail, and hoofs—
 As for the likeness of my heart to stone—
 No, Sir—it's full as tender as your own—
 Accept, my Liege, some simple love-sick proofs.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

SAY, lovely Maid, with downcast eye,
 And cheek with silent sorrow pale ;
 What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
 That heaving tells a mournful tale ?

Thy tears which thus each other chase,
 Bespeak a breast o'erwhelm'd with woe :
 Thy sighs a storm that wrecks thy peace,
 Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favour'd YOUTH
 Too often blest, thy beauties flight?
 And leave those thrones of love and truth,
 That lip, and bosom of delight?

What though to other nymphs he flies,
 And feigns the fond, impassion'd tear;
 Breathes all the eloquence of sighs,
 That treach'rous won thy artless ear?

Let not those Nymphs thy anguish move,
 For whom his heart may seem to pine—
That heart shall ne'er be blest by LOVE,
 Whose guilt can force a pang from *thine*.

TO CYNTHIA.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,
 That a coldness will creep o'er my heart;
 That a sullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye,
 When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
 And brighten the gloom of the night,
 Till life be extinguish'd, from memory stray,
 Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, shall GRATITUDE say with a tear,
 "That no longer I think of those charms
 "Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,
 "And faded at length in my arms?"

Why, yes! it may happen, thou Damsel divine:—
 To be honest—I freely declare,
 That e'en *now* to thy converse so much I incline,
 I've *already* forgot thou art fair.

T O L A U R A .

HOW happy was my morn of love
 When first thy beauty won my heart!
 How guiltless of a wish to rove!
 I deem'd it more than death to part!

Whene'er from *thee* I chanc'd to stray,
 How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
 That spread with flow'rs my distant way,
 And show'r'd delight on every scene!

But FORTUNE, envious of my joys,
 Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms——
 From me thy sweetest smile decoys,
 And gives thee to *another's* arms.

Yet, though *my* tears are doom'd to flow,
 May tears be never LAURA's lot!
 Let LOVE protect *thy* heart from woe;
 His wound to *mine* shall be forgot.

H Y M N t o M O D E S T Y .

O! MODESTY, thou fly and blushing maid,
 Don't of a simple Shepherd be afraid;
 Wert thou *my* lamb—with sweetest grace I'd treat thee—
 I am no WOLF so savage that should eat thee:
 Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

Thy fragrant breast, like Alpine snows so white,
 Where all the nestling Loves delight to lie;
 Thine eyes, that shed the milder light
 Of NIGHT's pale Wand'rer o'er her cloudless sky,
 O Nymph,

O Nymph, my panting, wishing bosom warm,
 And beam around me, what a world of charm !
 Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant spread,
 And hide thy bosom with an envious shade ;
 Thy polish'd cheek so dimpled, where the rose
 In all the bloom of ripening summer blows :
 Thy luscious lips that heav'nly dreams inspire,
 By Beauty form'd, and loaded with Desire ;
 With sorrow, and with wonder, lo ! I see
 (What melting treasures !) thrown away on thee.
 Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

Thou knowest not that bosom's fair design ;
 And as for those two pouting lips divine,
 Thou think'st them form'd alone for simple chat--
 To bill so happy with thy fav'rite dove,
 And playful force, with sweetly fondling love,
 Their kisses on a lapdog or a cat.
 Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

Such thoughts thy sweet simplicity produces !
 But I can point out far sublimer uses ;
 Uses the very best of men esteem--
 Of which thine innocence did never dream :
 Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

Oh ! fly from IMPUDENCE, the brazen rogue,
 Whose flippant tongue hath got the Irish brogue :
 Whose hands would pluck thee like the fairest flow'r,
 Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips and neck, devour :
 Shun, shun that Caliban, and with me dwell :
 Then come and give a Goddess to my cell.

The world, O simple maid, is full of art,
 Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
 Didst thou perceive but half the snares
 The DEV'L for charms like thine prepares!
 Then haste, O Nymph, with me to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

From morn to eve my kifs of speechless love,
 Thy eyes' mild beam and blushes shall improve;
 And lo! from our so innocent embrace,
 Young MODESTIES shall spring, a numerous race!
 The blushing girls in ev'ry thing like *Thee*,
 The bashful boys prodigiously like *Me*!
 Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
 And give a Goddess to my cell.

IS not this pretty, Sir? can aught be sweeter?
 Instead of that vile appellation, Devil,
 So blackguard, so unfriendly and uncivil,
 Shou'd not I be baptiz'd the *gentle* PETER?

Great is the buzz about the Court,
 As at th' Exchange, where Jews, Turks, Christians
 meet,
 Or Smithfield Fair, where beasts of ev'ry fort,
 Pigs, Sheep, Men, Bullocks, all so friendly greet.

Busy indeed is many a fly court-leech!
 Afraid to trust each other with a speech——
 In hems, and hahs, and half words, hinting:
 Some whisp'ring, list'ning, tip-toe walking, squinting;
 For lo, so warily each courtier speaks,
 They seem to talk with halters round their necks.

Some praise the King for nobleness of spirit,
 For ever studying how to find out merit;

Whilst

Whilst from its box their heart doth flily peep,
 And ask the tongue, with marv'ling eyes,
 How it can dare to tell a heap
 Of such unconscionable, bare-fac'd lies?

"How are the mighty fall'n!" the people cry—
 "Meaning ME——"

"Another hog of EPICURUS' sty;—

"This vile apostate bends to *Baal* the knee;

"Lo, for a little meat and guzzle

"This sneaking cur, too, takes the muzzle.

"In lyric scandal soon will be a chasm——

"He wrote for bribes, 'tis plain, and now he has 'em——

"This mighty war-horse will be soon in hand,

"By means of meat, the price of venal notes,

"Calm as a hackney coach-horse on his stand,

"Tossing about his nose-bag and his oats.

"Whatever he hath said, he dares unsay,

"In native impudence so rich——

"Explain the plainest things away,

"And call his muse a forward b——;

"Treat fire of friendly promises as smoke,

"And laugh at truth and honour as a joke:"

Such, Sir, is your good people's howl,

As thick as small birds pestering a poor owl.

In vain I tell the world around,

That I have not a pension found;

Which speech of simple truth the mob enrages:

"PETER, this is an arrant lie——

"The fact is clear, too clear," they cry——

"Thou hast already *touch'd* a quarter's wages.

"Varlet, it always was thy vile intention——

"Thou hast, thou hast, thou liar, got a pension!"

Still,

Still, to support my innocence, I've said,
Most sinfully, I own—"I han't, by G—:"—

Yet, had I sworn my eyes out of my head,
They never had believ'd——How vastly odd!

The morning and the evening papers,
Struck by the found, are in the vapours,
And mourn and droop, to think I'm dead—
Stunn'd by the unexpected news,
The MAGAZINES and the REVIEWS
For grief can scarcely lift the head.

"Nothing but poor mechanic stuff," they cry,

"Shall now be quoted for the public eye;—

"Nothing original in song—

"No novelty of images and thought

"Before our fair Tribunal shall be brought!

"But trifling transpositions of our tongue:

"Nought but a solemn pomp of words,

"Bearing a lifeless thought, shall readers meet—

"The picture of a funeral that affords;

"So solemn marching thro' the staring street.

"Where flags, and horse, and foot, a sorrow ape,

"With all the dread dismality of crape,

"Near the poor corpse—perhaps a puny brat,

"Or dry old maid, as meagre as a cat."—

No, Sir! you never offer'd me a pension—

But then I guess it is your kind intention—

Yes, Sir, you mean a small *douceur* to proffer;

But give me leave, Sir, to decline the offer.

I'm

I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir, for your good will;
 But Oratorios have half undone ye:
 'Tis whisper'd, too, that thieves have robb'd the Till
 Which kept your milk and butter money.

So much with saving wisdom are you taken,
 Drury and Covent-Garden seem forsaken—
 Since *cost* attendeth those theatric borders,
 Content you go to RICHMOND HOUSE with *orders*.

Form'd to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,
 When lately the sweet PRINCESS * came of age,
 Train oil instead of wax was bid t' illumine
 The goodly company and dancing room!
 This never had been done, I'm very sure,
 Had not you been, *some way or other*, poor.

You now want guineas to buy live stock, Sir,
 To graze your Windsor hill and vale;
 And farmers will not let their cattle stir,
 Until the money's down upon the nail.

I'm told your sheep have dy'd by dogs and bitches,
 And that your fowls have suffer'd by the fitchews;
 And that your man-traps, guards of goose and duck,
 And cocks and hens, have had but so so luck.
 Scarce fifty rogues, in chase of fowls and eggs,
 Have in those loving engines lost their legs.

The bulse, Sir, on a visit to the Tow'r,
 Howe'er the Royal Visage may look sour,
 Howe'er an object of a deep devotion,
 Must cross once more the eastern Ocean!

* Princess Royal.

Indeed I hope the di'monds will be *off*,
 Or scandal on us rolls in floods——
 Some NABOB may be vile enough
 To bring an action for stol'n goods——
 An action, to speak lawyer-like, of *Trover*;
 And Heav'n forbid it should come over!

For money matters, I am sure,
 The Abbey music was put off;
 Because the Royal purse is poor,
 Plagu'd with a dry consumptive cough;
 Yet in full health again that purse may riot,
 By God's grace, and a skim-milk diet.

Cloze as a vice behold the nation's fist!
 Vain will be mouths made up for Civil List;
 And, humble pray'rs, so very stale,
 Will all be call'd an old wife's tale.

Your faithful Commons to your cravings
 Will not give up the nation's savings——
 Your fav'rite minister, I'm told, runs *restiff*,
 And growls at such petitions like a mastiff.

What if *my* good friend HASTINGS goes to pot?
 ADAMS and ANSTRUTHER have flung hard stones——
 He finds his situation rather hot——
 BURKE, FOX, and SHERIDAN, may break his bones.

As surely as *we* saw and felt the bulse,
 Hastings hath got a very awkward pulse;
 Therefore in jeopardy the culprit stands!
 Like patients whose disorders doctors slight
 Too often, he may bid us all good night;
 And slip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, Sir! Oh! then, as long as life endures,
 Nought but remembrance of the bulse is ours;

And

And to a stomach that like *ours* digests,
Slight is the dinner on *remember'd* feasts.

I think we cases understand, and ken
Symptoms, as well as most *ingenious* men;
But Lord! how oft the wisest are mistaken!
Therefore I tremble for his badger'd bacon.

We may be out, with all our skill so clever,
And what we think an ague, prove *jail-fever*.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Sir, the KING,
As sacred Hist'ries sweetly sing,
Was on all-fours turn'd out to grafs,
Just like a horse, or mule, or afs;

Heav'ns! what a fall from kingly glory!
I hope it will not so turn out
'That we shall have (to make a rout)
A second part of that old story!

This pension was well meant, O glorious King,
And for the Bard a very pretty thing;
But let me, Sir, refuse it, I implore——
I ought not to be rich whilst *you* are poor;
No, Sir, I cannot be your humble hack;
I fear your Majesty would break my back.

I dare refuse you for another reason——
We differ in religion, Sir, a deal;
You fancy it a sin ally'd to treason,
And vastly dangerous to the commonweal,
For subjects, minuets and jiggs to play
On the Lord's day.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fiddling—
And in my morals, what the world calls *middling*,

I've ask'd my conscience, that came straight from
Heav'n,

Whether I stood a chance to be forgiv'n,
If on a Sunday, from all scruples free,

I scrap'd the old Black Joke and *Chère Amie*.

" Ah! fool, (exclaim'd my conscience) know

" God never against music made a rule;

" On Sundays you may safely take your bow—

" And play as well the fiddle as the fool."

A late ARCHBISHOP, * too, O King,

Who knew most secrets of the skies,

Said, Heav'n on Sundays relish'd pipe and string,

Where sounds on sounds unceasing rise—

And ask'd, as *Sunday* had its music *there*,

Why *Sunday* shou'd not have its music *here*.

In consequence of this divine opinion,

That PRINCE of PARSONS in your great dominion,

Inform'd his fashionable wife,

That she might have her Sunday routs and cards,

And meet at last with Heav'n's rewards,

When Death should take her precious life.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,

His lady did enjoy her Sunday routs!

Upon GOOD FRIDAY, too, that *awful* day,

Lo! like VAUXHALL, was LAMBETH all so gay!

Now if his present GRACE, with sharpen'd eyes,

Could squint a little deeper in the skies,

He might be able to inform his dame

Of two impostors, p'rhaps, call'd SIN and SHAME,

Who many a pleasure from our grasp remove,

Pretending to commissions from *above*.

* Cornwallis.

Like this, a secret, could his Grace explore,
 What a proud day for *Us* and MISTRESS MOORE?
 For lo, two greater foes we cannot name
 To this world's joys than *Messieurs* SIN and SHAME.

Then might we think no more of praise and prayer,
 But leave at will our Maker in the lurch:
 Sleep, racket, lye a bed, or take the air,
 And order owls and bats to go to church.

SUNDAY, like other DAYS, would then have life:
 Now prim, and starch, and silent, as a Quaker—
 And gloomy in her looks, as if the wife
 Or widow of an UNDERTAKER.

Happy should I have been, my Liege,
 So great a Monarch to oblige:
 And, Sir, between you, and the post,
 And me, you don't know what you've lost—

The loss of me, so great a Bard,
 Is not, O King! to be repair'd.
 My verse superior to the hardest rock,
 Nor earthquake fears, nor sea, nor fire;
 Surpassing, therefore, Mistress DAMER's block,
 That boasts so strong a likeness of you, Sire.
 That block, so pond'rous, must with age decay,
 And all the lines of wisdom wear away;
 I grant the Lady's loyalty and love,
 Yet, "none but PHIDIAS should attempt a JOVE."

The MACEDONIAN HERO grac'd the stone
 Of fam'd PRAXITELES alone;
 Forbidding others to attempt his nob,
 It was so great and difficult a job.

AUGUSTUS swore an oath so dread,
 He'd cut off any poet's head,

But

But VIRGIL's, that should dare his praise rehearse,
Or mention ev'n his name in verse.

Then, Sir, if I may be a little free,
My art would suit your merits to a T.

Lord! in my adamantine lays
Your virtues would like bonfires blaze——
So firm your tuneful jeweller would set 'em,
They'd break the teeth of TIME to eat 'em.
Wrapp'd in the splendor of my golden line,
For ever would your Majesty be fine!
Appear a gentleman of first repute,
And always glitter in a birth-day suit.

Then to all stories would I give the lie,
That dar'd attack you and your fame devour;
Making a King a ninepin in our eye,
Who ought like Egypt's pyramids to tow'r;
Such as the following fable, for example;
Of impudence, unprecedented sample!

THE ROYAL SHEEP.

SOME time ago a dozen lambs,
Two rev'rend patriarchal rams,
And one good motherly old Ewe,
Died on a sudden down at KEW;

Where, with the sweetest innocence, alas!

Those pretty, inoffensive lambs,
And rev'rend horned patriarchal rams,
And motherly old Ewe, were nibbling grafs:
All, the fair property of our great King,
Whose deaths did much the royal bosom wring:

'Twas

'Twas said that dogs had tickled them to death :
Play'd with their gentle throats, and stopp'd their breath.

Like HOMER's heroes on th' ensanguin'd plain,
Stalk'd Mr. ROBINSON * around the slain !

And never was more frighten'd in his life !
So shock'd was Mr. Robinson's whole face,
Not stronger horrors could have taken place,
Had CERBERUS devour'd his wife !

With wild, despairing looks, and sighs,
And wet and pity-asking eyes,
He, trembling, to the royal presence ventur'd—
White as the whitest napkin when he enter'd !
White as the man who fought King PRIAM's bed,
And told him that his warlike son was dead.

“ O please your Majesty”—he, blubb'ring, cried—
And then stopp'd short——

“ What? what? what? what?” the staring King re-
plied—

“ Speak, Robinson, speak, speak, what, what's the
“ hurt?”

“ O Sire,” said Robinson again——

“ Speak”—said the King—“ put, put me out of pain—

“ Don't, don't in this suspense a body keep”—

“ O Sire!” cried Robinson, “ the sheep! the sheep!”

“ What of the sheep,” replied the King, “ pray,
pray—

“ Dead! Robinson, dead, dead, or run away?”

“ Dead! answer'd Robinson; dead! dead! dead! dead!”

Then like a drooping lily, hung his head!

“ How, how?” the monarch ask'd, with visage sad.

“ By dogs,” said Robinson, “ and likely mad!”

“ No,

* The Hind.

“ No, no, they can’t be mad, they can’t be mad—
 “ No, no, things arn’t so bad, things arn’t so bad,”
 “ Rejoin’d the King,
 “ Off with them quick to market—quick, depart;—
 “ In with them, in, in with them in a cart—
 “ Sell, sell them for as much as they will bring.”

Now to Fleet Market, driving like the wind,
 Amidst his murder’d mutton, rode the HIND,
 All in the royal cart so great,
 To try to sell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,
 And ewe and rams,
 Design’d for many a London dinner,
 Reach’d the fair ears of Master Sheriff SKINNER,
 Who with a hammer and a conscience clear,
 Gets glory and ten Thousand pounds a year,
 And who, if things go tolerably fair,
 Will be one day proud LONDON’S proud LORD MAYOR.

The Alderman was in his pulpit shining,
 ‘Midst Gentlemen with nightcaps, hair and wigs;
 In language most rhetorical defining
 The sterling merit of a lot of pigs :

When suddenly the news was brought,
 That in Fleet Market were unwholesome sheep,
 Which made the PREACHER from his pulpit leap,
 As nimble as a taylor or as thought.

For justice panting, and unaw’d by fears,
 This King, this Emperor of Auctioneers,
 Set off—a furious face indeed he put on——
 Like light’ning did he gallop up Cheapside!
 Like thunder down thro’ Ludgate did he ride
 To catch the man who sold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet Market full of wrath he came
And with the spirit of an ancient Roman,
Exceeded I believe by no man,
The Alderman, so virtuous, cried out, "SHAME!"

"D—mme," to ROBINSON said Master SKINNER,
"Who on such mutton, Sir, can make a dinner?"

"*You*, if you please,"

Cried Mr. Robinson, with perfect ease.

"Sir!"—quoth the red-hot ALDERMAN again—

"*You*,"—quoth the HIND, in just the same cool strain.

"Off, off," cried Skinner, with your carrion heap,

"Quick, d—mme, take away your nasty sheep.

"Whilst I command, not e'en the KING

"Shall such vile stuff to market bring,

"And London stalls such garbage put on—

"So take away your stinking mutton."

"*You*," replied Robinson, "*you* cry out 'Shame!'

"*You* blast the sheep, good Master Skinner, pray;

"*You* give the harmless mutton a bad name!

"*You* impudently order it away!

"Sweet Master ALDERMAN, don't make this rout:

"Clap on your spectacles upon your snout;

"And then your keen, surveying eyes regale

"With those same fine large letters on the cart

"Which brought this blasted mutton here for sale."

Poor Skinner read, and read it with a start!

Like HAMLET, frighten'd at his father's Ghost,

The Alderman stood staring like a post;

He saw G. R. inscrib'd, in handsome letters,

Which prov'd the sheep belong'd unto his betters.

The Alderman now turn'd to deep reflection;

And being blest with proper recollection,

Exclaim'd

Exclaim'd—"I've made a great mistake—Oh! fad;
 "The sheep are really not so bad.

"Dear Mr. Robinson, I beg your pardon,
 "Your Job-like patience I've borne hard on;
 "Whoever says the mutton is not good,
 "Knows nothing, Mr. Robinson, of food;
 "I verily believe I could turn glutton,
 "On such neat, wholesome, pretty-looking mutton—
 "Pray, Mr. Robinson, the mutton sell——
 "I hope, Sir, that his Majesty is well."——

So saying, Mr. Robinson he quitted,
 With cherubimic smiles and placid brows,
 For such embarrassing occasions, fitted——
 Adding just five and twenty humble bows.

To work went Robinson to sell the sheep,
 But people would not buy, except dog-cheap;
 At length the sheep were fold—without the fleece,
 And brought King GEORGE just half-a-crown a-piece.

Now for the other faucy *lying* story,
 Made, one would think, to tarnish Kingly glory.

THE K*** AND PARSON YOUNG.

THE K*** (God blefs him) met old PARSON YOUNG
 Walking on Windsor Terrace one fair morning—
 Delightful was the day—the scent was strong—
 A heavenly day for howling and for horning!
 For tearing farmers' hedges down—hallooings—
 Shouts, curses, oaths, and such like pious doings.

“ YOUNG,” cried the K***, “ d’ye hunt, d’ye hunt
“ to-day ?

“ Yes, yes—what, what ? yes, yes, fine day, fine day.”

Low with a rev’rent bow the Priest replied,
“ Great KING ! I really have no horse to ride ;
“ Nothing, O Monarch, but my founder’d mare,
“ And *she*, my LIEGE, as blind as she can stare.”

“ No horse !” rejoin’d the K***, no horse, no horse !”

“ Indeed,” the Parson added, “ I have none :

“ Nothing but poor old *Dobbin*—who of course

“ Is dangerous—being blinder than a stone.”

“ Blind, blind, YOUNG ? never mind—you must,

“ must go,

“ Must hunt, must hunt, YOUNG—stay behind ?—
no no.”

What pity, that the King, in his discourse
Forgot to say, “ I’ll lend ye, YOUNG, a horse !”

The K to YOUNG behaving thus so kind,
Whate’er the danger, and howe’er inclin’d,
At home with *politesse* Young could not stay—
So up his REV’RENCE got upon the mare,
Resolv’d the Chace with MAJESTY to share,
Whate’er the dangers of the day.

Rous’d was the deer !—the KING and PARSON
YOUNG,

CASTOR and POLLUX like, rode side by side ;
When lo, a ditch was to be sprung !

Over leap’d G. THE THIRD with kingly pride.

Over jump’d *Tinker, Towzer, Rockwood, Towler,*
Over jump’d *Mendall, Brushwood, Jubal, Jowler,*
Trimbusb and *Lightning, Music, Ranter, Wonder,*
And fifty others with their mouths of thunder—

Great

Great names! whose pedigrees so fair,
With those of HOMER's heroes might compare.

Thus gloriously attended leap'd the King,
By all those hounds attended with a spring!—
Not CÆSAR's self a fiercer look put on,
When with his host he pass'd the *Rubic*!

But wayward Fate the Parson's Palfr / humbled,
And gave the mare a sudden check—
Unfortunately poor blind *Dobbin* stumbled,
And broke his Reverence's neck.

The MONARCH, gaping, with amaze look'd round
Upon his dead companion on the ground—
“What, what?” he cried,—“YOUNG dead!—
“YOUNG dead! YOUNG dead!—
“Humph!—take him up—and put him home to bed.”
Thus having finish'd——with a cheerful face
NIMROD the second join'd the jovial chace.

A MORAL REFLECTION.

FOOLS would have stopp'd when Parson Young was
kill'd,

And giv'n up ev'ry thought of hound and deer,
And with a weakness, call'd Compassion, fill'd,
Had turn'd *Samaritan*, and dropp'd a tear.

But better far the royal Sportsman knew—
He guess'd the consequence, beyond a doubt—
Full well he guess'd he should not have a view—
And that he should be shamefully thrown out.

P'rhaps

P'rhaps from the royal eye a tear *might* hop;
Yet Pages swear they never saw it drop.

But Majesty may say—"what, what, what's death?
"Nought, nought, nought but a little loss of breath."

To Parson YOUNG, 'twas *more*, I'm very clear—
He lost by death some hundred pounds a year.
A great deal, my dear LIEGE, depends
On having clever bards for friends—
What had ACHILLES been without his HOMER?
A taylor, woollen-draper, or a comber!
Fellows that have been dead a hundred year,
None but the Lord knows how or where—

In Poetry's rich grafs how virtues thrive!—
Some when put in, so lean, scarce seem alive;
And yet, so speedily a bulk obtain—
That ev'n their *owners* know them not again.

Could you, indeed, have gain'd my muse of *fire*,
Great would your luck have been, indeed, great SIRE!

Then had I prais'd your nobleness of spirit!—
Then had I boasted that myself,
Hight PETER, was the first blest, tuneful elf,
You ever gave a farthing to for merit.

Though money be a pretty handy tool;
Of Mammon, lo! I scorn to be the fool!
If Fortune calls, she's welcome to my cot,
Whether she leaves a guinea or a groat:
Whether she brings me from the butcher's shop
The whole sheep, or a simple chop.

For lo! like ANDREW MARVEL I can dine,
And deem a mutton-bone extremely fine—
Then, Sir, how difficult the task, you see,
To bribe a moderate GENTLEMAN like *Me*.

I will

I will not swear *point blank*, I shall not alter—
A *Saint*—my namesake e'en was known to falter.

Nay more—some clever men in opposition,
Whose souls did really seem in good condition;
Who made of *PITT* such horrible complaint,
And damn'd him for the worst of knaves;
Alter'd their minds—became *PITT*'s abject slaves,
And publish'd their new Patron for a *SAINT*.

And who is there that may not change his mind?
Where can you folks of that description find
Who will not sell their souls for cash,
That most angelic, diabolic trash!
E'en grave Divines submit to glitt'ring gold!
The best of consciences are bought and sold:
As in a tale I'll show, most edifying,
And prove to all the world, that I'm not lying.

THE PARSON, THE SQUIRE, AND THE SPANIEL.

A T A L E.

A GENTLEMAN possess'd a fav'rite spaniel,
That never treated maid nor man ill:
This dog, of whom we cannot too much say,
Got from his godfather the name of *Tray*.

After ten years of service just,
Tray, like the race of mortals, fought the dust—
That is to say, the spaniel died:

A coffin then was order'd to be made,
The dog was in the church-yard laid,
And o'er his pale remains the master cry'd.

Lamenting

Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend,
 And willing to commemorate his end,
 He rais'd a small blue stone, just after burial,
 And weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial :

TRAY'S EPITAPH.

HERE rest the relics of a friend below,
 Blest with more sense than half the folks I know ;
 Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
 He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone :
 Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way—
 Blush, CHRISTIANS, if you can, and copy *Tray*.

THE CURATE of the *Huntingtonian* Band,
 Rare breed of gospel hawks that scour the land,
 And fierce on sins their quarry fall,
 Those Locusts, that would eat us all :

Men who with new-invented patent eyes,
 See Heav'n and all the angels in the skies ;
 As plain as in the box of *SHOWMAN SWISS*,
 For little Master made, and curious Miss ;
 We see with huge delight the King of France
 With all his Lords and Ladies dance :

This Curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
 And thus exclaim'd, with infinite devotion :
 " O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord !
 " Fine doings these, upon my word !

" This,

- “ This, truly, is a pretty thing !
 “ What will become of this most shocking world ?
 “ How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,
 “ And then to Satan’s hottest flames be hurl’d !
 “ Oh ! by this damned deed how I am hurried !
 “ A dog in christian ground be buried !
 “ And have an epitaph forsooth so civil :
 “ Egad ! Old Maids will presently be found
 “ Clapping their dead *ram cats* in holy ground,
 “ And writing verses on each mousing devil.”

Against such future casualty providing,
 The Priest set off, like Homer’s Neptune, striding,
 Vowing to put the culprit in the Court :
 He found him at the spaniel’s humble grave ;
 Not praying, neither singing of a slave ;
 And thus began t’ *abuse* him—not *exhort*—

- “ Son of the Dev’l, what hast thou done ?
 “ Nought for the action can atone—
 “ I should not wonder if the great Allwise
 “ Quick darted down his lightning all so red,
 “ And dash’d to earth that wretched head,
 “ Which dar’d so foul, so base an act devise.
 “ Bury a dog like christian folk !
 “ None but the devil cou’d provoke
 “ A man to perpetrate a deed so odd :
 “ Our Inquisition soon the tale shall hear,
 “ And quickly your fine fleece shall shear ;
 “ Why, such a villain can’t believe in God !”
 “ Softly ! my rev’rend Sir,” the squire replied—
 “ Tray was as good a dog as ever died—
 “ No education could his morals mend—
 “ And, what, perhaps, Sir, you may doubt,
 “ Before his lamp of life went out,
 “ He order’d you a legacy, my friend.”

“ Did

“ Did he?—poor dog !” the soften’d priest rejoin’d,
 In accents pitiful and kind ;
 “ What ! was it *Tray* ? I’m sorry for poor Tray :—
 “ Why truly, dogs of such rare merit,
 “ Such real noblenefs of fpirit,
 “ Should not like common dogs be put away.—
 “ Well ! pray what was it that he gave,
 “ Poor fellow ! ere he fought the grave ?
 “ I guefs I may put confidence, Sir, in ye.”
 “ A piece of gold,” the gentleman reply’d—
 “ I’m much oblig’d to *Tray*,” the Parfon cry’d ;
 So left God’s *caufe*, and pocketed the guinea.

Yet, fhould I imitate the fickle wind,
 Or Mr. *patriot* EDEN—change my mind ;
 And for the BARD your Majefty fhould fend,
 And fay, “ Well well, well well, my tuneful friend,
 “ I long, I long, to give you fomething, PETER—
 “ You make fine verfes—nothing can be fweeter—
 “ What will you have ? what, what ? fpeak out—
 “ fpeak out——
 “ Yes, yes, you fomething want,—no doubt, no
 “ doubt.”——

Or fhould you, like fome men who gravely preach,
 Forfake your ufual fhort-hand mode of fpeech,
 And thus begin—in bible-phrafe fublime ;
 “ What fhall be done for our rare *Son of Rhime* ?
 “ The BARD who full of wifdom writeth ?
 “ The BARD in whom the KING *delighteth* ?

Then would the Poet thankfully reply
 With fault’ring voice, low bow, and marv’ling eye,

All meekness ! such a simple, dovelike thing !

“ Bleft be the Bard who verses can endite,

“ To yield a *second Solomon* delight !

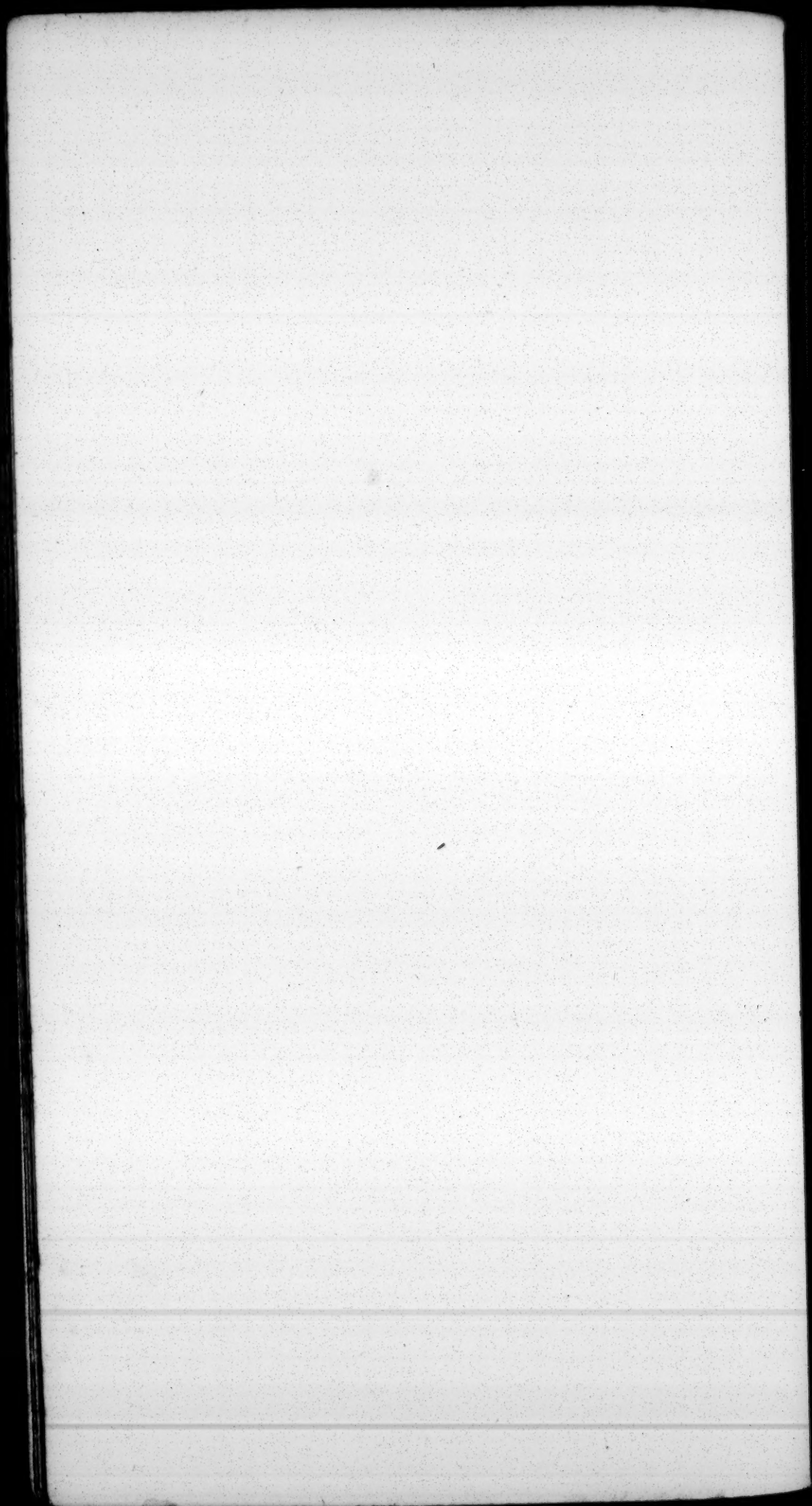
“ Thrice blest, who findeth favour with the King !

“ Since 'tis the Royal Will to give the Bard

“ In whom the King delighteth, some reward,

“ Some mark of Royal Bounty to requite him ;

“ O King ! do any thing but KNIGHT HIM.”



PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET;

OR,

AN IMPORTANT EPISTLE TO SIR JOS. BANKS,

ON THE

APPROACHING ELECTION

OF A

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

'Tros, Rutulufve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.

VIRGIL.

Rank is a Farce—if People Fools will be,
A Scavenger and King's the same to *me*.

La Société Royale de Londres fut formée en 1660, fix Ans avant notre Académie des Sciences. Elle n'a point de Récompenses comme la nôtre ; mais aussi elle est libre. Point de ces Dignités désagréables, inventées par l'ABBE Bignon, qui distribua l'Académie des Sciences en *savans*, qu'on payait, et en honoraires qui n'étoient pas *savans*. La Société de Londres indépendante, et n'étant encouragée que par elle-même, a été composée de Sujets qui ont trouvé le Calcul de l'Infini, les Lois de la Lumière, celles de Pesanteur, l'Aberration des Etoiles, le Telescope de Réflexion, la Pompe à feu, le Microscope solaire, et beaucoup d'autres Inventions aussi utiles qu'admirables. Qu' auroient fait de plus ces GRANDS HOMMES s'ils avoient été Pensionnaires ou Honoraires ?

VOLTAIRE, sur la Société Royale.

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T H E
A R G U M E N T.

A **SUBLIME** and poetical Exordium in which the Bard applaudeth himself, condemneth his Sovereign, and condescendeth to instruct Sir Joseph Banks, F. R. S.—Anecdote of Julius Cæsar and a Conjuror—Peter dwelleth with much solemnity on the gloomy Month of November, and compareth Sir Joseph Banks to Jupiter and Mr. Squib—Asketh shrewd questions—Sir Joseph comprehendeth their sage Meaning, and fieth into a Passion, and boasteth how he revengeth himself on the Fun the World enjoyeth at his Expence—Sir Joseph animadverteth wisely on a Fall from the Presidency to the State of a simple Fellow, obliquely and nobly hinting at a few Traits of his own Character—Peter repelleth with good Advice, exhibiting at the same Time acute Knowledge of the sexual System in botanical Affairs—Sir Joseph refuseth Peter's Counsel—Peter mentioneth Men of Science, whom Sir Joseph scorneth—Sir Joseph letteth the Cat out of the Bag, and sheweth Principles inimical to the Cause of true Philosophy, by wishing to make great Men Fellows, instead of wise Men—Peter moraliseth with profundity, and flappeth the Bugs of Fortune for daring, on Account of their Mammon, to place themselves on a Level with Genius—Sir Joseph maketh more Discovery of his Disposition, by abusing Painting, Poetry, and Music, and wisheth to tread in the Steps of his Sovereign—Peter illustrateth the President's Mode of catching at an Argument, by a beautiful Spider Simile—Sir Joseph boasteth of his Tea and Toast Weapons

pons—Peter animadverteth with his usual *Wisdom* on the miraculous Powers of Meat, when applied to a hungry Stomach—Sir Joseph findeth out a new Road to the Heart—Boasteth of royal Favour—Peter smileth at it, and frighteneth Sir Joseph—Sir Joseph enquireth the World's Opinion of himself—Peter giveth it without Ceremony—Sir Joseph curseth—Peter prayeth him to be quiet, proceedeth, and telleth terrible Things—Sir Joseph sweareth—Praiseth himself—Peter answereth—Sir Joseph praiseth himself again for his being able to lead great Folks by the Nose, and braggeth of royal Whispers—Peter guesseth at the royal whispers, and expreſseth Pleasure thereat—Again boasteth the President of what he can do—Peter solemnly smileth in a superb Simile taken from wild Beasts—Sir Joseph vaunteth on his great Acquaintance with Vegetables and Monkies—Peter acquiesceth in his Monkey Wisdom, but denieth its Importance, and turneth Butterfly and Egg Knowledges over to idle old maids—Peter acknowledgeth the Merits of Indian, Booby, and Noddy killing; Lizard, Bat, Scurvygrafs, and Lady-smock hunting, yet differeth with Sir Joseph as to the Idea of its Importance—The President again boasteth—Peter solemnly replieth, and telleth strange Matters of Sir William Hamilton—Sir Joseph breaketh out violently, and with an Air of Defiance, on the Subject of Mr. Herschel—Peter acquiesceth, in some Measure, on the Merits of Mr. Herschel, and prophesieth more Discoveries by this Astronomer than struck the Imagination of Sir Joseph—Peter prophesieth of the future Grandeur of Cheltenham, by means of Mills to supply the great Flux of People with Paper—Peter giveth more glory to Mr. Herschel's Glafs, than to Mr. Herschel's Head—

Sir Joseph groweth abusive—Peter properly replieth—Sir Joseph again triumpheth—Peter cutteth him down from his Laud on his Grace of Marlborough's Spy-glass Discoveries, and John Hunter's Sows and Partridges—Sir Joseph plumeth himself on Dr. Blagden—Peter praiseth Dr. Blagden—Sir Joseph praiseth Sir Benjamin Thompson, Lord Mulgrave, and the unassuming Quaker Dr. Lettsome; moreover praiseth the Doctor's Hobby Horse, Mangel Worsal, alias Wortzel—Sir Joseph enquireth the Merits of Mr. Aubert, the Silkman—Peter smileth, and answereth wittily—Sir Joseph enquireth about Mr. Daines Barrington—Peter answereth in like Manner—Sir Joseph's Ire boileth over—Peter laugheth—Peter cometh to the Point, and telleth the President in plain Terms that he must depend on the many, more than one, meaning our most gracious King—Sir Joseph exclaimeth with his usual Vulgarity, and taxeth the revolting Members with Ingratitude, and flieth to Meat and Drink for his future Supporters—Peter praiseth Meat and Drink, yet insisteth on the Truth of an intended Rebellion—Sir Joseph, in a Strain of Despondency, looketh to the Lord for Support—Peter giveth him no Hopes from that Quarter—Sir Joseph, in a Tyger-like Manner, breaketh out into Rage and Boasting—Peter acknowledgeth his Merits, but informeth the President of their Insufficiency—Sir Joseph voweth to play the Devil—Peter exalteth Sir Joseph's intended Manœuvre by a Comparison of a Miracle frequently worked in Popish Countries on Rats and Grasshoppers—Peter still harpeth on the old String of something more—Sir Joseph adduceth more Instances of Merit, such as eating Matters that would make a Hottentot vomit—Peter acknow-

ledgeth Sir Joseph's uncommon Stomach-Powers and triumphs over Reptiles ; but with Obstinacy insisteth upon it that something more must be atchieved—The President upon this, most wickedly, yet most heroically, declareth, that he will then swallow an Alligator—Peter dissuadeth Sir Joseph, like a Friend, from his bold Intention, and recommendeth a Meal of a milder Quality.

PETER's

PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET.

THE BARD who fill'd with Friendship's purest fire,
Tun'd to a mighty King the moral lyre;
With all the magic of the Muse's art,
Smil'd at his foibles and enlarg'd * his heart——
Ungrateful Prince! like most of modern times,
Who never thank'd the Poet for his rhymes:
The BARD with wisdom's voice sublimely strong,
Who scar'd the maids of honour with his song,
Turn'd courtiers pale, and turn'd to silent wonder
Ambassadors, at TRUTH's deep tone of thunder;
Who in *their* country, (such a timid thing!)
Was never known to *whisper* to a king:
The BARD who dar'd undaunted thus to tow'r,
And boldly oracles to Princes pour,
Stoops from the zenith of his eagle flight
To give instruction to a *simple* Knight.

* Verily the LYRIC BARD hath cause of triumph—by means of a few *hints*, the close fist of *Royal Economy* hath been a little unclenched. —By God's grace, and the Poet's good health, *greater* things are likely to be accomplished, such is the power of *song*!

To CÆSAR, who th' advice with scorn repaid,
 'Beware the *Ides of March*," a Conj'ror said,
 More rev'renc'd let a *greater* Conj'ror say,
 "Beware, Sir JOSEPH BANKS, *St. Andrew's Day*."
 Near is the gloomy month, and gloomy hour,
 When of your plumage stripp'd, and fav'rite pow'r,
 You quit that mace and pompous chair of state,
 And cease Lord Paramount of Moth debate,
 That awe-inspiring hammer'd fist to rear,
 Like scepter'd JOVE, and SQUIB the AUCTIONEER!

S I R J O S E P H.

Well! what's *November's* † gloomy month or hour?
 The day which ravishes, restores my pow'r.

P E T E R.

Perchance Ambition may be doom'd to mourn!
 Perchance your honours may no more return!
 Think what a host of enemies you make!
 What feeling mind would be a BULL at stake?
 Pinch'd by this mongrel, by that mastiff torn:
 Who'd make a feast to treat the public scorn?
 Who'd be a BEAR that grasps his club with pride
 With which his *Dancing Master* drubs his hide?
 None, dear Sir JOSEPH, but the arrant'ft fool
 Turns butt to catch the shafts of ridicule.

S I R J O S E P H.

Your meaning, friend, I easily divine!

P E T E R.

Yes, quit for life the chair—resign, resign.

† On the thirtieth of November the President is annually elected.

S I R J O S E P H.

No! with contempt the grinning world I see,
And always laugh at *those* who laugh at *me*.

P E T E R.

To steal a point then, may I never thrive,
But you must be the *merriest* man alive.

S I R J O S E P H.

Good!—but, my friend, 'twould be a black November,
To lose the chair, and sneak a vulgar member;
Sit on a bench *mumchance* without my hat*,
Sunk from a Lion to a tame Tom Cat:
Just like a Schoolboy trembling o'er his book,
Afraid to move, or speak, or think, or look,
When Mr. President, with mastiff air,
Vouchsafes to grumble "Silence" from the chair.

P E T E R.

All this is mortifying to be sure,
And more than flesh and blood can well endure!
Then to your turnip fields in peace retire:
Return like CINCINNATUS, country squire:
Go with your wisdom, and amaze the Boors
With appletree, and shrub, and flow'r amours;
And tell them all, with wide-mouth'd wonder big,
How gnats † can make a cuckold of a fig.
Form fly clubs, shell clubs, weed clubs, if you please,
And proudly reign the PRESIDENT of *these*:
Go, and with periwinkle wisdom charm:
With loves of lobsters, oysters, crabs, alarm;
And tell them how like *ours*, the females woo'd,
By kissing, people all the realms of mud:

* The President always wears his hat.

† See the Natural History of the Fig.

Thus,

Thus, tho' proud LONDON dares refuse you fame,
The towns of LINCOLNSHIRE shall raise your name,
Knock down the bear, and bull, and calf, and king,
And bid SIR JOSEPH on their signposts swing.

S I R J O S E P H.

No! since I've fairly mounted Fortune's mast,
Till Fate shall chop my hands off, I'll hold fast.

P E T E R.

And yet, Sir Joseph, fame reports you stole
To Fortune's topmast through the *lubberhole* *.
Think of the men, whom Science so reveres!
HORSLEY, and WILSON, MASKELYNE, MASERES,
LANDEN, and HORNSBY, ATWOOD, GLENIE, HUT-
TON,——

S I R J O S E P H.

Blockheads! for whom I do not care a button!
Fools, who to *mathematics* would confine us,
And *bother* all our ears with *plus* and *minus*.

P E T E R.

No more they search the philosophic mine,
To bid the journals with their labours shine,
And yield a glorious splendor to the page,
Such as when NEWTON, HALLEY grac'd the age!
Retir'd, those members now behold with sighs
The dome, like Egypt, swarm with frogs and flies;
And *you*, the PHARAOH too without remorse,
The stubborn parent of the reptile curse;
See Wisdom yield to Folly's rude control;
Jove's eagle murder'd by a mousing owl †.

* A part of the ship well-known to seamen.

† Vide Shakespeare.

S I R J O S E P H.

Poh! poh! my friend, I've star-gazers enough;
 I now look round for diff'rent kind of stuff;
 Besides—*untitled* members are mere fwine;
 I wish for *princes* on my list to shine;
 I'll have a company of stars and strings;
 I'll have a proud fociety of *kings*!
 I'll have no miserable squeal tomtit,
 Whilst Fortune offers pheasants to my spit!
 For me, the Dev'l may take a nameless fry——
 No sprats, no sprats, whilst whales can feast my eye.

P E T E R.

Thus on a stall, amidst a country fair,
 Old Women show of gingerbread their ware!
 King DAVID and Queen BETHSHEBA behold,
 Strut from their dough majestic, grac'd with gold!
 King SOLOMON so great in all his glory,
 The Queen of SHEBA too, renown'd in story!
 The Grannies these display with doting eyes;
 Delighted see them all the Louts surprise;
 Whilst no poor bak'd Plebeian, great or small,
 Dares show his sneaking nose upon the stall!

Sir Joseph, do not fancy, that by fate
 Great wisdom goes with titles and estate!
 I grant that pride and insolence appear
 When purblind FORTUNE thousands gives a year.
 Too many of Fortune's insects have I seen,
 Proud of some little name, with scornful mien,
 High o'er the head of modest Genius rise,
 Pert, foppish, whiffling, flutt'ring butterflies!
 Weak imps! on whom, their planets all so kind,
 In pity to their poverty of mind,
 Around them treasure bountifully shed,
 Convinc'd the fools would want a bit of bread.

S I R

S I R J O S E P H.

Since truth must out, then know, my biting friend,
 Philosophers my soul with horror rend ;
 Whene'er their mouths are open'd, I am mum——
 Plague take 'em, should a *President* be dumb ?
 I loathe the arts—the universe may know it——
 I hate a painter, and I hate a poet——
 To these two ears, a bear *MARCHESI* growls,
MARA and *BILLINGTON* a brace of owls.
 To circles of pure ignorance conduct me ;
 I hate the company that can *instruct* me ;
 I wish to imitate my King, so *nice*,
 Great Prince, who ne'er was known to take advice !
 Who keeps no company (delightful plan !)
 That dares be wiser than himself, good man !

P E T E R.

In troth, Sir Joseph, I have often seen ye
 Look in debate a *little* like a ninny,
 Struggling to grasp the sense with mouth, hands, eyes,
 And with the philosophic Speaker rise ;
 Just like a spider brush'd by *SUSAN*'s broom,
 That tries to claw its thread, and mount the room,
 Poor sprawling reptile, but with humbled air
 Condemned to sneak away behind a chair.

S I R J O S E P H.

Still to the point—a rout let *fellows* make ;
 My pow'r is too well fix'd for *such* to shake ;
 My sure artill'ry hath o'ercome a *host*.

P E T E R.

I own the great, past pow'rs of tea and toast !
 Ven'sons a *CÆSAR* in the fiercest fray :
 Turtle an *ALEXANDER* in its way :

And

And then, in quarrels of a flighter nature,
 Mutton's a most successful Mediator !
 So much superior is the stomach's smart
 To all the vaunted horror, of the heart ;
 E'en LOVE, who often triumphs in his grief,
 Hath ceas'd to feed on sighs, to feed on beef.

S I R J O S E P H.

Yes, yes, my friend, my tea and butter'd rolls
 Have found an easy pass to people's souls :
 My well-tim'd dinners (*certain folks* revere)
 Have left this easy bosom nought to fear.
 The turnpike road to people's hearts I find,
 Lies through their guts, or I mistake mankind ;
 Besides, while thus I boast my Sov'reign's smile,
 Let raggamuffins rage, and rogues revile.

P E T E R.

Alas ! Sir Joseph ! grant the KING you please,
 Which ev'ry Courtier's eye with envy sees ;
 A glorious thing too, no man can deny it ;
 Though no man ever got a sixpence by it ;
 Yet of our lucky island, *certain* KINGS,
 Far from *all*-mighty, are not *mighty* things ;
 And though with many a wren you make him blest,
 And many a tomtit's egg and tomtit's nest ;
 And many a monkey stuff'd to make him grin,
 And many a flea and beetle on a pin ;
 And promise (to cajole the royal mind)
 To make his butcher member, and his hind ;
 It is not *he*, with Polyphemus stare,
 And stern command, perpetuates the Chair !
 I know that disaffection taints the throng,
 And know the world is lavish in its tongue.

S I R

S I R J O S E P H.

Ah! tell me fairly without more delay,
 What 'tis the blackguard world hath dar'd to say;
 Perhaps a petty devil I'm pourtray'd;
 The world's free brush deals damnably in shade.

P E T E R.

Thus, then, "How dares that man his carcase squat,
 " Bold in the sacred chair where Newton sat;
 " Whose eye could NATURE's darkest vale pervade,
 " And, sun-like, view the solitary MAID;
 " Pursue the Wand'rer through each secret maze,
 " And on her labours dart a noontide blaze?
 " When to the chair BANKS forc'd his bold ascent,
 " He crawl'd a *bug* upon the *monument*."

S I R J O S E P H.

Curse them!—

P E T E R.

Have patience, dear Sir Joseph, pray!
 I have not mentioned half the people say:—
 Thus then again, "He beats the bears, so rude,
 " With bulldog aspect, and with brains of mud;
 " His words, like stones for pavements, make us start;
 " Rude, roughly rumbling, tumbling from the cart;
 " Who for importance all his lungs employs,
 " And thinks that words, like drums, were made for
 " noise.
 " A fellow so unqualified to shine!
 " Who never to the Journals gave a line;
 " But into SWEDEN cast a fox-like look,
 " And caught Goose DRYANDER to write his book*.

* A most pompous Birth in the botanical way is to make its appearance soon; Sir Joseph the reputed father, though Jonas Dryander, the Swede, his secretary, begets it.

" Such

" Such is the *mania* for the claps of Fame,
 " So fought by many a Squire and gentle Dame,
 " Resembling Beggars that on alms grow fat;
 " Who, if too weak *themselves* to make a brat,
 " *Buy* children up to melt the trav'ler's eye,
 " And from his pocket call the charity.

" Through *him* each trifle-hunter that can bring
 " A grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle's wing,
 " Shall to a FELLOW's dignity succeed;
 " Witness LORD CHATHAM and his *pifs-a-bed**!
 " How had he pow'rs to muster up the face
 " To ask a PRESIDENT's important place?
 " How with a matchless insolence to dare
 " Abuse and jostle PRINGLE † from the chair?

* *Vulgarly* called *Dandelion*. Something of this kind (a most wonderful species!) was presented by the eldest born of the great PITT, for which he was created F. R. S.

† About the year 1779, conductors were ordered to be placed near all our magazines to secure them from the effects of lightning. A question then arose, *which* would best succeed, *blunt* or *pointed* conductors. Sir John Pringle, with the sensible part of the Society, were of opinion, as, indeed, was Dr. Franklin, that points were preferable.—Sir Joseph Banks and his party roared loudly for the blunts.—The dispute ran so high, that His Majesty took a part in it; and being rather *partial* to *blunt conductors*, thought to put an end to the matter by giving his own peremptory decision, and announcing to the world the superiority of *NOBS*. To confirm his *great* and *wise* opinion, *NOBS* were actually fixed on iron rods at the end of Buckingham House.—This, however, was not all; on the birth-day, His Majesty desired Sir John to give it to the world as the opinion of the Royal Society, that Dr. Franklin was *wrong*. The President replied, like a man, that it was not in his power to reverse the order of Nature. The Sovereign could not easily see that, and therefore repeated his commands.—Teized by the King from time to time to oppose the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin, and the laws of Nature; and constantly barked at by Sir Joseph and his moth-hunting phalanx; he resigned the chair, and returned to Scotland.—The honour was instantaneously snapped at and caught by the present possessor, such as he is!

" A moth

“ A moth-hunter, a crab-catcher, a bat,
 “ That owes its sole existence to a gnat!
 “ A hunter of the meanest reptile breed,
 “ A f—l that crosses oceans for a weed!

“ Once tow’ring SCIENCE made Crane Court † her
 “ home,

“ And heav’n-born WISDOM patroniz’d the dome;
 “ With awful aspect at the portal shone,
 “ And to her mansion woo’d the wise alone;
 “ Now at the door see moon-eyed FOLLY grin,
 “ Inviting birds-nest hunters to come in:
 “ Idiots who specks on eggs devoutly ken,
 “ And furbish up a folio on a wren.”

You see the world, Sir Joseph, scorns to flatter—

S I R J O S E P H.

By God! I think it hath not minc’d the matter.
 Yet, by the Pow’r who made me, PETER, know,
 I’m honour’d, star’d at, wherefoe’er I go!
 Soon as a room I enter, lo, all ranks
 Get up to compliment Sir JOSEPH BANKS!——

P E T E R.

And then sit down again, I do suppose;
And then around the room a whisper goes,
 “ Lord, that’s Sir JOSEPH BANKS!—how grand his
 “ look!
 “ Who sail’d all round the world with CAPTAIN
 “ COOK!”

S I R J O S E P H.

Zounds! what the devil’s fame if this be not?

P E T E R.

Sir Joseph, prithee don’t be such a sot——

† The Royal Society’s rooms are removed from Crane Court at
 Somerset Place.

Those wonderful admirers, man, were dozens
 Of fresh imported, staring country Cousins ;
 To London come, the waxwork to devour,
 And see their brother beasts within the Tow'r :
 True fame is praise by men of *wisdom* giv'n,
 Whose souls display some workmanship of Heav'n ;
 Not by the wooden million——Nature's chips,
 Whose twilight souls are ever in eclipse ;
 Puppies ! who, though on idiotism's dark brink,
 Because they've *heads*, dare fancy they can *think*.

S I R J O S E P H.

What though unletter'd †, I can lead the herd,
 And laugh at half the members to their beard.
 Frequent to Court I go, and midst the ring,
 I catch most gracious whispers from the KING—

P E T E R.

And well (I think) I hear each precious speech,
 In sentiment sublime, and language rich ;
 “ What's new, Sir JOSEPH ? what, what's new found
 “ out ?
 “ What's the society, what, what about ?
 “ Any more monsters, lizard, monkey, rat,
 “ Egg, weed, mouse, butterfly, pig, what, what, what ?
 “ Toad, spider, grasshopper, Sir JOSEPH BANKS ?
 “ Any more thanks, more thanks, more thanks, more
 “ thanks ?
 “ You still eat raw flesh, beetle, viper, bat,
 “ Toad, tadpole, frog, Sir Joseph, what, what, what ? ”

Such is the language of the first of Kings,
 That many a sighing heart with envy stings !

† In spite of our objection to Sir Joseph as a President, we must allow his candour in acknowledging himself *unletter'd*, as he really was refused his degree at CAMBRIDGE, though every interest was implored to make him pass muster.

And

And much I'm pleas'd to fancy that I hear
 Such wise and gracious whispers greet your ear :
 Yet if the greater part of members growl,
 Though owls themselves, and curse *you* for an owl ;
 And bent the great Sir JOSEPH BANKS to humble,
 Behold the GIANT PRESIDENT must tumble.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! Sir, the GREAT-ONES to my whistle come,
 I have 'em ev'ry one beneath my thumb.
 ELECTORS, MARGRAVES, PRINCES, grace my list,
 And shall a few poor ragged rogues resist,
 Because (a flock of astronomic gulls)
 The cobweb mathematics cloud their sculls?
 The GREAT, when beckon'd to, my cause shall aid,
 And happy think themselves with *thanks* o'erpaid :
 These shall arise, and with a single frown,
 Beat, the bold front of opposition down.

PETER.

Thus by a word, the SHOWMAN at the Tow'r
 Exerts on brother savages his pow'r;
 Bids NERO, CÆSAR, POMPEY, spread their paws,
 And show the dangers of their gaping jaws!

SIR JOSEPH.

By heav'ns! I've merit, say whate'er you please!
 Can name the vegetable tribes with ease——
 What monkey walks the woods or climbs a tree
 Whose genealogy's unknown to *me*?

PETER.

I grant you, Sir, in monkey knowledge great;
 Yet say, should monkeys give you NEWTON's seat?

Such

Such merit scarcely is enough to dub
 A man a member of a country club.
 With novel specks on eggs to feast the eye,
 Or gaudy colours of a butterfly,
 Or new-found fibre of some grassy blade,
 Well suits the idle hours of some old maid,
 (Whose sighs each lover's vanish'd sighs deplore)
 To murder time when Cupids kill no more;
 Not men, who, lab'ring with a Titan mind,
 Should scale the skies to benefit mankind.
 I grant you full of anecdote, my friend——
Bons mots, and wond'rous stories without end;
 Yet if a tale can claim, or jest so rare,
 Ten thousand gossips might demand the chair.

To shoot at boobies *, noddies, with such luck,
 And pepper a poor Indian like a duck;
 To hunt for days a lizard or a gnat,
 And run a dozen miles to catch a bat;
 To plunge in marshes, and to scale the rocks,
 Sublime, for scurvygrafs and lady-smocks †,
 Are matters of proud triumph, to be sure,
 And such as FAME's fair volume should secure:
 Yet to my mind, it is not such a feat,
 As gives a man a claim to NEWTON's feat.

S I R J O S E P H.

Yet are there men of genius who support me!
 Proud of my friendship see Sir WILLIAM court me!

* "Great and manifold were Sir Joseph's triumphs over these defenceless animals," says Dr. Hawksworth's most miserable account; which might more properly be christened "The history of Sir Joseph Banks," so much, indeed, is Sir Joseph the hero of the tale.

† See Hawksworth's account of Captain Cook's Voyage.

P E T E R.

Great in the eating knowledge all allow ;
 Who sent you once the *Sumen* of a sow † ;
 Far richer food than pigs that lose their breath,
 Whipp'd, like poor soldiers on parades, to death,
 Sir WILLIAM, hand and glove with NAPLES KING !
 Who made with rare antiques the nation ring ;
 Who when VESUVIUS foam'd with melted matter,
 March'd up and clapp'd his nose into the *crater*,
 Just with the same *sang froid* that JOAN the cook
 Casts on her dumplings in the crock a look.

But more the world reports (I hope untrue)
 That half SIR WILLIAM'S Mugs and Gods are *new* ;
Himself the Baker of th' Etrurian ware,
 That made our British Antiquarians stare ;
 Nay, that he means ere long to cross the main,
 And at his Naples oven sweat again ;
 And by his late successes render'd bolder,
 To bake *new* mugs, and gods some ages *older* !

S I R J O S E P H.

God bless us ! what to Herschel dare you say,
 The astronomic genius of the day,
 Who soon will find more wonders in the skies,
 And with more *Georgium Siduses* surprise ?

P E T E R.

More Ætnas in the Moon——*more* cinder loads !
 Perhaps mail coaches on her turnpike roads,

† Sir W. HAMILTON, who sent Sir Joseph from Italy this precious present—The mode of making it properly is, by tying the teats of a sow, soon after she hath littered, continuing the ligature till the poor creature is nearly exhausted with torture, and then cutting her throat. The effects of the milk diffused through this belly part are so delicious, as to be thought to make ample atonement for the barbarity.

By some great LUNAR PALMER taught to fly,
 To gain the gracious glances of the eye
 Of some penurious Prince of high degree,
 And charm the monarch with a *postage free*;
 Such as to CHELT'NHAM & waters urg'd their way,
 Where CLOACINA holds her *easy sway*;
 Where paper mills shall load with wealth the town,
 And ev'ry shop shall deal in *whitish-brown*;
 Where for the coach the KING was wont to watch,
 Loaded with fish, fowl, bacon, and dispatch &;
 Eggs and small beer, potatoes, too, a store,
 That cost in CHELT'NHAM market twopence more;
 Converting thus a coach of matchless art,
 With two rare geldings, to a *Sutler's cart*.——
 But, voluble Sir Joseph—not so fast—
 The fame of HERSCHEL is a dying blast:
 When on the moon he first began to peep,
 The wond'ring world pronounc'd the Gazer deep:
 But wiser now th' *un-wond'ring* world, alas!
 Gives all poor HERSCHEL's glory to his *glafs*;
 Convinc'd his boasted astronomic strength,
 Lies in his *tube's* ||, not *head's* prodigious length.

§ Mr. PALMER very *generously* offered His SOVEREIGN a mail coach to carry letters and dispatches to and from Cheltenham—the offer was *too great* to be refused—a splendid carriage was built for the occasion: His most æconomic Majesty, however, wisely knowing that something more than a few letters might be contained in Mr. Palmer's vehicle, converted it, as the Poet hath observed, into a cart, and saved many a sixpence.

|| We would not detract from Mr. HERSCHEL's *real* merit.—By a true German cart-horse labour, he made a little improvement on Dr. MUDGE's method of constructing mirrors; such are this gentleman's pretensions to a nich in the temple of FAME.—As for his mathematical abilities, they can scarcely be called the *shadows* of Science.

D d

S I R

SIR JOSEPH.

What, niggard, not on HERSCHEL fame bestow,
So curious a discov'rer?—

P E T E R.

No! man, no!

Give it to MUDGE*, whose head contains more
Than (trust me) ever lodg'd in HERSCHEL's House.

SIR JOSEPH.

Lo, at my call the noble MARLB'ROUGH's vote,
Whose observations much our fame promote.

P E T E R.

Who from his Blenheim chimnies wonders spies—
The *daily advertiser* of the skies:
Who equals his great Ancestor in head;
A Hero† who could neither write nor read:
Thus equal form'd, to all the world's surprize;
As one *swept* earth, the other *sweeps* the skies.

SIR JOSEPH.

HUNTER‡ with fish intrigues our House regales—

P E T E R.

The tender history of cooing whales§!—

* Dr. MUDGE of Plymouth.

† The famous Duke of Marlborough was reported to have been a very illiterate man; which shows that a headpiece for the arts and sciences, and a headpiece for facing cannon balls, are wisely formed of different materials.

‡ John Hunter actually received the Society's gold medal for three papers, viz. on fowgelling: on the wolf, jackall, and dog; *proving incontrovertibly*, what the world knew before, that the aforesaid animals were *bonâ fide* of the same species: and on the loves of whales.

§ See Article 30, 1780, in the Philosophical Transactions, where Mr. John Hunter gives a wonderful account of a partridge with three legs, that by age changed from a *female* to a *male*.

SIR

S I R J O S E P H.

Great in the noble art of gelding fows!——

P E T E R.

And giving to the boar a barren spouse!
 Who proves what many unbelievers shocks,
 That age converts hen partridges to cocks!
 And why not, since it is denied by no man
 That age hath made JOHN HUNTER an OLD
 WOMAN?

Believe me, still as well might papists bring
 Quills from a SERAPH's tail, or CHERUB's wing;
 Saint DUNSTAN's crab stick, which the SAINT uncivil,
 Broke on the back of our great foe, the DEVIL;
 SAINT ANDREW's toe, SAINT AGATHA's old smock,
 And stones that rattled round SAINT STEPHEN's block;
 SAINT JOSEPH's sighs so deep, preserv'd in bottles,
 Amounting, legends say, to many pottles;
 Caught as the SAINT, with all his might and main,
 Was cleaving billets for his fire in twain;
 Or bones * from Catacombs to form new faints,
 To cure, like all quack medicines, all complaints!
 Such might the journals of the house record,
 As well as HUNTER's wondrous *cock-hen bird*.

S I R J O S E P H.

Like BLAGDEN who can write and deeply think?

P E T E R.

Who write like *him* on iron moulds and ink †?—
 See shirts and shifts by iron moulds that rot,
 By BLAGDEN's wisdom lose each yellow spot!

* In 1672, four hundred saints were recruited. Such was the extraordinary harvest of baptized and canonized bones from the Catacombs at Rome. Vid. Religious Rites and Ceremonies.

† Vid. Article 39, 1787, of the Philof. Trans.

For this shall laundry virgins lift their voice ;
 Napkins and damask table-cloths rejoice ;
 Robins and caps, and sheets, and pillow-cases,
 Lose their sad stains, and smile with lily faces.
 Lo ! to improve of man the soaring mind,
 For sacred science, to his skin unkind,
 Did Doctor Blagden in an oven ‡ bake,
 Brown as burnt coffee or a barley cake,
 Whilst down his nose projecting, sweat in rills
 Unfav'ry flow'd like hartshorn streams from stills.

S I R J O S E P H.

Great Duckweed THOMPSON §, all my soul reveres
 And MULGRAVE charms me with his arctic bears.
 My eyes with shells, lo ! limpet DAVIES greets !
 And Doctor LETTSOME with his rare horse beets !
 Beets, that with shame our parsnips shall o'erwhelm,
 And fairly drive potatoes from the realm !
 Beets ! in whose just applauses we are hoarse all ;
 Such are the wondrous pow'rs of *Mangel Worfal* *.

P E T E R.

Beets that shall keep gaunt FAMINE to his East,
 And make him on Gentoos, as usual, feast ;
 Whilst ev'ry lucky BRITON that one meets,
 Shall strut a FALSTAFF, such the pow'r of Beets !
 Beets, that must bring the Quaker wealth and fame,
 And give his cheek the virgin glow of shame ;
 Who ne'er, meek man, was known a face to push,
 Nor hear his own applause without a blush !

‡ The Doctor's body in the hot oven, with his nose projecting from the hole for air, would be no bad subject for the graver.

§ Sir Benjamin, a second Linnæus.

• The more pompous name of the Beet.

Beets, that shall form an *epoch* in our times,
And thus by PETER prais'd, embalm his rhymes!

S I R J O S E P H.

Then, what of AUBERT * think you, that great man,
Whose broad eye deems creation scarce a span?

P E T E R.

Who weekly with his watch is seen to run,
The little pupil of a Greenwich sun,
To learn the motions of old Time, and mock
The *fatal* errors of each London clock.
Thus LUBIN from his solitary Down,
Leads *little* LUBIN to a neighb'ring town:
The Lad with ecstasy surveys the scene,
Then home returning, with triumphant mien,
Corrects his mother's, sister's conversations,
And wonders at his ignorant relations.
AUBERT who meriteth indeed applause!
Full of high-sounding phrases, and wise *saws*;
Who from his cradle learn'd the stars to list,
And to a meteor † turn'd a will-o-wisp!

S I R J O S E P H.

Pray, then, what think ye of our famous DAINES?

P E T E R.

Think of a man deny'd by Nature brains!

* A Silk Merchant and F. R. S. who every Sunday, wet or dry, cloudy or sunshine, calm or windy, visits Greenwich, to catch the sun on the meridian;—such is this gentleman's rage for the art, that he now has at LOAMPIT-HILL, near Greenwich, two thousand pounds worth of astronomical instruments.

† One fortunate evening, as he was returning from his beloved observatory, a Jack-a-lantern sprung up and played some tricks before the philosophical silkman, whose optics being apt to magnify objects, converted it into an amazing meteor, with which the royal journals soon after *blazed*.

Whose

Whose trash so oft the royal leaves disgraces :
 Who knows not jordan's brown from Roman vases !
 About old pots his head for ever puzzling,
 And boring earth, like pigs for truffles ‡ muzzling ;
 Who likewise from old urns to crotchets leaps,
 Delights in music, and at concerts sleeps §.

S I R J O S E P H.

Zounds ! 'tis in vain, I see, to utter praise !——

P E T E R.

Then mention some one who deserves my lays.

S I R J O S E P H.

Know then, I've sent to distant parts to find
 Beings the most uncommon of their kind :
 'The greatest monsters of the land and water——

P E T E R.

The beautiful deformities of nature !
 Birds without heads, and tails, and wings, and legs,
 'Tremendous Cyclop pigs, and speckled eggs,
 Snails from Japan, and wasps, and Indian jays,
 Command attention, and excite our praise :
 Chopsticks and backscrapers are curious things ;
 Scalps, and tobacco-pipes, and Indian strings,
 Such, as to charm the wond'ring Cits we see,
 Where DON SALTERO * gives his Sunday's tea ;

‡ There are pigs kept expressly for hunting Truffles in some parts of England.

§ Such are the powers of somnolency over Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON—at several of the Hanover-Square concerts hath the LYRIC PETER seen the ANTIQUARIAN in *seeming* musical speculation, but verily employed in a most comfortable nap.

* At Chelsea.

Great DON SALTERO, name of high renown,
Who treats, too, with immortal rolls the town!

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches:
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish:
Rare are the talismans that drove the Devil,
And rare the bottles that contain'd old snivel.
Owls' heads, and snoring frogs, preserv'd in spirits,
Most certainly are not without their merits;
Yet these to gain, and give to public view,
Lo! PARKINSON knows full as well as you;
As did Sir ASHTON fam'd, whose mental pow'r
Just reach'd to tell us by the clock the hour.

S I R J O S E P H.

Poh! p-x, don't laugh—such things are rich and scarce—
Be something sacred—let not all be farce.

P E T E R.

Sir Joseph, I *must* laugh when things like these
Beyond sublimities have pow'r to please:
To croud with such-like *littleness* your walls,
Is putting Master PUNCH into St. PAUL's.
Yet to the point—the place on which you dote
Hath been for ever carried by the vote—
Know then, your *parasites* begin to bellow,
And call you openly a shallow fellow:
In vain to fav'ring Majesty you fly,
'Tis on the *many* that you must rely;
E'en *blockheads* blush, so much are they ashamed—

S I R J O S E P H.

They and their modest blushes may be d——n'd.

Ungrateful

Ungrateful scoundrels! eat my rolls and butter,
 And daring thus their insolences mutter!
 Swallow my turtle and my beef by pounds,
 And tear my ven'son like a pack of hounds;
 Yet have the impudence, the brazen face,
 To say I am not fitted for the place!
 In God's name let my wine in torrents flow!
 E'en be my house a *tavern* in SOHO!
 Of daily ven'son let me try the force,
 And keep an open house for man and horse.
 Oh! let me hold by any means the chair!—
 To keep *that* honour *every* thing I dare!

P E T E R.

I own that nothing like good cheer succeeds——
 A man's a *God* whose hoghead freely bleeds;
 Champagne can consecrate the damned'st evil:
 A hungry Parasite adores a *Devil*;
 In radiant virtues his poor host arrays,
 And smooths him with the gossamer of praise;
 Stuff'd to the throat till repetition tires,
 And GLUTTONY's huge greasy wish expires;
 Apostate, then, the knave denies his church,
 And leaves his Saint, with laughter, in the lurch.

In short, your Gormandizers and your Drinkers
 Quit their old faith, and turn out rank Freethinkers.
 Dead is the novelty of fine fat haunches,
 And truth no longer sacrific'd to paunches:
 Asham'd, at length, the sad, repentant SINNERS
 All blush to barter flatt'ry for good dinners:
 No charms surround the knocker of your door,
 That beam'd with honour, but now beams no more!

SIR

S I R J O S E P H.

Betray'd by those on whom my all depends!——

P E T E R.

Betray'd, like CÆSAR, by his bosom friends!

S I R J O S E P H.

Though man, ungrateful man, his aid deny;
The Pow'r whose wisdom rules yon lofty sky,
May grant his gracious and protecting pow'r,
And aid my efforts in the trying hour!

P E T E R.

Left by your earthly friends, I fear your pray'rs,
Most *pious* PRESIDENT, won't mend affairs:
The Pow'r you mention, with all-seeing eyes,
Well knows your little rev'ence for his skies*.
Thus may your pray'rs be vain, however hearty;—
Besides, HEAV'N ofttest joins the strongest party.

S I R J O S E P H.

'Sblood! have I practis'd ev'ry art in vain?
Undaunted fac'd the dangers of the main?——

P E T E R.

And fac'd QUEEN OBOREA in the boat,
And lost your shoes and stockings, and your coat;
A circumstance that much the tale enriches,
But providentially preserv'd your breeches!
For unknown weeds, dar'd unknown paths explore,
And frighten'd Cannibals from shore to shore;
On each new island clapp'd King George's seal,
A sharp impression too of *hardest steel*;

* The Poet here most facetiously and beautifully alludes to the session of the astronomical geniuses from the Society.

Whilst

Whilst Witness Pistol and his Brother Gun
 Look'd with a *pointed* approbation on.
 A decent method of appropriation,
 And adding glory to the British nation!
 True, you have try'd to be as great as HE,
 The vent'rous TROJAN, sport of wind and sea,
 Who left old Troy, his parish, far from home,
 To find a lodging for imperial Rome;—
 Yet are those feats what vulgars term *a bore*;
 Stale stuff—the Members look for something more.
 I grant you naked with your servants pranc'd,
 To show how folks at Otaheité danc'd;
 And much the smiling audience you amus'd,
 Though DECENCY, indeed, the dance abus'd:
 SHE, blushing damsel, turn'd her head aside,
 And wish'd a whip to ev'ry hopping hide.
 Grant that you sent, to charm the public eye,
 Egyptian stones*, that form'd for hogs a sty;
 With seeming hieroglyphics on their faces,
 That prov'd unfortunately pigs'-feet traces:
 Yet lo! like bullocks in a fair, they roar,
 Or vacate bid you, or do something more.

S I R J O S E P H.

'Sdeath, then I'll spit in ev'ry blockhead's face;
 Kick them, and purge the dwelling from disgrace.

P E T E R.

Thus when a host of grasshoppers and rats,
 By men undaunted, unabash'd by cats,
 In hopping, and in running legions pours,
 Affrights the Papists, and their grass devours;

* Sir Joseph sent some *curious* Egyptian stones to the British Museum;
 such was his zeal for the honour of the Hieroglyphics; but as that
 building possesses already as much of the *antique* as it can well authenti-
 cate, they were returned in a cart upon his hands.

Lo, arm'd with pray'rs to thunder in their ears,
 A BISHOP boldly meets the buccaneers;
 Sprinkles his holy water on the sod,
 And drives, and damns them in the name of God *!

You purge the tainted dwelling from disgrace,
 By boldly spitting in each Member's face!
 Where, *sweet* Sir Joseph, will you find the spittle,
 Since what would float the ALBION† were too little?

With solemn, sentimental step, so slow,
 I see you through the streets of London go,
 With poring, studious, staring, earth-nail'd eye,
 As heedless of the mob that bustles by;
 This *was* a scheme of wisdom, let me say,
 But lo, this trap for fame hath had its day;
 And let me tell you, what I've urg'd before,
 The restless Members look for something more.

S I R J O S E P H.

Zounds! ha'nt I swallow'd raw flesh like a hound?
 On vilest reptiles rung the changes round?
 Eat ev'ry filthy insect you can mention;
 Tarts made of grasshoppers, my own invention?
 Frogs; tadpoles by the spoonfull, long-tail'd imps;
 And munch'd cockchaffers just like prawns or shrimps?

P E T E R.

In troth, I've seen you many a reptile eat,
 And heard you call the dirty dish a treat;

* This is actually done in Roman Catholic countries by order of the church. In some places two attorneys are employed in the affair of the grasshoppers; one for the grasshoppers, the other for the people: but it is the fate of the grasshoppers to have the worst of it, as they are always *anathematized*, and ordered to be excommunicated if they do not quit the place within a certain number of days.

† One of our first rates.

Oft have I feen you meals on monkeys make ;
 Nay, Hercules furpafs —*devour* your SNAKE !
 And make as little of a toad or viper,
 As pelicans of mack'rel or a piper ;
 And wriggling round your mouth its little claws,
 Have heard a bat cry " Murder ! " in your jaws :
 Yet, hear, Sir Jofeph, what I've faid before,
 The blufhing Members look for fomething more.

S I R J O S E P H.

Hell feize the Pack !——unconfcionable dogs !——
 Snakes, fpiders, beetles, chaffers, tadpoles, frogs,
 All fwallow'd to difplay what *man* can *do*,
 And muft the villains ftill have fomething new ?——
 Tell, then, each petty PRESIDENT CREATOR,
 G-d d-mn him, that I'll eat an ALLIGATOR !

P E T E R.

Sir Jofeph, pray don't eat an Alligator——
 Go fwallow fomewhat of a *fofter* nature ;
 Feaft on the arts and fcience, and learn
 Sublimity from trifle to difcern :
 With fhells, and flies, and dailies, cover'd o'er,
 Let pert QUEEN FIDDLEFADDLE rule no more :
 Thus fhall PHILOSOPHY her fuffrage yield,
 Sir Jofeph wear his hat *, and hammer wield ;
 No more fhall WISDOM on the Journals ftare,
 Nor NEWTON's † image blufh behind the CHAIR.

* The Prefident has the ineflimable and fole privilege of fitting covered at the Royal Society's meeting.——The hammer forms a part of the *regalia*, to command filence, and rouse the Members from their happy flumbers, whilft their Secretary, Dr. Blagden, proclaims *rare news* from the moth, bat, butterfly, and fpider countries.

† The picture of this great man is immediately behind the chair of the PRESIDENT.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A T A L E.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

One Intellect not all Things comprehends:

The Genius form'd for Weeds, and Grubs, and Flies,
Can't have for ever at its Finger Ends

What's doing ev'ry Moment in the Skies.

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T H E
A R G U M E N T.

PETER the GREAT *signifieth the President's Battle*—*proclaime'* some of the President's Powers—viz. his per-severing Tooth-and-nail Powers—his Stomach Powers—his Face Powers—his Hammer Powers, triumphing over the Powers of Morpheus, and eke his courageous Powers.

Peter beginneth the Tale—Sir Joseph proceedeth to hunt—but first ejaculateth—The Virtuoso's Prayer—Sir Joseph's Insect Enthusiasm induceth him, contrary to his general Piety, to pray wickedly, by selfishly wishing to gratify his own Desires at the Expence of the Farmers—Sir Joseph prayeth for Pharaoh's Flies—condemneth Pharaoh's Taste—maketh Interest for Showers of Flies, instead of Quails—prayeth for Monsters, and promiseth them the Honour of his Name.

Sir Joseph, in a Pointer-like Manner, ambulateth—he espies the Emperor of Morocco—Peter conjectureth as to Sir Joseph's Joy on the Occasion—compareth Sir Joseph's Joy with that experienced by Archimedes, Hare-hunters, outrageously-virtuous old Maids, the little Duke of Piccadilly, a Pimp, Mother Windsor's Virgins, and Mother Windsor herself—Sir Joseph's Pursuits—the President tumbleth, in Imitation of Mr. Eden—a beautiful Comparison between Sir Joseph and Tamerlane, a Butter-fly, and Bajazet—Sir Joseph again tumbleth—Sir Joseph's Hat tumbleth with him—Sir Joseph riseth and bloweth—he is gazed at by a countryman—he darteth through a Hedge in Pursuit of the Emperor, and tumbleth into a Lane—he getteth up speedily, and putteth a Question to Hob—Hob answereth not, but pitieth him—Sir Joseph obtaineth a second View of the Emperor—pursueth his Majesty into a Garden—
oversetteth

*oversetteth the Gardener—trampleth on rare flowers—breaketh many Bell Glasses—overturneth the Scarecrow—Peter praiseth the Scarecrow—Sir Joseph oversetteth a hive of Bees—The Bees surprized—they attempt a Revenge, but succeed not, an Account of the hard and tough Materials of Sir Joseph's Head-piece—The Gardener, quitting his horizontal Position, pursueth Sir Joseph—Sir Joseph pursueth the Emperor, and the Emperor flieth away—The Gardener cel-
lareth Sir Joseph, and expostulateth—Sir Joseph heedeth not the Gardener's Complaint, being in deep Sorrow for the Loss of the Emperor—The Gardener quitteth his Gripe in Sir Joseph, and putteth him down for a Lunatic—the Gardener execrateth Sir Joseph's Keeper, and falleth into a Panic—flieth off unceremoniously, and leaveth the President in the Situation of a celebrated Prophet.*

P R O E M I U M.

P E T R U S L O Q U I T U R.

SINCE members, lost to manners, growl;
Call poor Sir Joseph afs, and owl;
Nay, oft with coarser epithets revile;
Though pitying much his pigmy merit,
Let me display a Christian spirit,
And try to lift a lame dog o'er a stile.

Though not, like Erskine, in the law a giant,
I must take up the cudgels for my client.

Know by these presents, then, ye noisy crew,
Who at his blushing honours * look so blue,
That though Sir Joseph is not deep-discerning,
And though, as all the world well knows,
A nutshell might with perfect ease enclose

Three quarters of his sense, and all his learning;
Whose modest wisdom, therefore, never aims
To find the longitude, or burn the Thames;

Yet, as to things he sets himself about,
With tooth and nail, like *Hercules*, so stout,

* *Blushing honours*—the author undoubtedly means the epithet *blushing* to be understood as synonymous with *blooming*, and not in a satyrical sense: God forbid that the friend of Sir Joseph should mean *otherwise*!

He labours for his wish, no matter what ;——
 I can't say that Sir Joseph lions kills ;
 Hugs giants, or the blood of hydras spills ;
 But then most manfully he eats a bat,
 Eats toads, or tough, or tender, old or young,
 As in the sweetest strains the Muse hath sung : *
 Fit with the hugest Hottentot to cope,
 Who dines on raw flesh at the Cape of Hope.
 Blest with a phiz, he bids the Members tremble !
 To deathlike silence turns the direst din ;
 And where so many savages assemble,
 Like hounds they want a proper Whipper-in.

Dare members sleep †, a set of snoring Goths,
 Whilst Blagden reads a chapter upon moths ?
 Down goes the hammer, cloath'd with thunder ;
 Up spring the Snorers, half without their wigs ;
 Old Graybeards grave, and smock-fac'd Prigs,
 With eil-wide jaws displaying signs of wonder.

Lo ! perseverance is the soul of action !
 And courage proper to oppose a faction ;
 Therefore he sits with wonderful propriety,
 The MONRO of a mad Society :
 And that he is both brave and persevering,
 Witness the following story, well worth hearing.

* See Peter's Prophecy.

† Frequently, indeed, are the Members sent to the land of shadows by the Society's somniferous papers ; assisted in a great measure in their voyage by the Doctor's drowfy manner of communicating the contents.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A PRESIDENT, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all Insectmongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to catch this game renown'd,
On vi'lets, dunghills, nettletops, and daisies!
But first (so pious is Sir Joseph's nature)
He thus address'd the butterfly's Creator.

THE VIRTUOSO'S PRAYER.

O THOU whose wisdom plann'd the skies,
And form'd the wings of butterflies,
Attend my humble pray'r!
Like Egypt as in days of yore,
Let earth with flies be cover'd o'er,
And darken'd all the air.

This, Lord, would be the best of news——
 Then might thy servant pick and chuse
 From such a glorious heap:
 Forth to the world I'll boldly rush,
 Put all Musæums to the blush,
 And hold them all dog cheap.

Pharaoh had not one grain of taste——
 The flies on *him* were thrown to waste,
 Nay, met with strong objection;
 But had thy servant, Lord, been there,
 I should have made, or much I err,
 A wonderful collection!

O Lord! if not my mem'ry fails,
 Thou once didst rain on people quails——
 Again the world surprize;
 And 'stead of such a trifling bird,
 Rain on thy servant Joseph, Lord,
 Show'rs of rare butterflies!

Since monsters are my great delight,
 With monsters charm thy servant's fight,
 Turn feathers into hair:
 Make legs where legs were never seen,
 And eyes, no bigger than a pin,
 As broad as faucers stare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
 O! let thy pow'r supply with paws,
 Adorn'd with human nails;
 In value more to make them rise,
 Transplant from all their heads, their eyes,
 And place them in their tails.

And if thou wisely wouldst contrive
 To make me butterflies alive,

To fly without a head;
 To skim the hedges and the fields,
 Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields;
Such wonders were indeed!

Blagden should puff them at our Meeting;
 Members would press around me greeting;
 The Journals swell with thanks;
 And more to magnify their fame,
 Those headless flies, should have a name——
 My name——Sir Joseph Banks!

THUS having finish'd, forth Sir Joseph hies,
 Hope in his heart, and eagles in his eyes!
 Just like a pointer, quart'ring well his ground,
 He nimbly trots the field around!
 At length, to bless his hunting ambulation,
 Up rose a Native of the flutt'ring nation.
 Broad star'd Sir Joseph as if struck by thunder;
 (For much, indeed, are eyes enlarg'd by wonder,)
 When from a dab of dung, or *some such thing*,
 An Emp'ror of Morocco rear'd his wing!

Not Archimedes, 'tis my firm belief,
 More blest, cried "*Eureka*, I've nabb'd the thief;"
 Nor hunters, when a hare, to shun foul play,
 Steals from his feat so fly, cry "Stole away;"
 Nor stale old nymphs, by raging virtue sway'd,
 Roar on a Frail one, "Kill the wicked jade;"
 Than roar'd Sir Joseph on the verdant sod,
 "Morocco's Emp'ror, by the living God!"

Not with more joy, nor rapture-speaking look,
 The little gamefome PICCADILLY DUKE

Eyes

Eyes a nice TIT, fresh launch'd upon the town;
 Nor with more pleasure Cupid's trusty crimp,
 By mouths of vulgar people nam'd a pimp,
 Stares on his virtuous fee, a crown;

Nor King's-Place nymphs, on Greenhorns in their pow'r;
 Who (shameless rascals, wanting not a wife,)
 Hire love, like hackney coaches, by the hour,
 Damning the love so true that lasts for life;
 Nor wither'd WINDSOR on the simple Maid,
 From scenes of rural innocence betray'd;
 Forc'd to dispose of Nature's sweetest charms;
 Doom'd for a meal to sink a beauteous wreck;
 To lend to man she loathes, her lip, her neck,
 And, weeping, act the wanton in his arms;
 Than did the Hero of my song,
 Survey the Emp'ror as he mov'd along.

Not with more glee a hen-peck'd husband spies
 Death shutting up his wife's two cat-like eyes,
 Accustom'd on him oft and fierce to roll;
 Just like a galley slave, poor fellow, treated,
 Or those poor English at Calcutta sweated;
 Stuff'd in the old Black Hole:

And yet, a nearer simile to use,
 Not with more true delight a lover views
 The blushing orient leading on the day
 That gives a blooming partner to his arms,
 In virtues rich, and rich in youthful charms,
 To bid the hours with rapture glide away:
 Sad anxious swain, who now in bed, now out,
 Toss'd like the sea with thundering thoughts about;
 Cursing with hearty pray'rs the lingering night;
 Now trying hard to sleep away the time;
 Now staring on the dark, like bards for rhyme,
 To catch the smallest glimpse of light;

Afraid

Afraid that Phœbus means foul play,
And, bent to spite him, lie a-bed all day :

And, *bonâ fide*, not of rapture fuller,
Thurlow, the Seal and Royal Conscience keeper,
Sees his prime fav'rite, Mr. Justice Buller,
High thron'd in Chancery, grieve the poor Sir Pepper,
Than did the President so keen espy
The butterfly !

Lightly with winnowing wing amid the land,
His Moorish Majesty in circles flew !
With sturdy striding legs and outstretch'd hand,
The Virtuoso did his prey pursue.
He strikes—he misses—strikes again—he grins,
And sees in thought the monarch fix'd with pins ;
Sees him on paper giving up the ghost,
Nail'd like a hawk or martyr to a post.

Oft fell Sir Joseph on the slipp'ry plain,
Like *patriot* EDEN—fell to rise again ;
The Emp'ror, smiling, sported on before ;
Like Phœbus courting Daphne was the chace,
But not so was the meaning of the race,
Sir Joseph ran to kill, not kiss the Moor ;

To hold him pris'ner in a glass for show,
Like Tamerlane, (redoubtable his rage)
Who kept poor Bajazet, his vanquish'd foe,
Just like an owl or magpye in a cage.

Again to earth Sir Joseph fell so flat,
Flat as the flattest of the flounder race ?
Down with Sir Joseph dropp'd his three-cock'd hat,
Most nobly sharing in his friend's disgrace.
Again he springs, with hope and ardour pale,
And blowing like the fish baptiz'd a whale ;

Darting

Darting his arms now here, now there, so wild,
 With all the eager raptures of a child,
 Who with broad anxious eyes a bauble views,
 And, capering legs and hands, the toy pursues.

A Countryman, who, from a lane,

Had mark'd Sir Joseph, running, tumbling, sweating,
 Stretching his hands and arms, like one insane,

And with those arms the air around him beating,
 To no particular opinion leaning,
 Of such manœuvring could not guess the meaning.

At length the President, all foam and muck,
 Quite out of breath, and out of luck,
 Pursued the flying monarch to the place,
 Where stood this Countryman, with marv'ling face.

Now through the hedge, exactly like a horse,
 Wild plung'd the President with all his force,

His brow in sweat, his soul in perturbation;
 Mindless of trees, and bushes, and the brambles,
 Head over heels into the lane he scrambles,

Where Hob stood lost in wild-mouth'd speculation!

"Speak," roar'd the President, "this instant—say,

"Hast seen, hast seen, my lad, this way

"The Emp'ror of Morocco pass?"——

Hob to the insect-hunter nought replied,

But shook his head, and sympathizing sigh'd,

"Alas!

"Poor gentleman, I'm sorry for ye;

"And pity much your *upper story*!"

Lo! down the lane alert the Emp'ror flew,

And struck once more Sir Joseph's hawk-like view;

And now he mounted o'er a garden wall!

In rush'd Sir Joseph at the garden door,

Knock'd down the Gard'ner—what could man do more,

And left him as he chose to rise or sprawl.

O'er

O'er peerless hyacinths our Hero rush'd;
 Through tulips and anemonies he push'd,
 Breaking a hundred necks at ev'ry spring:
 On bright carnations, blushing on their banks,
 With desp'rate hoof he trod, and mow'd down ranks,
 Such vast ambition urg'd to seize the king!

Bell glasses, all so thick, were tumbled o'er,
 And lo! the cries, so shrill, of many a score,
 A sad and fatal stroke proclaim'd;
 The Scarecrow, all so red, was overturn'd;
 His vanish'd hat, and wig, and head, he mourn'd,
 And much, indeed, the man of straw was maim'd!

Just Guardian of the sacred spot,
 With face so fierce, and pointed gun,
 Who threat'ned all the birds with shot;
 To kill of sparrows ev'ry mother's son:
 Fierce as those scarlet ministers of fate,
 The warlike guardians of St. James's gate!

Yet not content with feats like these,
 He tumbled o'er a hive of bees;
 Out rush'd the host, and wonder'd from their souls,
 What dev'l dar'd dash their house about their polls.

Like Louis *, whose fierce heart was such,
 As made him like a football kick the Dutch!
 But soon the small, heroic, injur'd nation
 Descried the author of their obligation;

And, to repay it, round him rush'd the swarm!
 Prodigious was the buz about his ears!
 With all their venom did they push their spears,
 But lo! they work'd him not one grain of harm!
 Yet did no God nor Godling intervene,
 By way of screen!

* Louis XIV.

The happy head their pointed spears defied,
 Strong, like old Homer's shields, in tough bull hide,
 And brags well temper'd, to support the shock!
 The bees their disappointed vengeance mourn'd,
 And from their fierce attack, fatigu'd, return'd,
 Believing they had storm'd a barber's block.

What was thought death and tortures by the clan,
 Was only tickling the great Man!
 Thus round big Ajax rag'd the Trojan host,
 Who might as well, indeed, have drubb'd a post.

The Gard'ner now for just revenge up sprung,
 O'erwhelm'd with wonderment and dung,
 And fiercely in his turn pursu'd the knight!
 From bed to bed, full tilt the champions rac'd,
 'This chac'd the Knight, the Knight the Emp'ror chac'd,
 Who scal'd the walls, alas! and vanish'd out of sight;
 To find the Empress, p'rhaps, and tell her GRACE
 The merry hist'ry of the chace.

At length the Gard'ner, swell'd with rage and dolour,
 O'ertaking, grasps Sir Joseph by the collar,
 And blest with fav'rite oaths, abundance show'rs;
 "Villain," he cried, "beyond example!
 "Just like a cart-horse on my beds to trample,
 "More than your soul is worth, to kill my flow'rs!
 "See how your two vile hoofs have made a wreck—
 "Look, rascal, at each Beauty's broken neck!"

Mindless of humbled flow'rs, so freely kill'd,
 Although superior to his foul declar'd,
 And vegetable blood profusely spill'd,
 Superior, too, to all reward;
 Mindless of all the Gard'ner's plaintive strains,
 The Emp'ror's form monopoliz'd his brains.

At length he spoke, in sad despairing tones,
 " Gone ! by the God that made me !—D-mn his bones !
 " O Lord ! no disappointment mine surpasse ;—
 " Poh ! what are paltry flowers and broken glasses,
 " A tumbled Scarecrow, bees, the idle whim ?
 " Zounds ! what a set of miscreants to *him* !

" Gone is my soul's desire, for ever gone !"
 " Who's gone ?" the Gard'ner straight replied—
 " The Emp'ror, Sir," with tears, Sir Joseph, cried,
 " The Emp'ror of Morocco—thought my own !
 " To unknown fields behold the Monarch fly !——
 " Zounds ! not to catch him, what an ass was I !"

His eyes the Gardn'ner, full of horror stretch'd,
 And then a groan, a monstrous groan he fetch'd,
 Contemplating around his ruin'd wares ;
 And now he let Sir Joseph's collar go ;
 And now he bray'd aloud with bitterest woe,
 " Mad, madder than the maddest of March hares !

" A p-x confound the fellow's Bedlam rigs !
 " Oh ! he hath done the work of fifty pigs !
 " The Devil take his Keeper, a damn'd goose,
 " For letting his wild Beast get loose !"

But now the Gard'ner, terrified, began,
 To think himself too near a man

In so Peg-Nicholson a situation ;
 And happy from a madman to escape,
 He left him without bow, or nod, or scrape,
 Like JEREMIAH 'midst his Lamentation.

Such is the tale——if readers sigh for more,
 Sir Joseph's wallet holdeth many a score.

A
POETICAL EPISTLE
TO A
FALLING MINISTER;
ALSO,
AN IMITATION
OF THE
TWELFTH ODE OF HORACE.

——— Hunc tu Romane caveto
Hic niger est ———

A
POETICAL EPISTLE
TO A
FALLEN MINISTER.

BLIND to an artful Boy's insidious wiles,
Why rests the Genius of the QUEEN OF ISLES?—
Whilst LIBERTY in irons sounds th' alarm,
Why hangs suspense on VIRTUE's coward arm?—
Whilst TYRANNY prepares her jails and thongs,
Why sleeps the sword of JUSTICE o'er our wrongs?—
Oh! meanly founding on a Father's fame,
To Britain's highest seat a daring claim;
Oh! if thy race one blush could ever boast,
And that lorn sign of Virtue be not lost;
Now on thy visage let the stranger burn,
And glow for deeds that bid an Empire mourn.
Drawn from a Garret by the ROYAL SIRE,
Warm'd like the viper by his friendly fire,
What hath thy gratitude *sublimely* done?
Fix'd, like the snake, thy fang upon the Son!

Yes—

Yes—thou most gen'rous Youth, thy hostile art
 Hath lodg'd a pois'nous shaft in BRITAIN's Heart!
 Thy arm hath dragg'd the column to the ground,
 The sacred wonder of the realms around!
 To make snug, comfortable habitations
 For thee and all thy pitiful relations.
 Barbarian-like—how like those sons of spoil,
 Whose impious hands on hallow'd structures toil—
 Bafe throng, that through PALMYRA's Temple dig,
 To form a lodging for themselves and pigs!

Oh! if Ambition prompts thy soaring soul
 To live the theme of future times with R-LLE;
 Thrice happy Youth, like *his* shall shine thy name,
 Who gave th' Ephesian wonder to the flame!

Sick at the name of R——, (to thee though dear)
 'The name abhorr'd by HONOUR's shrinking ear,
 I draw reluctant from thy venal throng,
 And give it mention, though it blasts my song.

How couldst thou bid *that* R-LLE, despis'd by all,
 On helpless beauty like a mastiff fall:
 Then meanly to correct the brute pretend,
 And claim the merit of the * FAIR ONE's Friend?
 Art thou the YOUTH on whom the Virtues smile?
 The boasted Saviour of our sinking Isle?
 O'er such, OBLIVION, be thy wing display'd!
 Oh! waft them from the gibbet to thy shade!

Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast,
 A stranger to their charm, the LOVES detest?——
Thee, o'er whose heart their fascinating pow'r
 Ne'er knew the triumph of one soft'ned hour?

* A most wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on Mrs.
 F——t, in the House of Commons, exceeds all precedent.

To give thy flinty soul the tender sigh,
 Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye !
 In vain for thee of beauty blooms the rose :
 In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows——
 A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive——
 Dead to those charms that keep the world alive !

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide——
 In vain the virtues of thy PRINCE to hide——
 Thou and thy Imps, to dim his rising ray,
 Urge clouds on clouds to thwart the golden day !
 Mad toil !—I see his ORB superior pass,
 That smiles triumphant on the fable mass.

O —— ! a Sister Kingdom damns thy deeds,
 And pities hapless Britain as she bleeds.
 HIBERNIA scorns each meanly treach'rous art
 Hatch'd by the base r-b——n of thy heart,
 That crawls an aspic bloated black with fate,
 To pour a dire contagion through the State.
She, with an honest voice, her PRINCE approves,
 And nobly trusts the virtues that she loves ;
 Detests a hangman's unremitting toil
 To break upon the wheel a happy Isle ;
 Who yet to push the guilt and folly further,
 Suborns Addresses to applaud the murder !

Who but must laugh to see thy boasted friends,
 On whose poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends !
 See BUTE's mean Parasite, thy spaniel, creep,
 Whose Argus' eyes of av'rice never sleep ;
 A close State leech, who sticking to the nation,
 As adders deaf to Honour's execration,
 Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,
 Nor till the State expires will drop away.
 Yet see another FIEND, with scowling eye,
 Who draws from NATURE's soul her deepest sigh ;

Asham'd her hand should usher into light
What Fate should whelm with everlasting night?

Lost by his arts, behold the beauteous MAID †,
Whom INNOCENCE herself could ne'er upbraid,
Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb,
Whilst all but *he* with grief survey'd her doom;
Whose heart disdain'd to feel—whose eye severe,
Compassion never melted with a tear!

Yet left in silence to himself alone,
Aghast he heaves the conscience-wounded groan!
At ev'ry sound how horror heaves the sigh!
How dangers thicken on his straining eye!
He sees her *Phantom*, form'd by treach'rous Love,
Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:
He marks her mien of woe, her cheek so pale,
And trembles at her shrieks that pierce the gale!
At night's deep noon what fears his soul invade!
How wild he starts amidst the specter'd shade!
And dreading ev'ry hopeless hour the last,
He hears the call of DEATH in ev'ry blast!

Such are thy Colleagues ‡, O thou *patriot* Boy!
Whose heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ;
Who, crouching at thy heels, like bloodhounds wait
To fasten on the vitals of the State!
Such are the miscreants who would rule the realm!
Such the black pirates that would seize the helm!

Had not I known thee, ——, the Muse had sworn,
That, blest to see the State to atoms torn,

† The melancholy circumstance alluded to here, the family of Dr. Lynch, of Canterbury, can best explain.

‡ We must not forget, however, Messieurs their Graces of R. G. and Harry D. *cum plurimis aliis*, though they have not the honour of being mentioned in our poetical calendar.

Hell with her host had drawn each damned plan,
And for the murder nurs'd thy dark Divan.

Speak—Hath thy heart with mad ambition fir'd,
Like CROMWELL's, hot for pow'r, to thrones aspir'd?
Then may that *young, old* trait'rous bosom feel
The rapid vengeance of some virtuous steel;
Or what, to bosoms not quite flint, is worse,
May Heav'n with hoary age a Rebel curse——
From sweet society behold him torn,
Condemn'd, like CAIN, to walk the world forlorn.

Thus rous'd to anger for my Country's wrong,
The Muse for vengeance panting pour'd her *song*—
But, ah! in vain I wish'd the blessing mine,
To plant a scorpion's sting in ev'ry line.

Now Prudence gently pull'd the Poet's ear,
And thus the Daughter of the BLUE-EY'd MAID †,
In Flatt'ry's soothing sounds, divinely said,

“ O PETER! eldest born of PHOEBUS, hear—
“ Whose verse could ravish Kings, relax the claw
“ Of that gaunt, hungry savage christen'd LAW—
“ Indeed thou wantest worldly wisdom, PETER,
“ To mix a little oftner with thy metre—
“ Lo! if thine eye DAME FORTUNE's smile pursues,
“ To oily adulation prompt the MUSE.

“ Give for the future all thy rhymes to praise;
“ Strike to the glorious PITT thy sounding lyre—
“ Thy head may then be crown'd with WARTON's bays,
“ And mutton twirl with spirit at thy fire.”
“ PRUDENCE,” quoth I, “ indeed—indeed I can't—
“ Don't ask me to turn rogue and sycophant!”

Now with a smile, first cousin to a grin,
DAME PRUDENCE answer'd, bridling up her chin—

* Minerva.

“ Sweet, harmless, pretty, conscientious Pigeon!
 “ Ah! PETER, well I ween thou art not rich—
 “ Know that thou’lt die like beggars in a ditch—
 “ Know, too, that hunger is of no religion.

“ Sit down and make a Horace imitation,
 “ Like POPE, and let the stanza glow
 “ With praise of *Messieurs* PITT and Co.
 “ The present worthy Rulers of the Nation.”

With purs’d-up, puritanic mouth so prim,
 Thus spoke DAME PRUDENCE to the BARD of Whim;
 Who with politeness seldom running o’er,
 For inspiration scratch’d his tuneful scone,
 To please DAME ORACLE, for once——
 A DAME, some say, he never saw before;

IMITATION OF HORACE,

(ODE XII. BOOK I.)

On Messieurs PITT and CO.

MUSE, having dropp'd Sir JOSEPH and the KING,
What sort of gentry shall we deign to sing?

What high and mighty name that all adore?
What ministerial wight that bribes each CIT,
Wolf-like to howl for homage to KING PITT,

And set each smoky alehouse in a roar;
That sends to counties, borough-towns, his crimps,
Alias his vote-seducing pimps,

To bribe the mob with brandy, beer, and song,
To put their greasy fists to Court Address'es,
Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,
And with a fiddle lead the logs along.

Shall DORNFORD, king of wine, and mum, and perry,
Be crown'd with lyric bays, with Master MERRY;
Two fages who, in diff'rent places born,
CHICK LANE and BLACK-BOY ALLEY did adorn?

Or, Muse, suppose we sing KING PITT himself,
The greatest man on earth—a cunning elf,
Who driveth, JEHU-like, the CHURCH and STATE:
And, next to Royal PITT, we'll sing the DAME,
Of open, gen'rous, charitable fame,

Lamenting sad a MONARCH's hapless fate;
Who, though transfix'd by Sorrow's dart so cruel,
So prudent, numbers each bank note and jewel!

Nor

Nor shall we by old Bacchus WEYMOUTH pass,
A jolly fellow o'er his glass——

Nor, SWELLENBERG, shalt thou a shrimp appear,
Whose palate loves a dainty dish,
Whose teeth in combat shine with flesh and fish,
Whose Strelitz stomach holds a but of beer;
Who soon shall keep a saleshop for good places,
For which so oft the people squabble,
From gaping Coblers to their gaping Graces,
And thus provide for great and little rabble.

I'll sing how calmly C——N takes the bit,
And trots so mildly under MASTER PITT;
And TH——w, too, whom none but PITT could
tame,

Who, blest with Master BILLY's finest saddle,
No longer makes our brains with neighing addle——

No longer now JOB's war horse snorting flame;
But that slow Brute whom few or none revere,
Fam'd for his fine base voice and length of ear;

Yet now so gentle, you may smooth his nose——

Poor CH--C-LLOR * will make no riot——
Calm in his stall his aged limbs repose,
And pleas'd he eats his oats and hay in quiet!

This Pair, so tame, amid the courtier throng,
Shall drag their Master William's coach along,
And raise the wonder of the million!

Just like two bull-dogs in a country town,
That gallop in their harness up and down,
With MONSIEUR MONKEY for postilion.

We'll sing the Brothers of our loving Queen,
Fine hungry, hearty youths as e'er were seen;

* The name of the Horse.

Who, if once try'd, would shine, I make no doubt—
 And chiefly he who merits high rewards,
 Who, wriggling to the Hanoverian guards,
 Kept the poor PRINCE of BRUNSWICK out,
 Although so brave a Prince, and spilt his blood,
 So freely for the King of England's * good.

We'll sing, too, Master R-LLE, who, fond of fame,
 High-daring, from the land of dumplings came,
 To bear the MINISTER—to be his afs—
 Like Conj'ror BALAAM's reas'ning brute,
 That carry'd BALAAM, BALAK to salute,
 And curse the Israelites, alas!

And lo! as did the Lord ——
 Who op'd the mouth of BALAAM's beast;
 So hath our Lord, Squire PITT, upon my word,
 Op'd MASTER R-LLE's, to give the house a feast!

Yet, hang it! DEV'NSHIRE is by ARAM † beat—
 A circumstance that wrings the Poet's soul—
 For BALAAM's Jackass made a speech quite neat,
 Which never yet was done by PITT's poor R——.

Or shall I sing old CORNWALL's death
 Or fierce Sir BULLFACE, who resign'd his breath
 With Brother CORNWALL in the self-same year—
 A downright bear!

Who bade a MONARCH, like a boy at school,
 Not spend his money like a f——!

We too might sing the King of Swine,
 Sir JOSEPH! peerless in the fat'ning line.

* This is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless true.—The Prince of Brunswick's Genius was forced to yield to the superior one of the Queen's Brother.

† Balaam's Country Seat.

We too may BRUDENELL sing, who, some time since,
Admir'd and lov'd, ador'd and prais'd his PRINCE;

Follow'd him, spaniel-like, about;
Swore himself black, poor fellow, in the face,
That he would rather ten times lose his place

Than leave him—Thus said he with phiz devout:
But when it came to pass His HIGHNESS try'd him,
This false APOSTLE, PETER like, deny'd him!

We'll sing LORD GALLOWAY, a man of note,
Who turn'd his Taylor, much enrag'd away,
Because he stitch'd a star upon his coat

So small, it scarcely threw a ray—
Whereas he wish'd a planet huge to flame,
To put the moon's full orb to shame—
He wanted one so large, with rays so thick,
As to eclipse the star of Sir JOHN DICK!
Sir JOHN, who got his star, so bright and stout,
For making super-excellent *four krout* *.

Or, Muse, suppose we sing the SP--KER's wig,
In which, 'tis said, a world of wisdom lies;
Which, to a headpiece scarcely worth a fig,

Importance gives, that greatly doth surprise,
When through the chaos of the house he bawls
For ORDER that oft flies St. Stephen's walls;
Driv'n by a host of scrapes, and hawks, and hums,
And blowing noses, that distract her drums.

For, Muse, we can't well sing poor GR--LL's head,
Because it wanteth eyes—imperfect creature!—
Again—its lining happ'neth to be lead—
Such are the whimsicalities of Nature;

* This honour of the star was really conferred on him by the EM-
PRESS OF RUSSIA for furnishing the Russian fleet, in the Mediterranean,
with the above cabbage manufacture, to sharpen their courage for a
massacre of the poor Turks.

And thus this speaking headpiece is, no doubt,
As dark *within* as *certainly* 'tis *without*!

Yet was this Youth proclaim'd a pretty sprig,
A very promising, a thriving twig,
That by his parents dear was said would be,
In time, a very comely tree,
And what those parents dear would also suit,
Produce enormous quantities of fruit,
By God's good grace, and much good looking after—
A thought that now convulseth us with laughter?

Suppose we chaunt old WILLIS and his whip,
At which the human hide revolts;
Who bids, like grasshoppers, his pupils skip,
And breaks mad gentlemen like colts;
Or trains them, like a pointer, to his hand—
And such the mighty Conjuror's command,
He, by the magic of sticks, ropes, and eyes,
Commands wild Folly to be tame and wise.

Or grant we throw away a verse or two
Upon the BEDCHAMBER's most idle IMPS—
Those Lords of gingerbread—a gaudy crew,
Sticking together just like social shrimps;
Regardless who the State Coach drives,
So *they* may lead good merry lazy lives;
Pleas'd e'en from devils to receive their pay,
So they, like moths, may flutter life away!

PITT shall the House of Commons rule,
And *eke* of poor INCURABLES the school;
And pour on such the vengeance of his spleen
As meanly think of HASTINGS and the ———!
On di'monds PITT and Co. shall largely feast,
Knock down the Nabobs, and exhaust the East!

O LADY!

O LADY ! whose great wisdom thinketh fit
 To spread thy petticoat o'er WILLIAM PITT !
 This WILLIAM PITT and Thou, without a joke,
 Will turn out most extraordinary folk !

PITT and the PETTICOAT shall rule together,
 Each with the other vastly taken ;
 Make, when they chuse, or fair or filthy weather,
 And cut up kingdoms just like bacon.

THUS having finish'd, PRUDENCE, with a stare,
 Exclaim'd, " Rank irony—thou wicked Poet."—
 Quoth I, " My little Presbyterian Fair,
 " I know it."——

" Ah !" quoth the Dame again, with lifted eyes,
 " When will this stupid world be wise ?"

" Ah ! had the PRINCE his proper int'rest felt,
 " And like BUCEPHALUS, the famous, knelt
 " To take PITT ALEXANDER on his back,
 " He might have ambled prettily along,
 " And very rarely felt his Rider's thong——
 " Just now and then a gentle smack,
 " T' inform his Royal colt what Being rode him,
 And with such dignity bestrode him.

" Yes—had His HIGHNESS but vouchsaf'd to *stoop*,
 " With *heav'n-born* PITT he might have eat his soup,
 " Joy'd in the full possession of his wishes,
 " And with his servant shar'd the loaves and fishes !"

ODE XII. Lib. I. Ad AUGUSTUM.

QUE M virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia fumes celebrare, Clio?

Quem deum? cujus recinet jocosæ
Nomen imago,

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo?
Unde vocalem temere insequitæ
Orphea sylvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum:
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Præliis audax neque te filebo
Liber, & sævis inimica virgo
Belluis: nec te metuende certa,
Phæbe, sagitta.

Dicam & Alciden; puerosque Ledæ,
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
Nobilem: quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,

Defluit

*Defluit saxis agitatus humor :
 Concidunt venti, fugiuntque rubes ;
 Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
 Unda recumbit.*

*Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
 Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
 Tarquinii fasces, dubito, an Catonis
 Nobile lethum.*

*Regulum, & Scauros, animæque magnæ
 Prodigum Paulum, superante Pæno,
 Gratus insigni referam Camæna,
 Fabriciumque.*

*Hunc, & incomitis Curium capillis,
 Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum
 Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto
 Cum lare fundus.*

*Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
 Fama Marcelli ; micat inter omnes
 Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
 Luna minores.*

*Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
 Orte Saturno ; tibi cura magni
 Caesaris fatis data : tu secundo
 Casare regnes.*

*Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
 Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
 Sive subjectos Orientis oris
 Seras et Indos ;*

*Te minor latum reget equus orbem :
 Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
 Tu parum castis inimica mittes
 Fulmina lucis.*

S U B J E C T S
F O R
P A I N T E R S.

“ Qui veut peindre pour l’Immortalité,
“ Doit peindre des Sots.”

FONTENELLE,

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T O T H E R E A D E R.

THE rage for historical Pictures in this kingdom, so nobly rewarded by Messrs. Boydell and Macklin, hath, with the great encouragement of two or three of the principal Muses, tempted me to offer subjects to the labourers in the graphic vineyard.—When Shakespeare and Milton are exhausted, I may presume that the following Odes, Tales, and Hints, in preference to the labours of any other of our British bards, may be adopted by the brush of Genius. Had I not thus stepped forward as the champion of my own merit, which is deemed so necessary now-a-days for the obtention of public notice, not only by authors, but by tete-makers, perfumers, elastic trufs, and Parliament speechmakers, &c. who, in the daily newspapers, are the heralds of their own splendid abilities, I might possibly be passed by without observation, and thus a great part of a poetical immortality be sacrificed to a pitiful *mauvaise honte*.

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S U B J E C T S
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SCENE—THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PEACE and good will to this fair meeting!—
I come not with hostility, but greeting—
Not eagle-like to scream, but 'dove-like coo it—
I come not with the sword of vengeance, rhyme,
To flash, and act as journeyman to Time—
The God himself is just arrived to do it.

To make each feeble figure a poor corse,
I come not with the shafts of satire sporting;
Then view me not like Stubbs's staring horse,
With terror on th' approaching lion snorting:
I come to bid the hatchet's labours cease,
And smoke with friends the calumet of peace.

Knight of the polar star, or bear, don't start,
And, like some long-ear'd creatures, bray "what art?"

G g

Sir

Sir William, shut your ell-wide mouth of terror—
 I come not here, believe me, to complain
 Of such as dar'd employ thy building brain,
 And criticise an œconomic error.*

I come not here to call thee knave or fool,
 And bid thee seek again Palladio's school;
 Or copy heav'n, who form'd thy head so thick,
 To give stability to stone and brick;
 No—'twould be cruel now to make a rout—
 The very stones already have cry'd out.

I come not here, indeed, new cracks to spy,
 And call thee for the workmanship hard names;
 To point which wing shall next forsake the sky,
 And tumble in the Strand, or in the Thames.

Nor come I here to cover thee with shame,
 For putting clever Academic † men,
 Like calves or pigs, into a pen,
 To seek the King of England and his dame.

'Midst carts and coaches, golden horse and foot;
 'Midst peopled windows, chimnies and old walls;
 'Midst marrowbones and cleavers, fife and flute,
 Passing in pious pilgrimage to Paul's:

Where, as the show of gingerbread went by,
 The rain, as if in mockery from the sky,

* A large portion of the Royal Academy, raised at an extraordinary expence, fell to the ground lately; but as the Knight is a favourite at Court, no harm is done. The Nation is able to rear it again, which will be a benefit ticket in Sir William's way.

† Sir William actually gave orders for the non-admission of the Royal Academicians into the Academy, to see the Royal procession to St. Paul's, as he had some women and children of his acquaintance who wished to see the show. Half a dozen boards were consequently ordered to be put together on the outside of the building for their reception.

Dribbled on ev'ry academic nob,
And wash'd each pigtail smart, and powder'd bob ;

Wash'd many a visage, black and brown, and fair,
Giving to each so picturesque an air ;
Resembling that of drooping, rain-soak'd fowls,
Or, what's a better picture, parboil'd owls ;
Whilst thou, great Jove upon Olympus, aping,
Didst sit majestic, from a window gaping.

O, West, that fix'd and jealous eye forbear,
Which scowling marks the bard with doubt and fear,
Thy forms are sacred from my wrath divine ;
'Twere cruel to attack such crippled creatures
So very, very feeble in their natures,
Already gasping in a deep decline !

I seek them not with scalping thoughts, indeed,
Too great my soul to bid the figures bleed :
No—peace and happiness attend 'em ;
Where'er they go, poor imps, God mend 'em.

I come not to impute to thee the crime
Of over dealing in the true sublime ;
I scorn with malice thus thy fame to wound ;
Nor cruel to declare, and hurt thy trade,
That too divine effects of light and shade
Were ever 'midst thy labours to be found.

Nor swear to blast an atom of thy merit,
That elegance, expression, spirit,
Too strongly from the canvass blaze ;
And damn thee thus with Raphael's praise :
Besides, against the stream I scorn to rush ;
The world ne'er said, nor thought it of thy brush.

Were I to write thy epitaph, I'd say,
 " Here lies below a painter's clay,
 " Who work'd away most furiously for Kings,
 " And prov'd that fire of inclination,
 " For pleasing the great Ruler of a Nation,
 " And fire of genius are two diff'rent things."

Nor come I here t' inform some men so wise,
 Who shine not yet upon the R. A. list
 That limbs in spasms and crack'd and gogling eyes,
 With grandeur cannot well exist.
 Nay, let it be recorded in my rhyme,
 Convulsions cannot give the true sublime.

St. Vitus might be virtuous to Romance——
 Peace to the *manes* of that capering Saint;
 Yet let me tell the sons of paint,
 Sublimity adorneth not his dance.

Wide faucer eyes and dire distortion,
 Will only make a good abortion.

No, landscape painters, let your gold streams sleep——
 Sleep, golden skies and bulls, and golden cows,
 And golden groves and vales, and golden sheep,
 And golden goats, the golden grafs that brouze,
 Which with such golden lustre flame,
 As beat the very golden frame.
 Peace to the scenes of Birmingham's bright school!
 Peace to the brighter scenes of Pontypool!

Aw'd I approach, yet sov'reigns of the brush,
 With Modesty's companion sweet, a blush,
 And hesitation nat'ral to her tongue;
 And eye so diffident, with beam so mild,
 Like Eve's when Adam on her beauties smil'd,
 And led her blushing, nothing loath, along,

To give the lady a green gown so sweet,
On beds of roses, Love's delicious seat.

Yes, sober, trembling, Quaker-like, I come
To this great dome

To offer subjects to the sons of paint:
Accept the pleasant tales and hints I bring,
Of Knight and Lord, and Commoner and King,
Sweeter than hist'ry of embowell'd faint;

Or martyr beat like Shrovetide cocks with bats,
And fir'd like turpentin'd poor roasting rats.

Inimical as dogs to pigs,

Or wind and rain to powder'd wigs,
Or mud from kennels to a milk-white stocking;

Hostile to Peter's phiz as if a pest,

Why springs the man of hist'ry, Master, West,
And cries, "Off, off; your tales and hints are shocking;

"Inventions,—fabrications—lies—damn'd lies;

"Kings and the world besides, thy spite, despise.

"Sir, you're a liar, ev'ry body knows it;

"Sir, every stupid stanza shows it:

"Sir, you know nothing of a King and Queen;

"In spheres too high their orbs superior roll

"By thy poor little grov'ling, mole-ey'd soul,

"Thou outcast of Parnassus, to be seen.

"Sir, they do honour to their godlike station,

"The two first luminaries of the nation,

"So meek, good, gen'rous, virtuous, humble, wife;

"Whilst thou a savage, a great fool so fat,

"Curs'd with a conscience blacker than a hat,

"Art rival to that fiend the Prince of Lies.

" Go

" Go pour thy venom on my Lear*—

" A whisper, Hopkins, Sternhold, in thy ear :

" King Lear, to mortify thee, goes

" Where Majesty delights with West to prate,

" Much more than Ministers of State,

" Where thou shalt never show thy nose !

" Where Pages fancy it a heinous crime,

" Thou foul-mouth'd fellow, to repeat thy rhyme ;

" Where ev'ry Cook, it is my firm belief,

" Would nobly make it a religious point,

" Rather than put thy trash upon a joint,

" To let the fire consuming burn the beef.

" There's not a shopkeeper in Windsor town

" That would not hang thee, shoot thee, stab thee, drown,

" That doth not damn thy stuff, thy odes and tales ;

" That doth not think thy Odes would give disease

" To ev'ry thing they wrapp'd—to bread, to cheese,

" Nay, give contagion to a bag of nails.

" The very Windsor dogs and cats,

" The very Windsor owls and bats,

" Would howl and squawl, and hoot and shriek to meet

" Like thee a raggamuffin in the street.

" The servant maids of Windsor from each shop,

" Some pointing brooms, and some a scornful mop,

" Their loyal sentiments would disembody,

" And taunting cry, ' There goes a lying rogue.'

" Behold rank impudence thy rhymes inspire ;

" Consummate insolence thy verse provoke !

" Fool ! to believe thy muse a muse of fire,

" A chimney-sweeper's drab, a muse of smoke.

* A pretty iron staring Sketch now in the Exhibition.

- " The very bellman's rhymes possess more merit ;
 " Nay, Nichol's magazine exceeds in spirit :
 " A printer's devil with conceit, so drunk,
 " Who publishes for gentleman and trunk ;
 " Who sets up author on old Bowyer's scraps ;
 " Bowyer, whose pen recorded all the raps
 " That hungry authors gave to Bowyer's door,
 " To swell the curious literary store :
 " Who on a purblind antiquarian's back,
 " A founder'd, broken-winded hack,
 " Rides out to find old farthings, nails and bones—
 " On darkest coins the brightest legends reads,
 " On traceless copper fees imperial heads,
 " And makes inscriptions older than the stones.
 " Who bids, to give his customers surprise,
 " A Druid altar from a pigstye rise.
 " Yes, Nichols aping wisdom through his glasses—
 " Thee, thee Apollo's scavenger, surpasses.
 " Soon shall we see the Fleet thy carcase wring,
 " Mean thro' the prison grate for farthings angling,
 " Suspending feet of stockings by a string,
 " Or glove or nightcap for our bounty dangling ;
 " Whilst issuing from thy mouth hegrim'd with beard,
 " Thy pale nose poking thro' thy prison hole,
 " The hollow voice of mis'ry will be heard,
 " ' Kind ge'mman, pity a poor hungry soul :
 " ' Have pity on a pris'ner's case so shocking—
 " ' Good Lady, put a farthing in the stocking !'
 " What impudence thus bold a face to push !
 " Arm'd with a winking light of paltry ruff,

" As

“ As if with Truth’s bright torch, into our room ;
 “ To dart on ignorance the fancied rays—
 “ To bid of barbarism the empire blaze,
 “ And kind illumine error’s midnight gloom.
 “ Get out, and pertly don’t come trouble *me* ;
 “ A dog is better company than *thee*.”

I thank ye—much oblig’d t’ye, Master West,
 For thoughts so kind, and prettily exprest ;
 Yet won’t I be refus’d, I won’t indeed ;
 You must, you shall have tale, and ode, and hint ;
 This memory of mine contains a mint ;
 And thus in bold defiance, I proceed.

Yet mind me, as to our bright King and Queen,
 Their names are sacred from the poet’s spleen—
 Peace to their reign ; they feel no more my jokes,
 Whether to Hanover they wisely roam,
 Or full as wisely count their cash at home,
 My satire shall not hurt the gentlefolks.

Pleas’d in a hut to broil my mutton bone,
 I fight not for the ven’son of a throne :
 Nay, slavery doth not with my pride agree ;
 A toadeater’s an imp I don’t admire ;
 Nor royal small-talk doth my soul desire—
 I’ve *seen* my Sovereigns—that’s enough for *me*.

A thousand themes for canvass I could name,
 To give the artist beef and fame :
 Lo ! Hodfell in his country seat so fine,
 Where, ’midst his tulips, grin stone apes with parrots,
 Where Neptune foams along a bed of carrots,
 Instead of cleaving through his native brine.

Where

Where Phoebus strikes to cabbages his strings,
 Where Love o'er garlic waves his purple wings,
 Where Mars to vanquish beets heroic leans;
 And, arm'd with lightnings, with terrific eyes,
 The great and mighty Ruler of the skies,
 Sublimely thunders through a bed of beans;

Close by whose side the haymakers are mating,
 And Dutchmen to their knees in onions skaiting.

A mighty warrior in the House of Lords,
 Swallowing, alas! a bitter, bitter pill;
 Eating, poor man, his own sad words,
 Exceedingly against his noble will;
 Whilst Rawdon by his side, with martial face,
 Commandeth him to swallow with a grace;
 Would make an interesting scene, indeed,
 And show the courage of King Charles's breed!

How like a Doctor, forcing down the throat
 Of some poor puling child a dose of salts,
 At which its little soul revolts,
 With wriggling limbs, wry mouths, and piteous note;
 Yet forc'd to take the formidable purge,
 Or taste a bitt'rer dose, the threat'ned scourge!

Or Richmond *, watchful of the State's salvation,
 Sprinkling his ravelins o'er the nation
 Now buying leathern boxes up by tuns,
 Improving thus the nature of great guns;

* The Duke absolutely ordered cannon to be made of leather, from a snuff-box-maker, which, at Woolwich, on Saturday the 2d day of May, 1790, were seriously tried, and, like many a Nobleman, found too soft.

Guns blest with double natures, mild and rough,
 To give a broadside, or a pinch of snuff.
 Or Richmond † at th' enormous reck'ning struck,
 At Portsmouth battling hard about a duck.

A certain high and mighty Dutcheſs,
 Hugging her husband in her cat-like clutches,
 Biting and tearing him with brandy zeal;
 Whose flax in heaps is ſeen to fly around,
 Whilſt he, pale wight, emits a plaintive ſound,
 Like animals that furniſh man with veal;

Would make another pleaſing ſcene,
 Showing the mettle of an arrant Quean;
 Longing to ſhine a firſt-rate ſtar at Court,
 For ſatire's pen, a ſubject of rare ſport;
 Longing to purify a luckleſs blood,
 Deep-ſtain'd, and ſmelling of its native mud.

The valiant Gloſter at the army's head,
 Drawn as the glorious Macedonian youth;
 In battle galloping o'er hills of dead,
 Would glow with ſuch an air of truth!——
 Not on a jackaſs mounted, but a ſteed
 Of old Bucephalus's breed.

† At Portſmouth his Grace, not long ſince, beſpoke a dinner for a few friends; and becauſe no impreſſion had been made on a roasted duck, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, Maſter General of the Ordnance, Lord Lieutenant and Cuſtos Rotulorum of the county of Suffex, Duke of Lenox in Scotland, and Aubigny in France, Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter, &c. thought it a grievous impoſition, and conſequently ordered the landlord of the inn to deduct the eighteen pence, the price of the duck, from the bill, which was done accordingly.

Salisbury examining the iron hands
 Of Fame's and sweet St. Giles's blackguard bands,
 That clap our Kings to Parliament and play—
 Salisbury, too, gauging all their gaping throats,
 Exciseman-like, to find the best for notes,
 That money mayn't be thrown away:

Resolv'd from those fame legions of vulgarity,
 To get full pennyworths of popularity;
 Resolv'd his master shall be fairly treated,
 And not, as usual, by his servants cheated.

Suppose, to give this humour-loving isle
 A pretty opportunity to smile,
 You paint the Solomon of yon fam'd place*,
 Where fair Philosophy, the heav'nly dame,
 By barb'rous usage cover'd deep with shame,
 No longer shows her exil'd face;
 Where *cent. per cent.* in value rise,
 Toads, tadpoles, grasshoppers, and flies.

Suppose you paint Sir Joseph all so blest,
 With many a parasitical dear guest,
 Swol'n by their flatt'ries like a bladder big,
 Throwing away of learning such a waste,
 And proving his superior classic taste,
 By swallowing the *sumen* of a pig.

Pitt trying to unclench Britannia's fist,
 Imploring money for a King;
 Telling most mournful tales of civil list,
 The Lady's tender heart to wring,
 Tales of expence in Doctors' bills,
 High price of blisters, bolusses and pills,

* The Royal Society.

Long journey to St. Paul's t' oblige the nation,
 And give God thanks for restoration :
 Britannia with arch look the while,
 Partaking strongly of a smile,
 Pointing to that huge dome *, the nation's wealth :
 Where *people* sometimes place their cash by stealth,
 And all so modest with their secret store,
 Inform the world they're poor, ah, very poor.

Brudenell and Symonds † with each other vying,
 Sweet youths ! for little Norman's ‡ favours fighting,
 A picturesque effect would form
 That hugging mother for the daughter's charms,
 This with the yielding damsel in his arms,
 Taking the citadel by storm ;
 That running with the girl in triumph off,
 This with the dog, the mother, and the muff.

A great law Chief, whom God nor Demon scares,
 Compell'd to kneel and pray §, who swore his pray'rs,
 The dev'l behind him pleas'd and grinning,
 Patting the angry lawyer on the shoulder,
 Declaring nought was ever bolder,
 Admiring such a novel mode of finning :

* The Bank of England.

† Lord B. and Sir Richard S.'s contest for the charming prize is well known to the Opera House.

‡ A pretty black-eyed Figurante at the Opera.

§ On the thanksgiving day at St. Paul's.

Like this, a subject would be reckon'd rare,
Which proves what blood-game infidels can dare;
Which to my mem'ry brings a fact,
Which nothing but an English tar would act—

In ships of war, on Sundays pray'rs are giv'n;
For though so wicked, sailors think of heav'n,
Particularly in a storm;

Where, if they find no brandy to get drunk,
Their souls are in a miserable funk,

Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,
If in his goodness only once, once more,
He'll suffer them to clap a foot on shore.

In calms, indeed, or gentle airs,
They ne'er on week-days pester Heav'n with pray'rs;
For 'tis amongst the Jacks a common saying,
Where there's no danger, there's no need of praying."

One Sunday morning all were met
To hear the parson preach and pray,
All but a boy, who, willing to forget
That pray'rs were handing out, had stol'n away;
And, thinking praying but a useless task,
Had crawl'd to take a nap into a cask.

The boy was soon found missing, and full soon
The boatswain's cat sagacious smelt him out;
Gave him a clawing to some tune——
This cat's a cousin German to the Knout†

"Come out, you sculking dog," the boatswain cry'd,
"And save your damn'd young sinful soul!"
He then the moral-mending cat apply'd,
And turn'd him like a badger from his hole.

† A common punishment in Russia.

Sulky the boy march'd on, and did not mind him,
 Altho' the boatswain flogging kept behind him :
 " Flog," cried the boy, " flog—curse me, flog away—
 " I'll go—but mind—God d—mn me if I'll *pray*."

THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE HORSE.

IN seventeen hundred sev'nty-eight,
 The rich, the proud, the potent King of Spain,
 Whose ancestors sent forth their troops to smite
 The peaceful natives of the western main,
 With faggots and the blood-delighting sword,
 To play the devil, to oblige the Lord !
 For hunting, roasting heretics, and boiling,
 Baking and barbecuing, frying, broiling,
 Was thought Heav'n's cause amazingly to further ;
 For which most pious reason, hard to work
 They went, with gun and dagger, knife and fork,
 To charm the God of mercy with their murder.
 I say, this King in sev'nty-eight survey'd,
 In tapestry so rich, pourtray'd
 A horse with stirrups, crupper, bridle, saddle :
 Within the stirrup, lo, the Monarch try'd
 To fix his foot the palfry to bestride ;
 In vain !—he could not o'er the palfry straddle !
 Stiff as a Turk the beast of yarn remain'd,
 And ev'ry effort of the King disdain'd,
 Who 'midst his labours to the ground was tumbled,
 And greatly mortified, as well as humbled.

Prodigious

Prodigious was the struggle of the day,
The horse attempted not to run away ;

At which the poor-chaf'd Monarch now 'gan grin,
And swore by ev'ry faint and holy martyr,
He would not yield the traitor quarter,
Until he got possession of his skin,

Not fiercer fam'd La Mancha's knight,
Hight Quixote, at a puppet-show,
Did with more valour stoutly fight,

And terrify each little squeaking foe ;
When bold he pierc'd the lines, immortal fray !
And broke their pasteboard bones, and stabb'd their hearts
of hay.

Not with more energy and fury
The beauteous street-walker of Drury

Attacks a sifter of the smuggling trade,
Whose winks, and nods, and sweet resifless smile,
Ah, me ! her paramour beguile,

And to her bed of healthy straw persuade ;
Where mice with music charm, and vermin crawl,
And snails with silver traces deck the wall.

And now a cane, and now a whip he us'd,
And now he kick'd, and sore the palfry bruis'd ;
Yet, lo, the horse seem'd patient at each kick,
And bore with Christian spirit whip and stick ;
And what excessively provoked this Prince,
The horse so stubborn scorn'd ev'n once to wince.

Now rush'd the Monarch for a bow and arro,
To shoot the rebel like a sparrow ;
And lo, with shafts well steel'd, with all his force,
Just like a pincushion, he stuck the horse !

Now with the fury of the chaf'd wild boar,
With nails and teeth the wounded horse he tore ;

Now

Now to the floor he brought the stubborn beast ;
 Now o'er the vanquish'd horse that dar'd rebel,
 Most Indian-like the Monarch gave a yell,
 Pleas'd on the quadruped his eyes to feast ;

Blest as Achilles when with fatal wound
 He brought the mighty Hector to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his godlike ire,
 He vengeful flung the palfry in the fire !
 Showing his pages round, poor trembling things,
 How dang'rous to resist the will of Kings.

L O R D B. A N D T H E E U N U C H.

A LORD, most musically mad,
 Yet with a taste superlatively bad,
 Ask'd a squeal eunuch to his house one day—
 A poor old *semivir*, whose throat
 Had lost its love-refounding note,
 Which art had giv'n, and time had stol'n away.

“ Signor Squalini,” with a solemn air,
 The Lord began, grave rising from his chair,
 Taking Squalini kindly by the hand ;

“ Signor Squalini, much I fear
 “ I’ve got a most unlucky ear,
 “ And that ’tis known to all the music band.

“ Fond of abuse, each fiddling coxcomb carps,
 “ And, true it is, I don’t know flats from sharps :
 “ Indeed, Signor Squalini, ’tis no hum ;
 “ So ill doth music with my organs suit,
 “ I scarcely know a fiddle from a flute,
 “ The hautbois from the double drum.

“ Now

" Now, tho' with Lords, a number of this nation,

" I go to op'ras, more through fashion

" Than for the love of music, I could wish

" The world might think I had some little taste,

" That those two ears were tolerably chaste,

" But, Sir, I am as stupid as a fish.

" Get me the credit of a *Cognoscente*,

" Gold shan't be wanting to content ye."—

" *Bravissimo!* my Lor," replied Squalini,

With acquiescent bow, and smile of suavity;

" De nobleman mufs never look de ninny."—

" True," cry'd the noble Lord, with German gravity.

" My Lor, ven men vant money in der purse,

" Dey do not vant de vorld to tink them poor,

" Because, my Lor, dat be von shabby curse;

" Dis all same ting wid ignourance, my Lor."—

" Right," cry'd his Lordship, in a grumbl'ing tone,

Much like a mastiff jealous of his bone.

" But first I want some technicals, Signor"—

Bowing, the Eunuch answer'd—" Ifs, my Lor;

" I teash your Lordship queekly, queekly, all,

" Dere vat be call de *softenuto* note,

" Dat be ven finger oppen vide de troat,

" And den for long time make de squawl—

" Mufh long, long note, dat do continue while

" A man, my Lor, can valk a mile.

" My Lor, der likewise beed *cromatique*,

" As if de finger vas in greef, or sick,

" And had de colick—dat be ver, ver fine,

" De high, oh, dat musician call *soprano*;

" De low voice, *basso*; de soff note, *piano*—

" *Bravoura*, queek, bold—here Marchesi shine.

H h

" Dis

" Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know—
 " *Allegro*, quick ; *Adagio*, be de slow ;
 " *Pomposo*, dat be manner make de roar :
 " *Maeſſoſo*, dat be grand and noble ting,
 " Muſh like de voice of Emperor, or de King ;
 " Or you, my Lor,
 " When in de houſe you make de grand oration,
 " For ſave, my Lor, de noble Engliſ nation."

Thus having piv'n his leſſon, and a bow,
 With high complacency his Lordſhip ſmil'd :
 Unravell'd was his Lordſhip's pucker'd brow,
 His ſcouling eye, like Luna's beams, ſo mild :

Such is th' effect, when flatt'ries ſweet cajole
 That praiſe-admiring wight yclep'd the ſoul ;
 And from the days of Adam 'tis the caſe,
 That great's the ſympathy 'twixt ſoul and face.

" Signor Squalini," cry'd the Lord,
 " The op'ra is begun, upon my word——
 " *Allons*, Signor, and hear me—mind,
 " As ſoon as ever you ſhall find
 " A finger's voice above or under pitch,
 " Juſt touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch."

" Ifs, ifs, my Lor, (the eunuch ſtraight reply'd)
 " I ſheet cloſe by your Lorſhip ſide ;
 " And den, accordin to your Lorſhip wiſh,
 " I give your Lorſhip elbow little twiſh."

Now to the opera, muſic's ſounds to hear,
 The old Caſtrato and the noble Peer
 Proceeded——Near the orchestra they ſat,
 Before the portals of the fingers' throats !
 The critic couple mouſing for bad notes
 With all the keenneſs of a hungry cat.

Now came an out-of-tunish note——

The Eunuch twitch'd his Lordship's coat:

Full-mouth'd at once his Lordship roar'd out—
“ psha !”

The orchestra, amaz'd, turn round,

To find from whence arose the critic sound,

When, lo! they heard the Lord, and saw!

The Eunuch kept most flily twitching,

His frowning Lordship all the while,

(Not in the cream of courtly stile,

Be-dogging this poor finger, that be-bitching,

Uniting too, a host of damning pshas,

And reap'd a plenteous harvest of applause:—

Grew from that hour a Lord of tuneful skill,

And though the Eunuch's dead, remain's so still.

TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

SUPPOSE you paint the Dev'l with smiling mien,
Whisp'ring deceit to any King or Queen,

'Tis what the Prince of foot hath often done—

For lo, with many a King and many a Queen,

In close *confab* the gentleman is seen—

With such hath Satan oft a world of fun—

More fun, or diadems are much bely'd,

Than all the little under world beside!

The Dev'l's a fellow of much sterling humour,

If we may credit public rumour;

And all so civil in each act and look,

That whensoever we incline

On some rare dish of sin to dine,

We can't employ a nicer cook.

Hh 2

Who,

Who, too, so generous disdains
 To take a fixpence for his pains——
 Nay, at our money would be vext;
 Happy to please us *gratis* with his art,
 Provided, when from *this* world we depart,
 We join his fire-side in the next.

Like Gloucester, who for pay can leave his party,
 Some years ago I join'd his corps so hearty,
 Thinking the Prince of Erebus ill treated:
 Fir'd by the subject in my rhyming mode,
 I complimented Satan with an ode,
 Which, for the brushmen's sake, shall be repeated.

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

Ingratum Odi.

PRINCE of the dark abodes! I ween
 Your Highness ne'er till now hath seen
 Yourself in metre shine;
 Ne'er heard a song with praise sincere,
 Sweet warbled on your smutty ear,
 Before this Ode of mine.

Perhaps the reason is too plain,
 Thou triest to starve the tuneful train,
 Of potent verse afraid;
 And yet I vow, in all my time,
 I've not beheld a single rhyme
 That ever spoil'd thy trade.

I've

I've often read those pious whims——
 John Wesley's sweet damnation hymns,
 That chaunt of heav'nly riches.
 What have they done?—those heav'nly strains,
 Devoutly squeez'd from canting brains,
 But fill'd John's earthly breeches?

There's not a shoeblack in the land,
 So humbly at the world's command,
 As thy old cloven foot;
 Like lightning dost thou fly, when call'd,
 And yet no pickpocket's so maul'd
 As thou, O Prince of Soot!

What thousands hourly bent on sin,
 With supplication call thee in,
 To aid them to pursue it;
 Yet, when detected, with a lie
 Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,
 “ The Devil *made* me do it.”

Behold the fortunes that are made,
 By men through roguish tricks in trade!
 Yet all to thee are owing——
 And tho' we meet it ev'ry day,
 The sneaking rascals dare not say,
 This is the *Devil's* doing.

As to thy company, I'm sure,
 No man can shun thee on that score;
 The very best is thine;
 With Kings, Queens, Ministers of State,
 Lords, Ladies, I have seen thee great,
 And many a grave Divine.

I'm sorely griev'd at times to find,
 The very instant thou art kind,

Some

Some people so uncivil,
When aught offends, with face awry,
With base ingratitude to cry,
“ I wish it to the devil.”

Hath some poor blockhead got a wife,
To be the torment of his life,
By one eternal yell;
The fellow cries out coarsely, “ Zounds,
“ I’d give this moment twenty pounds
“ To see the jade in hell.”

Shou’d Heav’n their pray’rs so ardent grant,
Thou never company wouldst want
To make thee downright mad;
For mind me, in their wishing mood,
They never offer thee what’s good,
But ev’ry thing that’s bad.

My honest anger boils to view
A snuffling, long-fac’d, canting crew,
So much thy humble debtors,
Rushing, on Sundays, one and all,
With desp’rate pray’rs thy head to maul,
And thus abuse their betters.

To seize one day in ev’ry week,
On thee their black abuse to wreak,
By whom their souls are fed
Each minute of the other fix,
With ev’ry joy that heart can fix,
Is impudence indeed !

Blushing I own thy pleasing art
Hath oft seduc’d my vagrant heart,
And led my steps to joy——
The charms of beauty have been mine;
And let me call the merit thine,
Who broughtst the lovely toy.

No, Satan——if I ask thy aid,
To give my arms the blooming maid,
I will not, thro' the nation all,
Proclaim thee (like a graceless imp)
A vile old-good-for-nothing pimp,
But say, “ ’tis thy vocation, Hal.”

Since truth must out——I seldom knew
What ’twas high pleasure to pursue,
Till thou hadst won my heart——
So social were we both together,
And beat the hoof in ev’ry weather,
I never wish’d to part.

Yet when a child——good Lord! I thought
That thou a pair of horns hadst got,
With eyes like faucers flaring!
And then a pair of ears so stout,
A monstrous tail and hairy snout,
With claws beyond comparing.

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,
By day I us’d to dread the Devil,
And trembling when ’twas night,
Methought I saw thy horns and ears,
Then sung or whistled to my fears,
And ran to chace my fright.

And ev’ry night I went to bed,
I sweated with a constant dread,
And crept beneath the rug;
There, panting, thought that in my sleep
Thou sli’ly in the dark wouldst creep,
And eat me, tho’ so snug.

A haberdasher’s shop is thine,
With fins of all forts, coarse and fine,

To

To suit both man and maid :
 Thy wares they buy, with open eyes ;
 How cruel then, with constant cries,
 To vilify thy trade !

To speak the truth, indeed, I'm loth—
 Life's deem'd a mawkish dish of broth
 Without thy aid, old Sweeper :
 So mawkish, few will put it down,
 E'en from the cottage to the crown,
 Without thy salt and pepper.

O Satan, whatsoever geer
 Thy Proteus form shall chuse to wear,
 Black, red, or blue, or yellow ;
 Whatever hypocrites may say,
 They think thee (trust my honest lay)
 A most bewitching fellow.

'Tis order'd (to deaf ears, alas !)
 To praise the bridge o'er which we pass ;
 Yet often I discover
 A numerous band will daily make
 An easy bridge of thy poor back,
 And damn it when they're over.

Why art thou then with cap in hand,
 Obsequious to a graceless band,
 Whose souls are scarce worth taking ?

O Prince, pursue but my advice,
 I'll teach your Highness in a trice
 To set them all a quaking.

Plays, op'ras, masquerades, destroy ;
 Lock up each charming *fille de joie* ;
 Give race-horses the glander——
 The dice-box break, and burn each card——
 Let virtue be its own reward,
 And gag the mouth of slander ;

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,
There's not a man, nor maid, nor wife.

That will not glad agree,
If thou wilt charm 'em as before,
To show their nose at church no more,
But quit their God for thee.

'Tis now full time my ode should end;
And now I tell thee like a friend,
Howe'er the world may scout thee;
Thy ways are all so wond'rous winning,
And folks so very fond of sinning,
They cannot do without thee.

THE TENDER HUSBAND.

Lo, to the cruel hand of Fate,
My poor dear Grizzle, meek-foul'd mate,
Requies her tuneful breath—
Tho' dropp'd her jaw, her lip tho' pale,
And blue each harmless finger nail,
She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
I scarce can think her but asleep—
How wonderfully tame!
And yet her voice is really gone,
And dim those eyes that lately shone
With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
To take it in his head to smite—

To

To lift his dart to hit her;
 For as she was so great a woman,
 And car'd a single fig for no man,
 I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still is that voice of late so strong,
 That many a sweet Capriccio sung,
 And beat in sounds the spheres?
 No longer must those fingers play,
 Britons strike home, that many a day
 Have sooth'd my ravish'd ears?

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclin'd
 To think I now might speak my mind,
 Nor hurt her dear repose;
 Nor think I now with rage she'd roar,
 Were I to put my fingers o'er,
 And touch her precious nose.

Here let me philosophic pause—
 How wonderful are Nature's laws,
 When Lady's breath retires,
 Its fate the flaming passions share,
 Supported by a little air,
 Like culinary fires!

Whene'er I hear the bagpipe's note,
 Shall Fancy fix on Grizzle's throat,
 And loud instructive lungs:
 O death, in her, tho' only one,
 Are lost a thousand charms unknown,
 At least a thousand tongues.

Soon as I heard her last sweet sigh,
 And saw her gently-closing eye,
 How great was my surprise!
 Yet have I not, with impious breath,
 Accus'd the hard decrees of death,
 Nor blam'd the righteous skies.

Why do I groan in deep despair,
Since she'll be soon an angel fair?

Ah! why my bosom smite?
Could grief my Grizzle's life restore!—
But let me give such ravings o'er—
Whatever is, is right.

Oh, Doctor! you are come too late;
No more of physic's virtues prate,
That could not save my lamb:
Not one more bolus shall be giv'n—
You shall not ope her mouth, by heav'n,
And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of bolusses, poor heart,
And pills, she took to load a cart,
Before she clos'd her eyes;
But now my word is here a law,
Zounds! with a bolus in her jaw,
She shall not seek the skies.

Good Sir, good Doctor, go away;
To hear my sighs you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure:
I thank you for your pains and skill;
When next you come, pray bring your bill;
I'll pay it, Sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends, who come to mourn her doom,
For God's sake gently tread the room,
Nor call her from the blest—
In softest silence drop the tear,
In whispers breathe the fervent pray'r,
To bid her spirit rest.

Repress the sad, the wounding scream;
I cannot bear a grief extreme—

Enough

Enough one little sigh——
 Besides, the loud alarm of grief,
 In many a mind may start belief,
 Our noise is all a lie.

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care;
 Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare;
 Her mouth, ah! slowly close;
 Her mouth a magic tongue that held——
 Whose softest tone, at times, compell'd,
 To peace, my loudest woes,

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,
 Of stoutest oak her coffin make——
 I'd not be stingy, sure——
 Procure of steel the strongest screws;
 For who wou'd paltry pence refuse
 To lodge his wife secure?

Ye people who the corpse convey,
 With caution tread the doleful way,
 Nor shake her precious head;
 Since Fame reports a coffin tost,
 With careless swing against a post,
 Did once disturb the dead.

Farewel, my love, for ever lost!
 Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghost,
 That I again will woo——
 By all our past delights, my dear,
 No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
 P—x take me if I do!

T H E
SOLDIER AND THE VIRGIN MARY.
A T A L E.

A SOLDIER at Loretto's wond'rous chapel,

To parry from his soul the wrath divine,
That follow'd mother Eve's unlucky apple,

Did visit oft the Virgin Mary's shrine ;
Who ev'ry day is gorgeously deck'd out,

In silks or velvets, jewels, great and small,
Just like a fine young lady for a rout,

A concert, op'ra, wedding, or a ball.

At first the Soldier at a distance kept,

Begging her vote and interest in heav'n —

With seeming bitterness the sinner wept,

Wrung his two hands, and hop'd to be forgiv'n :

Dinn'd her two ears with Ave-Mary flummery ;

Declar'd what miracles the dame could do,

Ev'n with her garter, stocking, or her shoe,

And such like wonder-working mummery.

What answer Mary gave the wheedling sinner,

Who nearly, and more nearly mov'd to win her,

The mouth of hist'ry doth not mention,

And therefore I can't tell but by invention.

One day as he was making love and praying,

And pious Aves, thick as herrings, saying,

And sins so manifold confessing ;

He drew, as if to whisper, very near,

And twitch'd a pretty diamond from her ear,

Instead of taking the good lady's blessing.

Then

Then off he fat with nimble shanks,
 Nor once turn'd back to give her thanks :
 A hue and cry the thief pursu'd,
 Who, to his cost, soon understood
 That he was not beyond the claw,
 Of that same long-arm'd giant christen'd Law.

With horror did his Judges quake——
 As for the tender-conscienc'd Jury,
 They doom'd him quickly to the stake,
 Such was their dev'lish pious fury.
 However, after calling him hard names,
 They ask'd if ought he had in vindication,
 To save his wretched body from the flames,
 And sinful soul from terrible damnation.

The Soldier answer'd them with much *sang froid*,
 Which show'd, of sin, a conscience void,
 That if they meant to kill him, they might kill :
 As for the diamond which they found about him,
 He hop'd they would by no means doubt him,
 That madam gave it him from pure good will.

The answer turn'd both Judge and Jury pale :
 The punishment was for a time deferr'd,
 Until his Holiness should hear the tale,
 And his infallibility be heard.

The Pope, to all his Counsellors, made known
 This strange affair—to Cardinals and Friars,
 Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were known
 To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and liars.

The question now was bandied to and fro,
 If Mary had the pow'r to *give*, or *no*.

That Mary *could not* give it, was to say,
 The wonder-working Lady wanted pow'r—
 This was a stumbling-block that stopp'd the way—
 This made Pope, Cardinals, and Friars, low'r.

To save the Virgin's credit lo!

And keep secure the di'monds that were left;
They said, she *might*, indeed, the gem bestow,
And consequently it might be no theft.

But then they pass'd immediately an act,
That ev'ry one discover'd in the fact,
Of taking presents from the Virgin's hand,
Or from the Saints of any land,
Should know no mercy, but be led to slaughter,
Flay'd here, and fry'd eternally hereafter.

Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear
To need poetical assistance;
Which bids you not let men approach too near,
But keep the saucy fellows at a distance;
Since men you find, so bold, are apt to seize
Jewels from ladies, ev'n upon their knees!

A N

ODE TO EIGHT CATS,

Belonging to ISRAEL MENDEZ, a Jew.

SCENE, *The Street in a Country town.*

THE TIME, *Midnight—The Poet at his Chamber Window.*

SINGERS of Israel, Ch ye fingers sweet,
Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,
Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,
And to the sleepless wretch the night endear;

Lo!

Lo! in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,
 Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks;
 Your friskings, crawlings, squawls, I much approve;
 Your spittings, pawings, high-rais'd rumps,
 Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,
 With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.

How sweetly roll your gooseb'rry eyes,
 As loud you tune your am'rous cries,
 And, loving, scratch each other black and blue!
 No boys in wantonness now bang your backs,
 No curs, nor fiercer mastiffs, tear your flax,
 But all the moon-light world seems made for you.

Singers of Israel, you no parsons want
 To tie the matrimonial cord;
 You call the matrimonial service, cant——
 Like our first parents, take each other's word:
 On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix——
 To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas!
 Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, nor ladle;
 No iron, pewter, copper, tin, or brass;
 No nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle,
 Which custom, for our Christian babes, enjoins,
 To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers have you need,
 Ye males, before you seek your bed,
 To settle pin-money on Madam:
 No fears of cuckoldom, heav'n blefs ye,
 Are ever harbour'd to distress ye,
 Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools you want for fine behaving,
 No powdering, painting, washing, shaving,

No nightcaps snug—no troubling in undressing,
 Before you seek your strawy nest,
 Pleas'd in each other's arms to rest,
 To feast on Love, heav'n's greatest blessing.

Good gods! ye sweet love-chanting rams!
 How nimble are you with your hams
 To mount a house, to scale a chimney top;
 And, peeping down the chimney's hole,
 Pour in a tuneful cry, th' impassion'd soul,
 Inviting Miss Grimalkin to come up:

Who, sweet obliging female, far from coy,
 Answers your invitation note with joy,
 And scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope;
 Lo! born on Love's all-daring wing,
 She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
 Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold——
 Singers of Israel sweet, adieu, adieu!
 I do suppose you need not now be told
 How much I wish that I was one of you.

SONG TO DELIA.

FORLORN I seek the silent scene,
 To keep the image of my fair;
 Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,
 And view the spectre of despair.

Why should my heart forget its woe?
 The virgin would have mourn'd for me—
 O nymph, th' eternal tear shall flow;
 The sigh unceasing breathe of thee.

Forgetful of his parted maid,
 Too many an unfeeling swain
 Forfakes of solitude the shade,
 For Pleasure's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of constancy they boast!—
 Their easy hearts their tongues belie—
 Who loves, reveres a fair one's ghost,
 And seeks a pleasure in a sigh.

SIR J. BANKS AND THE THIEFTAKERS.

SIR Joseph, fav'rite of great Queens and Kings,
 Whose wisdom, weed and insect hunter sings;
 And ladies fair applaud, with smile so dimpling;
 Went forth one day, amidst the laughing fields,
 Where Nature such exhaustless treasure yields,
 A simpling!

It happen'd on the self-same morn so bright,
 The nimble pupils of Sir Sampson Wright,
 A simpling too for plants call'd Thieves, proceeded;
 Of which the nation's field should oft be weeded.

Now did a thieftaker so sly,
 Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,
 And quick espy'd the Knight with solemn air,
 Deep in a ditch where watercresses grow;
 On which he to his comrades cry'd, "See, ho!"
 Then jump'd (unsportsman-like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir Joseph did not squeak, but bawl'd,
 With dread prodigiously appall'd—

The thieftakers no ceremony us'd;
 But taking poor Sir Joseph by the neck,
 They bade him speak;

But first with names their captive Knight abus'd.

"Sir,

“ Sir, what d’ye take me for?” the Knight exclaim’d——

“ A thief,” reply’d the runners with a curse:

“ And now, Sir, let us search you, and be damn’d”——

And then they search’d his pockets, fobs and purse:

But ’stead of pistol dire, and crape,

A pocket handkerchief they cast their eye on,
Containing frogs and toads of various shape,

Dock, daisy, nettletop, and dandelion,

To entertain, with great propriety,

The members of his sage society:

Yet would not alter they their strong belief,

That this their pris’ner was no thief!

“ Sirs, I’m no highwayman,” exclaim’d the Knight——

“ No——there;” rejoin’d the runners, “ you are right——

“ A footpood only——Yes, we know your trade——

“ Yes, you’re a pretty babe of grace:

“ We want no proofs, Old Codger, but your face;

“ So come along with us, Old Blade.”

’Twas useless to resist, or to complain——

In vain Sir Joseph pleaded——’twas in vain

That he was highly titled, that he swore——

The instant that poor Banks his titles counted,

Which to an F. R. S. and Knight amounted,

His guardians laugh’d, and clapp’d, and cry’d,

“ *encore.*”

Sir Joseph told them, that a neighb’ring Squire

Should answer for it that he was no thief:

On which they plumply damn’d him for a liar,

And said such stories should not save his beef;

And if they understood their trade,

His *mittimus* would soon be made;

And forty pounds be theirs, a pretty sum,

For sending such a rogue to kingdom come.

Now to the Squire mov'd pris'ner Knight and Co.
The runners taking him in tow,

Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,
Towing a French East-Indiaman, their prize,
So black, and of enormous size,
Safe into port for condemnation.

Whether they ty'd his hands behind his back,
For fear the Knight might run away,
And made, indelicate, his breeches slack,
We've no authority to say.

And now the country people gather'd round,
And star'd upon the Knight in thought profound,
Not on the system of Linnæus thinking—
Fancying they saw a rogue in ev'ry feature;—
Such is the populace's horrid nature
Tow'rds people thro' misfortune sinking.

At length, amidst much mob and mire,
Indeed amidst innumerable ranks,
Fatigu'd, they reach'd the mansion of the Squire,
To prove th' identity of Joseph Banks.

Now to the Squire, familiar bow'd the Knight,
Who knew Sir Joseph at first sight—
What's strongly mark'd, is quickly known agen——
And with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
The thieftakers severely reprimanded
For thus mistaking gentlemen.

Then bade them ask a pardon on their knees,
Of him that was a Knight and F.R.S.
Who, rather than the higher pow'rs displease,
Imagin'd that they could not well do less—

Then

Then on their knuckles rais'd they hands and eyes,
 And crav'd Sir Joseph's pardon for belief,
 That when they jump'd upon him by surprise,
 They took so great a *gemman* for a thief,
 Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,
Viz. not to judge of people by their *looks*.

SOLOMON AND THE MOUSE-TRAP.

A MAN in rather an exalted station,
 Whose eyes are always eyes of admiration,
 Without distinction, fond of all things novel,
 Ev'n from the lofty sceptre to the shovel—
 Just like stray'd bullocks saunt'ring thro' the lanes,
 Made frequent curiosity campaigns;
 Sometimes caught grafshoppers—now more profound,
 Would sometimes find a pin upon the ground;
 Where if the head towards him happ'd to point,
 His mind was wonderfully struck—
 Indeed he felt a joy in ev'ry joint,
 Because it always brings good luck.

This gentleman, *hight* Solomon, one day,
 In quest of novelty pursu'd his way;
 Like great Columbus, that fam'd navigator,
 Who found the world we've lost across the water;

But rather on a somewhat narrower scale,
 Lo! on dry land the gentleman set sail—

That day it chanc'd to be his will,
 To make discoveries at Salthill;

Where bounce he hopp'd into a widow's house,
 Whose hands were both employ'd so clever,
 Doing their very best endeavour,

To catch that vile free-booter, Monsieur Mouse;

Whose

Whose death she oft did most devoutly pray for,
Because he eat the meat he could not pay for;

Resembling Christians in that saving trick,

Who, wanting to obtain good cheer,
Invented an ingenious scheme call'd *tick*,

That purchases, like money, beef and beer:
Possess'd of *tick*, for cash man need not range,
Nor toil in taking or in giving change.

Eager did Solomon so curious clap
His rare round optics on the wond'rous trap

That did the duty of a cat;

And always fond of useful information,
Thus wisely spoke he with vociferation,

"What's that?—What, what? hæ, hæ; what's that?"

To whom, reply'd the mistress of the house,

"A trap, an't please you, Sir, to catch a mouse."

"Mouse!—catch a mouse!" said Solomon with glee—

"Let's see—let's see—'tis comical—let's see—

"Mouse!—mouse!"—then pleas'd his eyes began to
"roll—

"Where, where, doth he go in?" he marvelling cry'd—

"There," pointing to the hole, the dame reply'd—

"What here?" cry'd Solomon; "this hole, this hole?"

Then in he push'd his finger 'midst the wire,

That with such pains that finger did inspire,

He wish'd it out again with all his soul;

However, by a little squawl and skaking,

He freed his finger from its piteous taking—

That is to say, he got it from the hole.

"What makes the mouse, pray, go into the trap?

"Something (he cry'd) that must their palates
"please."—

"Yes, (answer'd the fair woman) Sir, a scrap

"Of rusty bacon, or of toasted cheese."

"Oh!

‘ Oh! oh! (said Solomon) oh! oh! oh! oh!
 ‘ Yes, yes, I see the meaning of it now——
 “ The mouse goes in, a rogue, to steal the meat,
 “ Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat,”
 Then laugh’d he loudly, stretch’d his mouth a mile,
 Which made the muscles of the widow smile.

“ Let’s see, let’s see,” cry’d Solomon——let’s see——
 “ Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me.”
 Then took he up some bacon, and did clap
 A little slice so clever in the trap.
 Thus did he by his own advice,
 Induce himself to bait a trap for mice!

Now home he hied so nimbly, whelm’d with glory,
 And told his family the wond’rous story
 About the widow’s cheese and bacon scrap!
 Nought suffer’d he to occupy his head,
 Save mouse ideas, till he went to bed,
 Where blest he dreamt all night about the trap.

Here let me pause, and Heav’n’s great goodness chaunt——
 How kind it is in gracious Heav’n to grant
 To full-grown gentlefolks of lofty station,
 A pow’r of relishing most trifling things,
 Pleasures ordained for brats in leading-strings,
 By way of happy harmless relaxation!

Next day the man of wisdom came,
 All glorious, to the house of this fair dame,
 To know if Master Mouse had smelt to bacon;
 When, lo! to fill with joy his eager eyes,
 And load those staring optics with surprise,
 A real mouse was absolutely taken!

Not more did Rodney’s joy this man’s surpass,
 When in his cabin first he saw De Grassé!

Not

Not more the hair-brain'd Macedonian boy,
 Leap'd like a Bedlamite, for joy,
 Than Solomon to see the mouse in jail!
 Not Alexander, foe of great Darius,
 (Men that with rich comparison supply us)
 When blest he caught the Persian by the tail.

Around the room the mouse he bore,
 Insulting the poor pris'ner o'er and o'er;
 Laughing and peeping through the wire,
 As if his eyes and mouth would never tire!

How like to Tamerlane the great,
 Possess'd of most unlucky Bajazet,
 Who kept the vanquish'd hero in a cage;
 Mock'd him before his mighty host,
 With cruel names and threats, and grin and boast,
 And daily thus indulg'd imperial rage!

Now o'er the widow's cat, poor watching puss,
 He triumph'd too, and ask'd the cat,
 When he would act heroically thus——
 And if he dar'd to venture on a rat.

To whom the cat, as if in answer, mew'd
 Which made the man of wisdom cry, "Oh! oh!"
 As if with knowledge of cat speech endu'd,
 He thought that puss had answer'd "No."
 On which he laugh'd, and much enjoy'd the joke—
 Then told the widow what the cat had spoke.

Six days the man of wisdom went
 Triumphant to Salthill, with big intent,
 To catch the bacon-stealing mouse:
 Six mice successively proclaim'd his art,
 With which, safe pocketed, he did depart,
 And shew'd to all his much-astonish'd house.

But

But pleasures will not last for aye;
 Witness the sequel of my lay——
 The widow's vanity, her sex's flaw,
 Much like the vanity of other people——
 A vapour, like the blast that lifts a straw,
 As high, or higher, than Saint Martin's steeple:

This vanity then kidnapp'd her discretion,
 Design'd by God Almighty for her guard;
 And of its purpose got the full completion,
 And all the widow's future glories marr'd:

For, lo! by this same vanity impell'd,
 And to a middle-siz'd balloon,
 With *gas* of consequence sublimely swell'd,
 She burst'd with th' important secret soon.

Loud laugh'd the tickled people of Salthill—
 Loud laugh'd the merry Windsor folks around—
 This was to Solomon an ugly pill!—
 Her fatal error soon the widow found—
 For Solomon relinquish'd mouse campaign,
 Nor deign'd to bait the widow's trap again!

P E T I T I O N . T O T I M E ,

I N F A V O U R O F

T H E D U T C H E S S O F D E V O N S H I R E .

TOO long, O Time, in *Bienfiance's* school,
 Have I been bred to *call* thee an old fool;
 Yet take I liberty to let thee know,
 That I have always *thought* thee so:

Full

Full old art thou to have more sense——
Then, with an idle custom, Time, dispense.

Thou really artest now, like little misses,
Who, when a pretty doll they make,
Their curious fingers itch to take
The pretty image all to pieces:
Thus, after thou hast form'd a charming fair,
Thou canst not quit her for thy soul,
Till, meddling, thou hast spoil'd her bloom and air,
And dimm'd her eye, with radiance taught to roll.
But now forbear such doings, I desire——
Hurt not the form that all admire——
Oh, never with white hairs her temple sprinkle—
Oh, sacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom,
And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,
Place a hard mortifying wrinkle.

Know, shouldst thou bid the beauteous Dutchess fade,
Thou, therefore, must thy own delights invade;
And know, 'twill be a long, long while,
Before thou giv'st her equal to our isle——
'Then do not with this sweet *chef d'œuvre* part,
But keep, to show the triumph of thy art.

O E C O N O M Y.

OECONOMY's a very useful broom;
Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
To catch each straggling pin to make a plumb—
Too oft Oeconomy's an iron vice,
'That squeezes ev'n the little guts of mice,
'That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper

Proper Oeconomy's a comely thing——
 Good in a subject—better in a king;
 Yet push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling——
 Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean;
 Inclines them too to villainy to lean,
 To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.
 Ev'n when the heart should only think of grief,
 It creeps into the bosom like a thief,
 And swallows up th' affections all so mild—
 Witness the Jewess, and her only Child.

THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

POOR Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
 Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
 In imitation of th' ambitious great,
 High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
 He fell all plump into the pit,
 Dead in a minute as a nit:
 In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
 Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck!
 The mother was distracted, raving, wild—
 Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiss'd her child—
 Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around:
 Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,
 And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
 She cast about her eyes in thought profound:
 And being with a saving knowledge blest'd,
 She thus the playhouse manager address'd:——
 “ Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
 “ Dat meet mishfartin here so bad——

“ Sher

“ Sher, I mufs haf de shilling back, you know,
 “ Afs Moses haf nat see de shew.

But as for Av’rice, ’tis the very devil;
 The fount, alas! of ev’ry evil;

The cancer of the heart—the worst of ills:
 Wherever sown, luxuriantly it thrives;
 No flow’r of virtue near it lives—

Like Aconite, where’er it spreads, it kills.

In ev’ry soil behold the poison spring!
 Can taint the beggar, and infect the king.

The mighty Marlborough pilfer’d cloth and bread;

So says that gentle satirist Squire Pope;

And Peterborough’s Earl upon this head,

Affords us little room to hope,

That what the Twickenham bard avow’d,

Might not be readily allow’d.

THE
 EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

AND

THE MOB.

THROUGH London streets upon a day,
 The Earl of Peterborough took his way,

All in his pompous coach—perhaps to dine—

The mob of London took it in their head,

This was the Duke of Marlborough, so dread

To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable

Unable such high merit to reward,
 The mob resolv'd to show a great regard;
 And so uniting, join'd their forces
 To draw his carriage, and dismiss the horses.

The Earl from out his carriage pok'd his face,
 And told the mob that he was not his Grace;

Then bid them be convinc'd and look:
 Hard of belief, as ev'n the hardest Jew,
 They told him that they better knew,

Then swore by G—— he was the Duke:
 Then threw their hats in air with loud huzzas,
 And form'd a thunder of applause.

Loud bawl'd the Earl that they were all deceiv'd—
 Loud bawl'd the mob he should not be believ'd—

“Zounds!” cry'd the Earl; “be converts then this
 “minute;”

So throwing sixpence to them, “there, there, there,
 “Take that,” cry'd Peterborough, with a sneer—
 “Now if you think I'm *be*, the devil's in it.”

ODE TO A DISTRESSED BEAUTY.

SWEET girl, forbear to droop thy head with shame—

What tho' the parson did not tie the knot?

What tho' the boy should come?—he'll bring thee fame—

The world's an ass, and custom is a sot—

Hold up thy head, and meet mankind with pride,

And throw thy blushes and thy fears aside.

EVE had no parson—for no priest was Adam,

And yet not out of countenance was Madam;

Her modesty receiv'd no grievous shocks,

When Master Cain was put upon the stocks;

Nor

Nor when, t' increase the number of her table,
She sat about the frame of Master Abel.

Once more, then, do not be afraid;
Without thy boy, a wonder may be missing—
A likeness of my charming maid,
The boy may do a credit to thy kissing.

Thou putt'st me of the morning much in mind,
Who seems afraid to peep upon mankind—
So slow her motions! all so very slow!
And then her cheeks so deep with crimson glad:

But safe deliver'd of her boy, the SUN,
The lusty lad, so proud his race to run,
Mounts high exulting in his birth;
Dries up her tears, her blushes puts to flight,
Tow'rs in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,
And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth.

Then let me kiss away thy tears—
Oh! cease thy sighs, and be a happy mother;
And when this chopping boy appears,
Suppose we give the lad a little brother?

THE GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE.

PEOPLE may have too much of a good thing—
Full as an egg of wisdom thus I sing!

A Man of some small fortune had a wife,
Sans doute, to be the comfort of his life;

And

And pretty well they bore the yoke together :
With little jarring liv'd the pair one year ;
Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear,
At times 'twas dark and dull, and hazy weather.

Now came the time when mistress in the straw
Did, for the world's support, her screams prepare ;
And Slop appear'd, with fair obstetric paw,
To introduce his pupil to our air ;
Whilst in a neighb'ring room the husband sat,
Musing on this thing now, and now on that ;

Now fighting at the sorrows of his wife ;
Praying to Heav'n that he could take the pain ;
But recollecting that such pray'rs were vain,
He made no more an offer of his life.

As thus he mus'd in solemn study,
Ideas sometimes clear, and sometimes muddy,
In Betty rush'd with comfortable news—
“ Sir, Sir, I wish you joy, I wish you joy—
“ Madam is brought to bed of a fine boy—
“ As fine as ever stood in shoes.”

“ I'm glad on't, Betty,” cry'd the master—
“ I pray there may be no disaster ;
“ All's with your mistress well, I hope ?”
Quoth she, “ All's well as heart can well desire
“ With Madam and the fine young Squire,
“ So likewise says old Doctor Slop.”

Off Betty hurried fast as she could scour,
Fast and as hard as any horse
That trottesth fourteen miles an hour—
A pretty tolerable course.

Soon happy Betty came again,
Blowing with all her might and main ;

Just like a grampus, or a whale;
 In founds, too, that would Calais reach from Dover—
 “ Sir, Sir, more happy tidings; ’tis not over—
 “ And Madam’s brisker than a nightingale :
 “ A fine young lady to the world is come,
 “ Squawling away just as I left the room——
 “ Sir, this is better than a good estate.”——
 “ Humph,” quoth the happy man, and scratch’d his
 pate.

Now looking up—now looking down;
 Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown—
 “ Good God,” says he, “ why was not I a cock,
 “ Who never feels of burd’ning brats the shock ;
 “ Who, Turk-like, struts amidst his madams picking,
 “ Whilst to the hen belongs the care
 “ To carry them to eat, or take the air,
 “ Or bed beneath her wing the chicken ?”

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,
 He found affairs not greatly mended;
 For in bounc’d Bet, her rump with rapture jiggling—
 “ Another daughter, Sir—a charming child.”—
 “ Another !” cry’d the man, with wonder wild ;
 “ Zounds ! Betty, ask your mistress if she’s *pigging*.”

THE PARSON-DEALER.

WHAT pity ’tis, in this our goodly land,
 That ’mongst the apostolic band,
 So ill divided are the loaves and fishes !
 Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Deacons,
 With ruddy faces blazing just like beacons,
 Shall daily cram upon a dozen dishes ;

Whilst

Whilst half th' inferior Caffocks think it well
Of beef and pudding ev'n to get the *smell*.

A plodding Hostler willing to be master,
And rise in this good world a little faster,

Left broom and manger at the Old Blue Boar ;
Meaning by *pars'ning* to support a table,
Lo, of Divines he kept a liv'ry stable——

A pretty *nut* indeed—about a score.

Of diff'rent colours were his Gospel hacks—
Some few were whites, indeed—but many blacks :

That is, some tolerable—many sad :
And verily, to give the devil his due,
The man did decency pursue,
Which shows he was not *quite* so bad.

For, lo! to dying persons of nobility,
He sent his parsons of gentility
To give the necessary pray'r——
To parting people of a mean condition,
Wanting a foul physician,
He suited them with blackguards to a hair.

To such as were of mild disorders dying,
Viz. of the doctor, gouts, or stones, or gravels,
He sent *good* priests—of manners edifying—
To comfort sinners on their travels :

But to low people in infectious fever,
Or any other dangerous one in vogue,
Such was his honesty, the man for ever
Most scrupulously sent a rogue.

It happen'd on a day when Fate was raging,
Crimp-like, for other regions, troops engaging,
When clergymen were busy all as bees ;
A poor old dying woman sent
To this same parson-monger compliment,
Begging a clergyman her soul to ease.

Unluckily but one was in the stall,
And *he* the very best of all!——

What should be done?

Necessitas non habet legs——

So to the priest he goes and begs

That he would visit the Old Crone.

“ Sir,” quoth the parson, “ I agreed

“ To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need;”

“ But not to ev’ry poor old lousy soul.”——

“ True,” cry’d the patron; “ to be sure ’tis true;

“ But, parson, do oblige me—prithce do——

“ Let’s put her decently into the hole :

“ All my black tribe, you know, are now abroad——

“ I’d do it, if I could, myself, by G—d;

“ Then what a dickens can I do or say?

“ Go, mumble, man, about a pray’r and half;

“ Tell the old B——ch her soul is safe;

“ Then take your fee and come away!!!”

B I E N S E A N C E.

THERE is a little moral thing in France,
Call’d by the natives *bienfiance*;
Much are the English mob inclin’d to scout it,
But rarely is *Monsieur Canaille* without it.

To *bienfiance* ’tis tedious to incline,

In many cases;

To flatter, *par exemple*, keep smooth faces
When kick’d, or suff’ring grievous want of coin.

To vulgars, *bienfiance* may seem an oddity——
I deem it a most portable commodity;

A sort of magic wand;
Which, if 'tis us'd with ingenuity,
Although an utensil of much tenuity,
In place of something solid, it will stand.

For verily I've marvell'd times enow
To see an Englishman, the ninny,
Give people for their services a guinea,
Which Frenchmen have rewarded with a bow.

Bows are a bit of *bienfiance*
Much practis'd too in that same France;
Yet call'd by Quakers, children of inanity;
But as they pay their court to people's vanity,
Like rolling-pins they smooth where'er they go
The souls and faces of mankind like dough!
With some, indeed, may *bienfiance* prevail
To folly—see the under-written tale.

THE PETIT MAITRE,

AND

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

AT Paris some time since, a murd'ring man,
A German, and a most unlucky chap,
Sad, stumbling at the threshold of his plan,
Fell into Justice's strong trap.

The bungler was condemn'd to grace the wheel,
On which the dullest fibres learn to feel;

His limbs *secundum artem* to be broke
Amidst ten thousand people, p'rhaps, or more
Whenever Monsieur Ketch apply'd a stroke,
The culprit, like a bullock, made a roar.

K k 2

A flippancy

A flippant *petit maitre* skipping by,
 Stepp'd up to him, and check'd him for his cry—
 “ Boh !” quoth the German ; “ an't I 'pon the wheel ?
 “ D'ye tink my nerfs and bons can't feel ?”
 “ Sir,” quoth the beau ; “ don't, don't be in a passion ;
 “ I've nought to say about your situation ;
 “ But making such a hideous noise in France,
 “ Fellow, is contrary to *bienfiance*.”

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS;

OR,

DR. CHAPMAN'S THESIS.

OXFORD's Vice Chancellor, a man
 Who fear'd the Lord, and lov'd the courtier clan,
 By virtue of his trade a Thesis† order'd,
 Which curs'd the terrible assassination
 Intended for the Monarch of our nation
 By Marg'ret Nicholson, in mind disorder'd ;
 That likewise prais'd the royal peep
 On Oxford and the arts so deep.
 So violent was Doctor Chapman's zeal,
 He quite forgot latinity and graces :
 Poor Priscian's head, whose wounds he cannot heal,
 Was broken in a half a dozen places.
 Yet tho' a simple Doctor, how amazing !
 He sat the University a blazing——

† A Latin Thesis is annually given out by the Vice Chancellor for the subject of a Poem, and twenty pounds allotted to the prize candidate.

Such was the kindling zeal that he inherits——
A farthing candle in a cask of spirits!

Richards of Trinity, who won the prize,
Now strutted victor forth with scornful eyes;
Bringing to mind the bards and tuneful dames
Who vied for conquest at th' Olympic games.

Forth march'd, too, *Vice—videlicet*, the Doctor,
Who, purring for preferment, flily *mouses*,
Attended by each dog-whipper, call'd Proctor,
And *eke* the heads and tails of all the houses.

Forth march'd the Nobles in their Sunday's gear;
Forth strutted, too, each beadle, like the Peer,
With silver staves, blue gowns, and velvet caps—
A set of very pompous-looking chaps!

Whilst Hayes *, who sticks like stag-hounds to a haunch,
Mov'd on in all the majesty of paunch:
To greet of all our ears the trembling drums,
The piper play'd 'The conquering hero comes.'

Loud groan'd the organ through his hundred pipes,
As if the poor machines had got the gripes;
As if, too, 'twas the organ's firm persuasions,
He oft had roar'd on more sublime occasions.

Now Chapman took, 'midst great compeers, his station
Crew open'd subject in a fair oration—

Then clapp'd was Crew—to him applause was news,
Now 'gan the bard his poem to recite,
And, soaring, bade poor common sense good night,
So lofty were the pinions of his muse!

Thick as the pattering hail his praises show'r—
So strong his Poetry's mechanic pow'r,

* The organist.

High mounts the Monarch by his tuneful lever;
His muse's magnifying art so great,
Behold his George, an Alfred form complete;
Small Peg, Goliah, and her knife a cleaver!

Now back the fable bodies mov'd again,
Like beetles all so thick, a crawling host;
Whilst contemplation wrapp'd the loyal train,
Expecting, by the next day's post,
To see their acts in pompous print display'd,
And wreathes of glory crown the cavalcade!

A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

HOW useless was th' above! each person grieves,
And, with the grieving Doctor, cries out shame,
That so much loyal zeal for nought should flame—
Not ev'n obtain a pair of coarse lawn sleeves,
Which poor Saint David giveth to support
The hoily oil-of-fool men of a Court.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

SWEET daughter of Religion, modest fair,
Thy hands upon thy bosom so *tranquille*,
With eyes to Heav'n, with so divine an air,
So calmly smiling, so resign'd thy will;
Oh sent to teach us, and our passions cool,
I wish thou hadst a little larger school.

Lo, man, so great his want of grace,
If he but cuts a pimple on his face

When

When shaving;
 Like man bewitch'd he jumps about,
 Kicks up a most infernal rout,
 And seemeth absolutely raving;
 And, lo, all this for want of thy tuition—
 Thus travel souls of people to perdition!

Stand at my side, oh stoic dame—
 On starling Martyn bid me cry out “shame,”
 Instead of knocking the dull fellow down;
 When up the ninnyhammer starts to preach,
 And impudently interrupts a speech
 Of orators of fair and first renown,
 Just like the owl that scares the moonlight hour,
 Whilst Philomela warbles from her bow'r.

And, oh! attend me when my eyes
 View dedications fill'd with fulsome lies,
 In praise of *gen'rous* Queens and Kings;
 Heav'n swell the fountains of their hearts,
 That seldom water the poor arts,
 However sweetly adulation sings:

Eke, when I hear that stupid Parson H—,
 God's house with ev'ry nonsense fill,
 And then with blasphemy each sentence cramm'd;
 And when I hear th' impostor cry,
 “I've news, you raggamuffins, from the sky;
 “I'm come to tell ye, that you'll all be damn'd:

“I'm come from God, ye strumpets—come from God—
 “I'm God Almighty's servant—hear my voice.”—
 Which if it were so, would be vastly odd,
 Since Heav'n would show bad judgment in the choice.

Dead all his money-loving soul's desires,
 When subtle Hawkesb'ry talks of patriot fires,

And

And yielding places up to save the nation;
 When of importance braggeth simple Leeds;
 When Gloster's far-fam'd wife for meekness pleads;
 And Gloster's Duke breathes war and desolation;
 When Brudenell talks of elegance and ease;
 When Thurlow turns the first of devotees,
 And to astound the million, builds a church;
 When royal folks of purest friendship boast,
 Make generosity their constant toast,
 Yet leave poor pining merit in the lurch;
 When wonders thro' his spyglass Marlborough views,
 And sends to Banks the great, th' important news,
 Fresh from his *Cranium's* philosophic fogs;
 When Dick descants on any thing but croute,
 When Thomson ought performs beyond a scout,
 And Mawbey talks of any thing but hogs;
 Sweet PATIENCE, sooth me with thy faint-like note,
 Or, driv'n to madness, I shall cut my throat!

TO A NEST OF LORDS.

BEDCHAMBER utensils, you seem distress'd,
 And swear with horror that my rhymes molest
 Of certain folks so great the sweet repose;
 Runing about with horrors, groans, and sighs,
 And floods, produc'd by onions, in your eyes,
 So strong your friendship, and so vast your woes!
 Dear humming Lords, on friendship bray no more,
 Nor thus the bard's depravity deplore;
 Lo! like yourselves each man his trumpet bears,
 In tame credulity's wide-gaping ears,

Of friendship the sublimity to found——
Friendship! in dictionaries only found!

Perchaunce, my Lords, in foreign parts you've been——
Perchaunce your optics fair Versailles have seen;

Likewise the Vatican, with all its state,
And *eke* th' Escorial, pride, of Spain confest;
But, 'midst those scenes, did e'er your eyeballs blest
See a pig hanging in a gate?

If e'er you did this last great sight behold,
You need not, Lords, so sapient, to be told
What most untuneful notes the pris'ner makes:
Indeed the hog his mouth and lungs employs
In raising such ear-crucifying noise,
As if he really was transfix'd with stakes.

Now near him should there happen to be hogs
Passing their happy hours amidst the bogs,
Grunting soft things to their own flesh and blood;
That is, unto their sweethearts and their brides,
Lying like ancient Romans on their sides,
And dining on the dainties of the mud;

Forgetting love, and dainty mud so fatt'ning,
In which they had been batt'ning,
Up leaps the herd of swine for his protection;
Just like the herd that had the devil,
Away they scamper, all so civil,
Resolving for to free him or to die——
Such is of swine the friendly quality,
Altho' proverbial for brutality!

But when at Newgate to be hung,
A Christian pours a dying song,
I grant that numbers hasten to the wretch,
Most pig-like—but, alas! lift not a hand
To keep him longer in the land,
And snatch him from the talons of Jack Ketch.

No;

No ; on the contrary, so fond their eyes
 Of seeing how a brother dies,
 I, from the bottom of my soul, believe
 They would not wish him a reprieve.

Thus, were your good friend Pitt condemn'd to
 swing——

Nay, ev'n were *greater people* I could name,
 For whom with godly zeal you seem to flame—
 I don't believe you'd wish to cut the string,
 Were you but tolerably sure
 The next in pow'r would give you sixpence more.

Learn then, my Lords, (tho' with contempt you treat
 'em)

Friendship from hogs, as well as cat 'em.

At length my subjects end, and now
 To Folly let me make my best Court bow—

O Goddess, still monopolize the GREAT:
 Then oft, to please the palate of the times,
 The Muse shall ride to market with her rhymes
 And thrive upon her Helicon estate.

EXPOSTULATORY ODES

TO

A GREAT DUKE,

AND

A LITTLE LORD.

————— Torrens dicendi copia multis,
Et sua mortifera est facundia!

JUVENAL.

Full many a Wight hath suffer'd for a Song,
And curs'd his volubility of Tongue.

That PETER may not THUS have Cause to say
With JUVENAL, poor Fellow, let us pray!

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

MY LORDS,

YOUR UNCOMMON ATTENTION to my late Publications demands a Return of Gratitude. Permit me to present to your Lordships the following Lyric Trifles, which, if possessed of Merit sufficient to preserve them from Oblivion, will inform Posterity that you existed.

I am, my Lords,

&c. &c. &c.

PETER PINDAR.

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EXPOSTULATORY ODES.

O D E I.

MOST noble Peers, there goes an odd report,
That you, prime fav'rites of an *honest* court,
Are hunting treason 'midst my publications—
Hunting, like bloodhounds, with the keenest noses,
Which hound-like hunting nat'rally supposes
The bard dares satirize the King of Nations.

Ye sharp state mousers, with your watering jaws,
God keep me from the vengeance of your claws :
An Asiatic fight may be renew'd ;
What feathers flying, what a field of blood,
'Twixt falcon Burke and Sheridan, so brave,
And heron Hastings, such a dainty dish,
So wont to cram on Asiatic fish,
The largest, fattest of the western wave !

Yes, yes, I hear that you have watch'd my note,
And wish'd to squeeze my tuneful throat ;
When Thurlow your designs most wisely scouted,
Swearing the poet should not yet be knouted.

Thus when grimalkin in its cage espies
A linnet or canary bird, so sweet ;
The scoundrel lifts, so sanctified, his eyes,
Contriving how the warbler's back to greet :

He

He squints, and licks his lips, stalks round, and round,
 Twinkling with mischief fraught his tyger tail;
 Now on his rump he sits, in thought profound,
 Looks up with hungry wishes to assail;
 When sudden enters master with a roar,
 And kicks the scheming murderer to the door.

O D E II.

RIGHT honest watchdogs of the state,
 I like to smile at Kings, but treason hate——

Most busy Jenkinson, Bute's once best friend,
 A praise that stamps a character divine!
 Believe not thus the Poet can offend;
 Ye gods! can Peter pour th' unloyal line?

I Peter, perpetrate so foul a thing!
 I offer mischief to so good a King!
 Now be it known to all the realms around,
 I would not lose my liege for twenty pound!

Mild Osborne, softer than the down of goose,
 I beg you will not let suspicion loose——
 If so—of history I'll turn compiler——
 Divulge some tame amours with Mistress C—yl—r:
 So tame, indeed, so singularly stupid,
 As gave a blush to little pimping Cupid!

O Heav'ns! can Jenkinson and Osborne long,
 Foes to the muse, to cut out Peter's tongue?
 Arm'd with the Jove-like thunders of the crown,
 To knock with those dread bolts a simple Poet down?

Lo!

Lo ! into life against my will I tumbled,
 And, says my nurse, I made a horrid clatter ;
 Kick'd, sprawl'd, and sputter'd, gap'd, and cried, and
 grumbled,
 Quite angry, seemingly, with Mother Nature ;

Who, *queen-like*, thinking all she does is right,
 Against my wishes lugg'd me into light ;
 And what is harder, and worse manners still,
 She'll kick me out of it against my will.

Yet since on this world's theatre I'm thrown,
 Which with my temper now begins to suit ;
 And since its *drama* pleases, I must own
 I would be sorry to remain a mute ;
 Inclined to say, like Beckford *, undeterr'd,
 " By G— I'll speak, and d-mme I'll be heard."

My Lords, I fain would live a little longer,
 For lo ! desire, as to a bosom wife,
 Undoubtedly the greatest bliss of life,
 Hath taken deeper root and stronger.

Would HE who made the world look down, and say,
 " Peter, wilt live on earth a thousand years ?"
 " Lord, Lord," I should delighted roar away,
 " Ten thousand, if to thee it meet appears."
 " So long ! what for ?" the Deity might cry,
 " O great Divinity," quoth I,

* The House of Commons frequently resounded with those emphatic expressions of the late angry patriotic alderman, when gentlemen, by scraping, hemming, coughing, and groaning, (to adopt the phraseology of my old friend Dr. Johnson) meant to oppugn the impetuosity of pecuniary arrogance, and annihilate the ebullition of pertinacious loquacity.

" A thousand reasons; principally one,
 " To see the present Prince of Wales,
 " Whom many an aspic tongue assails,
 " Aloft on Britain's envied throne.
 " Where half the monarchs that have sat before
 " Have only sat to eat, and drink, and snore;
 " To damn the credit of the age,
 " And load with folly hist'ry's blushing page."

And, Jenkinson, should thy hard face behold
 A GEORGE the FOURTH upon the throne,
 Adieu at once thy age of gold!
 Behold thy hopes of higher honours gone!
 Then get thyself an Earldom quick, quick, quick,
 For fear of Fortune's wild vagaries;
 Thus shall thy daughters all, like mushrooms thick,
 Rise Lady JOANS and MADGES, NELLs and MARYs.

O D E III.

IOW N I love the PRINCE—his virtues charm—
 I know the youth receiv'd from heav'n a heart:
 In friendship's cause I know his bosom warm,
 That maketh *certain folk* with wonder start.
 'Tis true that from my soul the man I hate,
 Immers'd in mammon, and by mis'ry got;
 Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,
 And wishes to have ev'ry thing for nought:
 Who if he gam'd, the dice would meanly cog;
 Rob the blind beggar's scrip, and starve his dog—
 And that there are such wretches near a throne,
 Degraded nature tells it with a groan.

Perdition

Perdition catch the money-grasping wretch,
 With hook-like fingers ever on the stretch;
 Who fighting, vents on Charity a curse,
 That asks for WANT a penny from his purse:

The heart that lodges in that miser's breast,
 For money feels the hunger of the shark,
 Resembling, too, the rusty iron chest
 That holds his idol—close, and hard, and dark.

Give me the youth who dares at times unbend,
 And scorning Moderation's prude-like stare,
 Can to her teeth, and to the world, declare,
 Ebriety a merit with a friend.

When friendship draws the corks, and bids the dome
 With mirth and fallies of the soul resound:
 When friendship bids the bowl o'erflowing foam,
 Till morning eyes the board with plenty crown'd;
 Behold the VIRTUES that sublimely soar,
 Instead of meanly damning, cry "*Encore.*"

O D E IV.

WITH you, my Lords, I'm every thing that's evil;
 There's scarce a crime I've not committed;
 The very effence of the devil;
 Deserving by the Dæmon to be spitted;
 Just like a turkey, goose, or duck,
 Prepar'd by Joan the cook to go to fire;
 So wanton have you both been pleas'd to pluck
 The swan that imitates his Theban fire.

Of ev'ry quality am I bereft,
 Not ev'n the shadow of a virtue left;
 Not one small moral feather in my wings,
 When dead, to lift me to the King of Kings.

My Lords, beware—by mouthing oft my name
 Unwisely, you may damn me into fame:
 By letting thus your spleen on PETER loose,
 He builds triumphal arches on abuse!

In vain the bard turns oculist, and tries
 To purge the film from this world's darken'd eyes.

In vain to Printers and to Printers devils
 I fly, and advertise to cure King's Evils:
 With huge contempt you look on me, alack!
 My *nostrums* curse, and call the Bard a quack.

In general, authors are such coward things,
 They fear to speak their sentiments of Kings,
 Till those same Kings are dead, and then the crowd,
 Just like a pack of hounds, historian, bard,
 With throats of thunder run his mem'ry hard,
 And try to tear him piecemeal from his shroud.

Now, if we wish a Monarch to reclaim,
 In God's name let us speak before he's dead,
 Or else 'tis ten to one we miss our aim,
 By staying till the Fates have cut his thread:
 After this operation of their knife,
 I ne'er knew reformation in my life.

And yet, what is the greatest King when dead,
 When dust and worms his eyes and ears o'erspread,
 And lo he lies beneath the stone?
 The man who millions call'd his own,
 Howe'er his spectre may be willing,
 Cannot give change t'ye for a shilling!

ODE

O D E V.

YOUR taunting voices now, my Lords, I hear,
And thus they grate the poet's loyal ear:

"Bard, we are both superior to thy lays——

"Deaf to thy censure, and despise thy praise.

"Know that our Monarch lifts his head sublime,

"Beyond the reach of groveling rhyme,

"An Atlas hiding midst the thickest clouds;

"Whilst thou, a beetle, doom'd to buz below,

"In circles, envious rambling to and fro,

"Survey'st the shining mist his head that shrouds.

"Thy rhymes, insulting Kings with pigmy pride,

"Are like the sea's mad waves that make a pother,

"Wild rushing on some promontory's side,

"One noisy blockhead following another.

"The stately promontory seems to say,

"Aspiring fools, go back again, go home:

"At once the shoulder'd bullies dash'd away,

"Sink from his stately side in fruitless foam.

"Thou, with rascallions like thyself,

"A poor opiniated elf,

"Letting on Kings thy pen licentious loose,

"Art like an impudent lane goose,

"Who, as the trav'ler calmly trots along,

"Starts from amongst his flock, an ill-bred throng,

"Waddling with pok'd-out neck, and voice so coarse,

"As if to swallow up the man and horse:

"With rump'd feathers to the steed he steals,

"And, like a coward, snaps him by the heels;

"Then to his gang with out-stretch'd pinions hobbling,

"The fool erect returns *Te Deum* gabbling,

"And

" And from each brother's greeting gullet draws
 " The mingled triumph of a coarse applause,
 " As if the trotting enemies were beaten,
 " And man and palfry killed and eaten.
 " Poor rogue, thou hast not got the trifling spirit
 " To own thy King e'er did one act of merit."

My Lords, with great submission to your sense,
 Giving the lie, yet hoping no offence;
 An act is his my heart with rapture hails——
 George gave the world the Prince of Wales;

A Prince, who when he fills Old England's throne,
 The virtues and fair science shall surround it;
 And when he quits the sceptre all shall own
 He left it as *unfulfilled* as he found it.

O D E VI.

GREAT was the Bard's desire to sing the Queen,
 Vast in her soul, majestic in her mien;
 But fierce George Hardinge * swore if pens or pen
 Of woman, women, man, or men,

In any wise or shape, in ode or tale,
 Dar'd mention that superior lady, lo!
 The law should deal them *such* a blow!——

Hang, pill'ry, or confine for life in jail!
 And as a kite, on whom the small birds stare,
 That tow'ring critic of the air,

Is oft beset by tribes of rooks and crows,
 Amidst the crystal fields of heav'n;

By whose hard beaks and wings, no common foes,
 Sad knocks to gentle kite are giv'n;

* Solicitor to the Queen.

Surrounded thus amidst that lofty hall,
 Nam'd Westminster, the gentle bard
 Might of the fable legions taste the gall:

He therefore wisely means to play his card:
 The Poet's *quidlidet audendi* waves,
 And thus his hide an old companion faves.

Ah, me! the legislators of Parnassus,
 In liberty, though Englishmen, surpass us!
 What's found at Hippocrene, the Poet's SPA,
 Is not at Westminster found law!

Parnassus never with rare Genius wars;
 But aiding, lifts his head to strike the stars:
 At Westminster how different is his fate?
 Where if he soars sublime, and boldly sings,
 The sheers of law, like Fate's, shall snip his wings,
 And bid him warble thro' an iron grate.

Perchaunce law neckcloths, form'd of deal or oak,
 Like marriage, often an unpleasant yoke,
 Shall rudely hug his harmless throat,
 And stop his Apollinian note;
 The empire of fair poetry o'erturning,
 And putting every muse in mourning.

O D E VII.

YOU tell me both, with grievous malice carping,
 On one dull tune eternally I'm harping——

You would have said to MILTON just the same;
 Who thro' twelve books the head of Satan maul'd—
 Such names the prince of darkness call'd,
 As must have made you roar out shame.

You

You would (or greatly I mistake) have said,
 " What! Milton, always plaguing the poor Devil,
 " For ever beating Nick about the head;
 " How canst thou be so dev'lishly uncivil?
 " Was not *one* book sufficient for thy spleen,
 " But must thou to a mummy beat him,
 " And, like a pickpocket, so barb'rous treat him
 " Through books a dozen or fourteen?"

Suppose these things you could have mutter'd,
 And glorious MILTON, like a ninny,
 Had answer'd, " There is sense and reason in ye—
 " Thank ye, kind Gentlemen, for all you've utter'd;
 " The hint you offer not amiss is:
 " I'll tear my Paradise to pieces."

Suppose I ask you what had been the evil?
 Believe me something to the world's sad cost—
 By such civility to spare the Devil,
 My Lords, a second Iliad had been lost.

Thus from poor Peter take the GREAT away;
 Of fun you rob him of cart-loads——
 What would his customers all do and say?
 P'rhaps, curse you for the loss of Odes.

You'll say, " Let satire meaner subjects look."
 Well, JENKY *, grant my satire flies at you,
 Who'd buy my melancholy vulgar book?
 Adieu fair fame, and fortune's smiles adieu!

But if we daring trim a royal jacket,
 Lord! what a buying, reading, what a racket!

* Here seemeth to be a contradiction; but when the reader is informed that JENKY cannot without mockery be ranked amongst the GREAT, the mystery stands explained.

How spruce the metamorphos'd bard appears!
 With what a confidence he pricks his ears!
 Who just before, in piteous chop-fall'n plight,
 Look'd of the woeful face, LA MANCHA'S KNIGHT!

Who runs to see a monkey in a trap?

But let the noble lion grace the gin,
 Lo! the whole world is out to see him snap,
 To hear him growl, and triumph o'er his grin!

Cut off the head of a great Lord,

Not wiser than the head of a great goose,
 Tow'r Hill at once with gapers will be stor'd,
 As if the world was all broke loose;

But when a little villain haps to swing,
 What a poor solitary string!

How few by curiosity are fetch'd
 To see the rope of justice stretch'd!

Scarce any but the hangman and the priest
 To do their duty at the culprit's side,
 With hemp and pray'rs his neck and soul assist,
 And with the lonely trav'ler a good ride.

O D E VIII.

HARK! hark! I hear you courtier pair exclaim,
 " This Peter is the most audacious dog;
 " The fellow hath no rev'ence for a name——
 " A King to him is scarce above a log."
 Sometimes *below* * a log, Sirs, if you please;
 A bold assertion, to be prov'd with ease.

* A few foreign Monarchs justify the Poet's assertion.

But,

But, goodly Gentlemen, I do desire ye,
 T' avoid in this affair minute enquiry
 Concerning their respective merit;
 I fear less prudence will be seen than spirit;
 Logs universally are useful things;
 A *postulatum* not allow'd to Kings.

“ For us, on Honour's pinnacle,” you cry,
 “ Whose heads are nearly level with the sky,
 “ High basking in the blaze of regal pow'r;
 “ This Peter, seldom from rank pride exempt,
 “ Calls us, with scowling eyes of fix'd contempt,
 “ A pair of jackdaws perch'd upon a tow'r.
 “ Archbishops, bishops, servants of the Lord,
 “ Head servants, too, who preach the purest word,
 “ With waving hands enforcing goodly matter,
 “ No more by him, the scorner, are accounted
 “ Than sweepers on their chimneys mounted,
 “ That wield their brush, and to the vulgar chatter.”

True, my dear Lords—for merit only warm,
 Rank and fine trappings long have ceas'd to charm,
 And yet, their eyes the stupid million bless,
 For barely getting fights of rank and dress!

When Judges a campaigning go,
 And on their benches look so big,
 What gives them consequence, I trow,
 Is nothing but a bushel wig:

Yet bumpkins, gaping with a bullock stare,
 See learning lodg'd in ev'ry hair.
 But heads, not hair, my admiration draw;
 Not wigs, but wisdom, strikes *my* soul with awe.

ODE

O D E IX.

THE man who printeth his poetic fits,
 Into the Public's mouth his head commits;
 Too oft a lion's mouth, of danger full,
 Or flaming mouth of PHALARIS's bull;
 He pours the sad repentant groan in vain,
 The cruel world but giggles at his pain.

For lo! our world, so savage in its nature,
 Would rather see a fellow under water,
 Or, from the attic story of a house

Fall down fouse

Upon a set of cursed iron spikes;
 Than see him with the blooming lass he likes,
 Blest on a yielding bed of down or roses,
 Where LOVE's fond couples often join their noses.

Upon me what a host I've got!
 Who by their black abuses boil their pot.
 Ay, that's the reason—wide-mouth'd hunger calls,
 And from the hollows of each stomach bawls!
 Thus the poor silk-worms, born to bless mankind,
 Whilst for the shiv'ring world the robe they spin,
 In ev'ry ring a thousand insects find,
 Gnawing voraciously their harmless skin.

And thus the lambs, whose useful fleeces treat
 With coats and blankets people of all stations,
 By preying maggots are beset,
 Harb'ring whole stinking nations;
 Which from their backs the crows so kindly pick,
 Enough to make a Christian sick.

Oh, would some critic crow but eat the pack
 Now nestling in my lyric back,

That

That daily in their hosts increase,
And try to spoil the finest fleece.

Why am I persecuted for my rhymes,
That kindly try to cobble Kings and times?

To mine, Charles Churchill's rage was downright
rancour.

He was a first-rate man of war to *me*,
Thund'ring amidst a high tempestuous sea;
I'm a small cockboat bobbing at an anchor;
Playing with patereroes that alarm,
Yet scorn to do a bit of harm.

My satire's blunt—his boasted a keen edge——
A sugar hammer mine—but his a blacksmith's sledge!

And then *that* Junius!—what a scalping fellow;
Who dar'd such treason and sedition bellow!

Compar'd to them, whose pleasure 'twas to stab,
Lord! I'm a melting medlar to a crab!

My humour of a very diff'rent sort is——
Their satire's horrid hair cloth, mine is silk——
I am a pretty nipperkin of milk;

They two enormous jugs of *aqua fortis*.

Compar'd to their high floods of foaming satire,
My rhyme's a rill—a thread of murmuring water;
A whirlwind they, that oaks like stubble heaves——
I, zephyr whisp'ring, sporting through the leaves.

And such all candid people must conclude it——
The world should say of Peter Pindar's strain,
“ In *him* the courtly Horace lives again——
“ *Circum præcordia Petrus ludit.*”

Which easy scrap of Latin thus I render——
No man by Peter's verse is harshly bitten;
Like lambkins bleats the bard so sweet and tender,
And playful as the sportive kitten.

So chaste his *smiles*, so soft his stile,
 That ev'n his bitt'rest enemies should smile;
 He biddeth not his verse in thunder roar——
 His lines perpetual summer—sunshine weather——
 He tickles only—how can he do more,
 Whose only instrument's a feather?

O D E X.

LIKE children, charm'd with Praise's sugar'd song,
 How much the Great admire the cringing throng;
 And how most *lovingly* the men they hate,
 Who to the stubbornness of conscience born,
 Tenacious of the rights of nature, scorn
 To hold the censor to the nose of State!

Too many a weak-brain'd man, and silly dame,
 Are made ridiculous by fulsome fame;
 Rais'd on high pedestals in rich attire,
 For half the globe to laugh at, not admire.

You bid the bard in panegyric shine;
 With courtly adulation load the line:
 Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing—
 Rank poison for a subject, or a King.

My Lords, I do declare that it requires
 A brain well fortified to bear great flatt'ries;
 Such very dangerous mask'd batt'ries,
 That keep on great men's brains such ceaseless fires!
 I hope that God will give such great men grace
 To know the gen'ral weakness of the place.

Pray do not fancy what I utter strange—
 The love of flatt'ry is the soul's rank mange,

Which,

Which, though it gives such tickling joys,
 Instead of doing service, it destroys:
 Just as the mange to lapdogs' skins apply'd,
 Though pleasing, spoils the beauty of the hide.

A sonnet now and then to please the fair,
 With flatt'ry spic'd a little, does no harm——
 That talks of flames, perfections, hope, despair,
 And hyperbolically paints each charm.

P'rhaps to a fault at times, my muse's art,
 By admiration swell'd, hath soar'd too high;
 But Cynthia knew the lover's partial art,
 And chid her poet for the tuneful lie.

Perhaps too loud the bard hath struck the lyre;
 And when th' enthusiast, with a lover's fire,
 More bright than angels, gave the nymph to glow;
 By Truth's delightful dictates solely sway'd
 Ought of his fav'rite Cynthia to have said,
 "She triumphs only o'er the world *below*."

O D E X I.

MY Lords, I won't consent to be a bug,
 To batten in the royal rug,
 And on the backs of Monarchs meanly crawl,
 And more, my Lords, I hope I never shall
 Yet certain vermin I can mention, love it,
You know the miserales that can *prove* it.
 I cannot, Papist-like, (a dupe to Kings)
 Create divinities from wooden things.
 Somewhere in Asia—I forget the place—
 Ceylon I think it is——Yes, yes, I'm right;
 There Kings are deem'd of heav'nly race,
 And blasphemy it is their pow'r to slight.

Like

Like crouching spaniels down black Lords must lie,
 Whene'er admitted to the Royal eye,
 And say, whene'er the mighty Monarch chats
 To those black Lords about their wives and brats,
 That happen in the world to tumble ;
 " Dread Sire, your slave and bitch my wife,
 " Hath brought to blefs your dog so humble,
 " One, two, three, four, five puppies into life ;
 " All subject to your godlike will and pow'r,
 " To hang or drown in half an hour."

This is too fervile, I must dare confefs—
 'Twixt man and man the diff'rence should be less.

I own I brought two wond'ring eyes to town,
 Got bent by mobs my ribs like any hoop,
 To see the mighty man who wore a crown——
 To see the man to whom great courtiers stoop.

Much had I read, which *certés* some time since is,
 My bible so replete with Kings and Princes,
 And thought Kings taller than my parish steeple ;
 I thought too, which was natural enough,
 Jove made their skins of very diff'rent stuff
 From that which clothes the bones of common people.

But mark ! by staring, gaping ev'ry day,
 The edge of admiration wore away,
 Like razors' edges rubb'd against a stone ;
 Kings ceas'd to be such objects of devotion,
 I saw the Beings soon without emotion,
 And thought like mine their bodies flesh and bone.

Like many thousands, I was weak enough
 To think Jove kept a soul and body shop——
 Like mercers had variety of stuff,
 For such whose turn it was to be made up ;

And

And that he treated with great liberality
 Folks born to figure in the line of quality;
 Giving souls superfine, and bones and bloods,
 In short, the choicest of cœlestial goods:

But on the lower classes when employ'd,
 It struck me, that he work'd with much *sang froid*,
 Not caring one brass farthing for the chaps;
 Forming them just as girls themselves amuse
 In making workbags, pincushions, and shoes——
 VIDELICET—from scraps.

Now can't I give a thimbleful of praise,
 E'en to an Emp'ror, if uncrown'd by merit;
 A starving principle, 'faith, now a-days,
 And unconnected with the courtier's spirit——
 You, Sirs, I think, can give it with a ladle,
 And rock of grinning idiotism the cradle.

O D E XII.

SO much abus'd, I lose my lyric merit——
 Evaporated half its spirit;
 Reduc'd from alcohol to phlegm:
 From solid pudding to whipp'd cream!

There was a time when not one bit afraid
 Of ought the people roar'd, or sung, or said;
 I carelessly my fav'rite trade pursued;
 Invok'd Apollo, and the Muses woo'd:
 And with the stoicism that suits a stone,
 I sat me down and pick'd my mutton bone.

Thus when amidst the tumbling world of waves
 The cloud-wrapp'd Genius of the tempest raves,

And

And midst the hurrying mafs of fpecter'd gloom,
FATE mounted on the wild wing of the blaft,
Shouts defolation through the twilight wafte,
And, thund'ring, threats a fyftem's doom;

Lo! with light wing a gull the billows fweeps,
Sports on the ftorm, and mocks the bellowing deeps;
Now on the mountain furge compos'd he fquats,
Adjusts his feathers, and looks round for fprats.

I now may fay with righteous David, " Lord,
" With foes I'm fore encompassed about ;"
And rhyme like Sternhold, once for verfe ador'd,
" I wrote not when I fhall get out ;
" So craftily the heathen me affail,
" My canticle doth not a whit avail."

Lo! almoft ev'ry one at Peter's head
Levels his blunderbufs, and takes a pop——
Bounce on my dear *os frontis* falls the lead,
But harmlefs yet, thank God, I've feen it drop :

Yet by and by fome lucklefs fhoot
May knock about the brains of tuneful Peter—
Thoufands will fmile to fee him go to pot,
And mock him in his grave with fhamelefs metre :
Not fo our gracious King and Queen, I know it—
They've pity, if not pence to give a poet.

Patient as Job, when Satan, all fo vile,
Betting his fkin againft the Lord's,
Adding a moft contemptuous fmile,
As well as moft indecent words,
Cover'd the man of UZ with boils,
At which with horror ev'ry heart recoils :
Yes, patient as the man of UZ am I,
Though forc'd on envy's burning coals to fry.

Seek I the court?—Lords, Lordlings fly the place—
The ladies, too, so full of loyal grace,

Turn their gay backs when there I show my head;
As happen'd at St. James's t'other day,
When up the stairs I took my solemn way,
And fill'd the fine-dress'd gentlefolks with dread.

Off Brudenell flew, and with his star so blazing;
Off flew the frighten'd Sir John Dick, so stout,
Who won his blazing star by means amazing—
By manufacturing four crout.

Off flew with this great crout-composing Dick,
Thomson and Salisb'ry, Harcourt, and Gold-stick;
Such was the terror at the man of rhymes,
As though he enter'd to divulge their crimes.

Thus on a bank upon a summer's day,
Of some fair stream of East or Western Ind,
When puppies join in wanton play,
Free from the slightest fear of being skinn'd;

If from that stream, which all so placid flows,
A fly old alligator pokes his nose;
P'rhaps with a wish to taste a slice of cur;
At once the dogs are off upon the spur;
Nor once behind them cast a courtly look,
To compliment the monarch of the brook.

O D E XIII.

DESERTED in my utmost need by fate,
Like fam'd Darius, great and good;
Fall'n, fall'n, poor fellow, from a large estate;
Forc'd, forc'd to brouse, like goats, the lanes for food!

Alas!

Alas! deserted quite by ev'ry friend;
 And what than friendship can be sweeter?
 Lo! not a soul will kind assistance lend;
 Lo! ev'ry puppy lifts his leg at Peter!

Like some lone insulated rock am I,
 Where midst th' Atlantic vast, old Æol raves;
 Shook by the thunders of each angry sky,
 And roll'd on by the rushing world of waves!

So hard, indeed, the critic tempest blows,
 I scarce can point against the gale my nose——
 A storm more violent was never seen!
 So dread the war! —indeed it must be dread,
 When from his shop John Nichols pops his head,
 And pours the thunders of his Magazine.

For heavier artill'ry ne'er was play'd:——
 And yet, not all th' artill'ry is his own;
 Hayley, a close ally, in ambuscade
 Behind, assists the war of furious John.

John Nichols, with Will. Hayley for his Squire,
 Are serious things, howe'er the world may laugh——
 And therefore dread I much to face the fire
 Of this intrepid *Hudibras* and *Ralph*.

You too, my Lord, combin'd with those dread foes
 To tear the bard to pieces for his rhymes,
 Is very cruel, Heav'n well knows,
 And does no sort of credit to the times.

Yet let me feel myself—I'm not yet dead,
 Tho' maul'd so terribly about the head:
 By Printer's Devils and allies surrounded:
 P'rhaps, like the Prussian Monarch, I may rise
 Herculean, to the world's surprize,
 And see my enemies confounded.

Full many a cock hath won ten pound,
 Tho' seeming dead, stretch'd out amidst the pit—
 Leap'd up, and giv'n his foe a fatal wound—
 Then why not mine, ye Gods, the lucky hit?

O D E XIV.

WITH your good leave, my Lords, I'll now take
 mine,

Not deem'd, *perchaunce*, a poet quite divine—
Perchaunce with beasts at Ephesus I've warr'd,
 Like that prodigious orator St. Paul,
 And for my stanzas, p'rhaps both great and small,
 You kindly wish me feather'd well, and tarr'd.

You think I loathe the name of King, no doubt—
 Indeed, my Lords, you never were more out:

I am not of that envious class of elves;
 Though Dame M'Auly turns on Kings her tail;
 With great *respect* the sacred names I hail,
 That is, of Monarchs who *respect* themselves.

But should they act with meanness, or like fools,
 The muse shall place a fool's cap on their skulls.
 Stubborn as many a King, indeed, I am—
 That is as stubborn as a halter'd ram:

A change in Peter's life you must not hope:
 To try to wash an ass's face,
 Is really labour to misplace;
 And really loss of time, as well as soap.

O D E XV.

PRAY let me laugh; my Lords, I must, I will—
 My Lords, my laughing muscles can't lie still:
 Unpolish'd in the supple schools of France,
 I cannot burst to pleasure complaisance.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
 And ev'ry grin, so merry, draws one out:
 I own I like to laugh, and hate to sigh,
 And think that risibility was giv'n
 For human happiness, by gracious heav'n,
 And that we came not into life to cry:

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
 The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
 Well pleas'd to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
 In sorrow's dismal crape or bombasin.

Methinks I hear the Lord of Nature say,
 "Fools, how you plague me! go, be wise, be gay;
 "No tortures, penances, your God requires—
 "Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore,
 "And know that Heav'n hath not one angel more
 "In consequence of groaning nuns and friars.
 "Heav'n never took a pleasure or a pride
 "In starving stomachs, or a horsewhipp'd hide.
 "Mirth be your motto—merry be your heart;
 "Good laughs are pleasant inoffensive things;
 "And if their follies happen to divert,
 "I shall not quarrel at a joke on Kings."

O D E XVI.

IF Monarchs (the suggestion, p'rhaps, of liars)
 Turn housebreakers, and rob the nuns and friars;
 Steal pictures, crucifixes, heav'nly chattels,
 To purchase swords and guns and souls for battles:

In spite of all the world may say and think,
 If Empreſſes will punk-like kiſs and drink:

If Kings will ſell the hares and boars they kill,
 And ſnipe and partridge blood for mammon ſpill,
 Denying thus themſelves a dainty diſh,
 And go themſelves to market with their fiſh:

Pleas'd with the vulgar herd to join their name,
 If Kings, ambitious of a blackſmith's fame,
 Not wondrously ambitious in their views,
 Inſtead of mending empires, make horſe ſhoes:

Dead to fair ſcience, if to vagrant hogs,
 To toymen, conjurors, and dancing dogs,
 Great Princes, pleas'd, a patronage extend;
 Whiſt moſt genius pines without friend:

Diſmiſſing grandeur as an idle thing,
 If on bob wigs, flouch'd hats, and thread-bare coats,
 Upon vulgarity a Monarch doats,
 More pleas'd to look a coachman than a King:

If with their bullocks Kings delight to battle;
 On hard horſe cheſnuts make them dine and ſup,
 Reſolv'd to ſtarve the nice-mouth'd cattle
 Until they eat the cheſnuts up;
 Poor fellows, from the nuts who turn away,
 And think it dev'liſh hard they can't have hay:

If Kings will mount old houses upon rollers,
 Converting sober mansions into strollers,
 Heraclitus's gravity can't bear it——
 I must laugh out, and all the world must hear it.

O D E XVII.

JUST one word more, my Lords, before we part—
 Do not vow vengeance on the tuneful art;
 'Tis very dang'rous to attack a poet—
 Also ridiculous—the end would show it.
 Tho' not to *write*—to *read* I hear you're able:—
 Read, then, and learn instruction from a fable.

THE PIG AND MAGPIE,

A F A B L E.

COCKING his tail, a faucy prig,
 A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,
 To pull some hair, forfooth, to line his nest;
 And with such ease began the hair attack,
 As thinking the fee simple of the back
 Was by himself, and not the Pig, possess'd.

The Boar look'd up as thunder black to Mag,
 Who, squinting down on him like an arch wag,
 Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn;
 Then busy went to work, not nicely culling;
 Got a good handsome beakfull by good pulling,
 And flew without a "Thank ye" to his thorn.

The Pig set up a dismal yelling;
 Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,

Who,

Who, like a fool, had built it midst a bramble :
In manfully he sallied, full of might,
Determin'd to obtain his right,
And midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his nest to rags,
And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags :
But ere he from the brambles came, alack !
His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

This is a pretty tale, my Lords, and pat :
To folks like you, so clever, *verbum sat*.

A BENE.

A
BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

TO

SYLVANUS URBAN,

ALIAS

MASTER JOHN NICHOLS, PRINTER,
COMMON-COUNCILMAN OF FARRINGDON WARD,
AND CENSOR-GENERAL OF LITERATURE:

NOT FORGETTING

MASTER WILLIAM HAYLEY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ELEGY TO APOLLO;

ALSO

Sir JOSEPH BANKS and the boiled FLEAS,

A N O D E.

How now, prithee, John,

Do not quarrel, man,

Let us be merry and

Drink about.

CATCH.

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T H E

A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet commenceth in a sublime Strain of happy Imitation of Classic Simplicity; with the ille ego—self-Consequence of the Mantuan Bard; giving an Account of the various Themes of his Muse, from MAJESTY, to Mr. JOHN NICHOLS—He asketh the Reason of John's great anger, and freeeth himself from the imputation of illiberality, by telling the World what handsome Things he hath said of the Printer—The Poet attacketh John in turn for his want of Candor—speaketh Oracles to John—maketh a fine Comparison between himself and purling Streams; also between Curs, Cats, and Courtiers—The Poet declaimeth virtuously and politically against swearing in a passion—complaineth of Instances of John's cruelty towards him for barely administering a few admonitory Lashes to the Back of the President of the Royal Society, Mrs. Piozzi, and Mr. Boswell—The Poet again complaineth of John's dissingenuousness; praising at the same Time his own sweetness of Disposition—he mentioneth the horrors of dying people at the Thought of being exhibited in John's Magazine, in which the Poet is supposed to allude to the letters of the Rev. Mr. Badcock and others, as well as scandalous Anecdotes collected from Families, to give a Zest to his monthly Lumber—The Poet informeth John of the Appellation given him by some People—also other People's Ideas of a more appropriate Appellation, though a very rude one, and which the Poet was always too delicate to use—the Poet confesseth that he marvelled at John's impudence in assuming the Management of the Gentleman's Magazine after Dr. Johnson; on which Dr. Johnson the Poet passeth a just Stricture with unprecedented Delicacy—the Poet challengeth
John

John to say he ever exposed him for his Praises of such as contributed to his Magazine—or when he tried to eclipse the biographical Fame of Plutarch, by his Anecdotes of poor old Bowyer—The Poet exhibiteth more instances of Grandeur of Soul—still more Nobleness—still more—The Poet maketh a most luminous Remark on the difference between the Happiness of Fools and Wise Men, and concludeth with advising John to make a proper Application of his Talents.

A
BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

TO
SYLVANUS URBAN, &c.

I, WHO, ambitious that the brats, my rhymes,
Shou'd see the gentlefolks of future times;
Rise like antiques in value, nor expire,
Till Ruin spreads his universal fire:
Dread thought! that to destruction must be giv'n
This charming world, this handsome work of Heav'n!
I, who, regardful of the courtier throng,
To Kings, and Lords, and Commons, tun'd the song;
Bade TOM * no more indulge the golden dream,
And kindly wish'd his wit a wiser theme;
Struck to the lime and mortar Knight† the string,
And hail'd of butterflies the nursing king‡
Who scorning suns and moons, with happier eyes,
Beholds from dunghills purple Emp'rors§ rise;
More blest on this our earth a frog to see,
To find a cockleshell, and boil a flea||,

* Mr. Warton.

† Sir William Chambers.

‡ Sir Joseph Banks.

§ A rare species of butterfly.

|| See the Ode to Sir Joseph Banks and the boiled Fleas.

Than

Than dwell in yonder skies with glory crown'd,
 Where frogs, nor fleas, nor cockleshells abound;
 More blest to mark a bat's than Angel's wing;
 To hear a grasshopper than Seraph sing;
 More pleas'd to view (if rumour justly paints)
 The tails of tadpoles than the heads of faints;
 And hear (to fame if credence may be giv'n)
 One humming bird than all the host of heav'n:
 I, who to men of canvass struck the lyre,
 And set with rhyme th' Academy on fire*;
 O'er Mount Parnassus Jove-like cast my shoe;
 At poets smil'd, and poetesses too;
 Preferr'd the ballads of the good Old Bailey,
 To all the cold pompousities of Hayley,
 Whose rhymes†, as soon as litter'd, join the heaps,
 Where midst her shadowy gulph Oblivion sleeps:
 So deep, who scarce can dive into himself!
 So lofty too, the tenant of the shelf!
 Now stiffer than recruits so raw at drill;
 Now *petit-maitre* of the muses' hill:
 I, who to grave Reviewers sigh'd my pray'r,
 Submissive bending at the critic chair;
 And blushing begg'd one little laurel sprig,
 To bring importance, and adorn my wig:
 I, who Sam Whitbread's brewhousle prais'd in song,
 So highly honour'd by the Royal throng;
 Be-rhym'd a goodly monarch and his spouse,
 Miss Whitbread's curtsies, *Misfer* Whitbread's bows,
 Amounting, hist'ry says, to many a score,
 Such, too, as Chiswell Street ne'er saw before;

* [*The Academy on fire.*] i. e. produced an emulation amongst the ingenious artists—this passage seemed to want an explanation, as an illiberal reader might have imagined that I meant that my academic odes had put the members into a violent passion; an idea so very foreign to my wishes.

† Such is really the present funk condition of this *Ladies* author.

Not e'en forgetting with my classic force,
 The Brewer's bulldog, and his marv'ling horse;
 The curious draymen into puncheons creeping,
 And, charm'd with greatness, thro' the bungholes
 peeping:

I, who to PITT the chords in anger struck,
 Who whelm'd his PRINCE so gracefully with muck;
 LYCURGUS PITT, whose penetrating eyes
 Behold the fount of freedom in *excise*;
 Whose patriot logic possibly maintains
 Th' identity of liberty and chains:
 I, who of LEEDS and HAWKESB'RRY deign'd to sing,
 The blessed fav'rites of a blessed * * * *;
 High on the lab'ring pinions of an ode,
 Heav'd BRUDENELL's folly, what a leaden load!
 BRUDENELL who bids us all the proverb feel,
 "The largest calves are not the sweetest veal;"
 I, who on such rich subjects deign'd to shine,
 Now tune to once a printer's DEV'L the line;
 But now no more a dev'l—with Atlas mien,
 The great supporter of a Magazine*;
 No more, no more a dev'l with humble air,
 But fit companion for our great LORD MAY'R!

How like the worm which crawls at first the earth,
 But, getting a new coat, disdains its birth;
 Spreads its gold tissue to the solar ray,
 And wings o'er trees and tow'rs its airy way!

With anger foaming, and of vengeance full,
 Why belloweth JOHN NICHOLS like a bull?
 Say, Goddess, cou'd a few poetic stripes
 Make JOHN, so furious, kick about his types;

* The *Gentleman's*, as it is modestly called; to whose *gentility* Mr. HAYLEY is a constant contributor, in the way of *ingenious* rhyme and *liberal* criticism.

Spin round his pandemonium like a top,
 And, thund'ring, to its center shake the shop?
 Cou'd satire's twig produce so dire a din?
 And dwells such softness in a printer's skin?

Illib'ral! never, never have I said,
 That thou wert not an honest man in trade!
 Whether from principal or jail dismay
 Springs thy morality, we dare not say:
 Since jails those iron agents of the law,
 Keep many a graceless rogue in pious awe.
 Yet, son of ink, devoutly let us hope
 Thou lov'st a virtue more than dread'st a rope;
 Nay to thy honour let me this declare,
 To make the rigid sons of conscience stare,
 That when thou money lendest, such thy purity,
 Detesting bad, thou seekest good security.
 Inclined for ever, John, to take thy part,
 Thus have I pour'd the dictates of my heart:
 " If 'midst a vulgar mass his stars unkind
 " Have plac'd most niggardly a pigmy mind,
 " 'Tis not John's fault—John should not blush for shame,
 " His parsimonious planets are to blame.
 " What though in Wisdom's crucible his head
 " Prove that it dealeth less in gold than lead;
 " Unskill'd on classic ground to cut a caper,
 " Yet knoweth John the price of print and paper:
 " His nice discerning knowledge none deny,
 " On crown, imperial, foolscap, and demy.
 " On blanket, sheepskins *, urine, John can think;
 " Myself would take his sentiments on ink:
 " Myself would take his sentiments on letters;
 " On syllables, indeed, I'd ask his betters.

* Necessary for making Printers' balls.

" The meanest mortal let us not deride :
 " Lo ! beasts of burthen oft must be our guide ;
 " Yes, through the dark and unknown track, of course,
 " I yield up all opinion to my horse."

Truth, let fair truth for ever rule my rhymes !
 I'm told this lady visits *thee* sometimes !
 How kind ! how humble ! thus the god of day
 Deigns to a mudpool to impart his ray !
 Amidst the passions' roar, a clam'rous host,
 Oft is the gentle voice of reason lost !
 How try'st thou, butcher-like, to carve my work,
 And treat each sweet-soul'd stanza like a Turk !
 From such sad readers Heav'n the muse protect,
 Proud to find fault, and raptur'd with defect !
 Yet tho' thou *frown'st* on Peter's ev'ry line,
 Behold the diff'rence, John !—he *smiles* on *thine*.
 Say not I hate each man of verse and prose ;
 I rev'rence genius, John, where'er it grows :
 Whene'er it beams through ignorance's night,
 I mark the stranger with as keen delight,
 As looks the Pilgrim on Bassora's tow'rs,
 Her streams, ambrosial blooms, and myrtle bow'rs ;
 Who, long denied of Hope's sweet cup to taste,
 Had sigh'd amidst the solitary waste.

Blame not the Bard, thou man of *letter'd* pride,
 Who taking not dame Prudence for thy guide,
 Didst stone the poet's mansion like an ass,
 Forgetting that thy own was made of glass.
 Know, John, that passion maketh man a swine :
 Know this, and bid thy conduct copy mine.
 When deeming me a Saracen in heart,
 Why, simple John, attempt my road to thwart ?
 Amidst thy walks shou'd bullies meet thine eye,
 Compos'dly let those bullies pass thee by.
 To bustling bravoës, for my ease and pride,
 I give the wall, and smiling turn aside.

N n

Thus

Thus if a rock or log the stream oppose,
 That sweetly lambent from its fountain flows;
 No foamy turbulence the rills betray,
 But, easy yielding wind in peace away.
 My hate of courtiers how thine anger drew!
 I own I loathe St. James's servile crew:
 Where'er the smiles of royalty are found,
 The lazy clan of courtiers crouch around:
 Thus on the country towns when Phœbus shines,
 Amidst the radiance ev'ry cur reclines;
 And lo! neglectful of the mice and rats,
 Each street presents us with a line of cats.

'Truth needs not, John, the eloquence of oaths,
 Not more so than a decent suit of clothes
 Requires of broad gold lace th' expensive glare,
 That makes the linsy-wolsy million stare;
 Besides, a proverb, suited to my wish,
 Declares that swearing never catcheth fish.
 'Tis vulgar—I have said it o'er and o'er;
 Then keep thy temper, man, and swear no more.
 Struck, nay, half petrified, that Banks shou'd dare,
 Indecent fellow! ravish Newton's chair;
 Mock such as Wisdom's sacred mines explore,
 And kick the arts and sciences to door;
 Making (methinks a monstrous impropriety)
 A fly-club of a great and fam'd society:
 The Muse, with virtuous indignation stung,
 In rhyme's strong chains the brazen culprit hung;
 When with the fury of a thousand foes,
 How'd the wild tempest of thy verse and prose!
 Shock'd that an idle gossip, Madam Thrale*,
 And he†, a feather genius in thy scale,

* Now Madam Piozzi.

† Mr. James Boswell.

High panting for the echo of a name,
 Shou'd meanly crucify poor Johnson's fame;
 I own I glow'd with more than mortal ire,
 And fix'd to satire's scourge my sharpest wire;
 When lo! the poet's visage to begrime,
 Forth rush'd thy muddy sluice of prose and rhyme:
 For this, against thy will, indeed with tears,
 I shou'd a grinning land thy ass's ears.

Fir'd that the muse shou'd daringly suggest
 That stars have beam'd upon the blackest breast;
 Just like their heav'nly cousins all so bright,
 O'er the dark mantle of old mother NIGHT;
 Shou'd hint (by Fortune's wild vagaries plac'd)
 That crowns may feel themselves at times disgrac'd;
 To take a King's and courtier's part so prone,
 Full at my forehead didst thou sling the stone;
 But thanks to Phœbus, who secur'd my crown,
 Thou could'st not bring the great Goliath down!

Griev'd that th' ambitious muse a PRINCE shou'd praise,
 Whose name diffuses lustre o'er her lays;
 A PRINCE whose only fault is want of art,
 Whose horrid vice, benevolence of heart;
 Which little abject souls profusion call,
 And o'er each action vainly spit their gall:
 Griev'd that the muse attack'd with scorn a MAN,
 Unlucky form'd on Nature's hungry plan;
 Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
 And fears to give a farthing to the poor;
 Proclaims that penury will be his fate,
 And, scowling, looks on charity with hate;
 Whose matchless avarice is meat and drink,
 That dreads to spill a single drop of ink;
 On each superfluous letter vents a sigh,
 And saves the little dot upon an *i*;

Happy e'en Nature's tenderest ties to flight,
 And vilely rob an offspring of his right;
 Forth rush'd thy venom—harmless, too, it flow'd,
 For man defies the poison of a toad;
 Vex'd that the muse (as if she utter'd treason)
 Shou'd try to bring poor Boswell back to reason;
 (Herculean toil, to keep such folly under!)
 Loud from thy head's dark cloud I felt thy thunder!
 When mad t' induce the world to deem thee wise,
 Thou star'dst thro' spectacles with sapient eyes;
 Say, did I cry, th' impostor to expose,
 " See JOHN's whole stock of wisdom on his nose!"
 Cat-like, because the world my lyrics read,
 Thine envy claw'd the laurel on my head;
 " A pyramid's importance to a pin;
 The drooping leaves of thy sad magazine:
 Touch'd not *thy* trash, nor Hayley's tinsel stuff;
 Nor fresh, stale, new antiquities of Gough*:
 Indeed I'm tender conscienc'd on that score,
 And learn to look with pity on the poor;
 No mohawk I, in scenes of horror bred,
 I scorn to scalp the dying or the dead;
 Yet well thou knowest that with trifling toil,
 On satire's gridir'n I could bid thee broil—
 Turn tuneful butcher, cut thee into quarters,
 And give thee, John, for one of Folly's martyrs.
 I see thy vanity in all its fulness;
 The turbot, ven'son of aspiring dulness!
 And let me, oh! rare epicure, remark,
 That thou hast got a gullet like a shark.
 Myself as merciful as man can be,
 I grieve to find that mercy not in *thee*.
 Behold, amidst their shortning, panting breath,
 Poor souls! the dying dread thee more than death:

* A maker of antiquities, and one of Sir Joseph Banks's copper-farthing oracles, and constant tea and toast men.

" O! save us from JOHN NICHOLS!" is the cry,
 " Let not that death-hunter know where we lie ;
 " What in *delirium* from our lips may fall,
 " Oh! hide—our letters, burn them, burn them all!
 " Oh! let not from the tomb our ghosts complain!
 " O Jesu! we shall soon be up again;
 " Condemn'd, alas! to grin with grisly mien,
 " Midst the pale horrors of his magazine;
 " Like felons first in Newgate ballads sung,
 " Then (giv'n to INFAMY) on Hounslow hung!"
 Know, when thou took'st of Aristarch the chair,
 My eyes expanded only to a stare;
 Softly indeed unto myself I sigh'd,
 " Johnson *, thy place is d—mnably supplied;
 " Not that I think this idol of the million,
 " Longinus, Aristotle, or Quintilian;
 " Who gives (against sound taste so apt to sin)
 Yet claw'd I not again with cat-like spleen,
 " On ev'ry theme alike his pompous art,
 " The general conflagration or a f——."
 When into Fame's fair dome, t' insult her throne,
 So free, as if the house had been thy own,
 Thou dar'dst to shove a vile conundrum crew,
 Fellows that Phœbus nor the Muses knew;
 Speak, did I tell the Nation with my pen,
 How Fame in anger kick'd them out agen;
 Threw at their heads the lumber of their brains,
 And call'd thee a pert puppy for thy pains?
 On such mark'd impudence did I harangue,
 And give to public scorn the pigmy gang?
 Short are the hours that smuggled praise can last,
 An echo, a poor meretricious blast;
 A sudden gust that bids old ruins stare,
 And, howling, whirls a feather through the air.

* The late Dr. Johnson superintended this magazine; a post of honour assumed afterwards by Mr. John Nichols.

FLATTERY, a little fly deceiving las,
 With smile resistless, and a front of brass,
 Shall reign, perchance, the idol of a day;
 Then, like a batter'd harridan, decay
 Whilst TRUTH, unfading, lifts the head sublime,
 And dares the formidable test of TIME.
 Thou dragon of th' Hesperian fruit, call'd praise,
 Whose leather-stretching conscience interest sways;
 Shame, that through fordid avarice and spleen,
 None taste but such as cram thy magazine.
 Charm'd as a child whose doting eye regards
 Its imitation of Saint Paul's with cards;
 When fir'd by Plutarch's venerable name,
 Whose genius rais'd a pyramid to fame;
 'Thou gav'st of Bowyer's life a gossip's story,
 And only rear'dst a dunghill to thy glory;
 I rail'd not at thine infant emulation,
 Nor spread thy weakness, John, around the Nation;
 Nay, griev'd was I, as all the world can tell,
 That thou shou'dst write a book † that would not sell.
 When tort'ring the poor gamut wild and loud,
 Thou scrap'dst harsh discords on thy muse's crowd;
 What tho' I stopp'd my ears with all my pow'rs,
 I mourn'd the labour of thy tuneless hours.
 Oft have I whisper'd to myself, "Enough
 " Of this most tiresome fellow's monthly stuff;
 " A magazine! a pedlar's, huckster's shop,
 " That harbours brush, and cabbage net, and mop,
 " Pan, gridir'n, button, buckle, bodkin, bead,
 " Tape, turnip, malkins, nightcaps, green and red,

† Unfortunately for poor John, every book that he has published has been possessed of so much of the *vis inertiae* as not to be able (if I may use the Bookseller's phrase) to *move off*; witness the Life of old Bowyer, the guttings of old magazines and Ladies' Diaries, called Miscellanies, the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, editions of trash of every denomination, &c. &c.

" Pins, pipkins, garters, oatmeal, jordan, dish,
 " Stale loaves, and rusty nails, and stinking fish ;"
 Yet bade I not the world its laughs prepare,
 To meet thy miserable monthly ware :
 Nay, man, I've *prais'd* thee—for example, said,
 " Lo! in his cumbrous magazine display'd
 " Once in a year a verse to raise our wonder,
 " Which proves that John may make a lucky blunder ;
 " How like the heavy mountain, on whose side
 " A daisy starts in solitary pride !"
 Lo! from ebriety their sons to save,
 The Greeks oft show'd the lads a drunken slave :
 I thus might thee, O gingling John, display,
 A sad example in the rhyming way
 For printers and their demons to avoid,
 Whose labours might more wisely be employ'd ;
 But pity sweetly whispers in my ear,
 " Expose not childhood that deserves a tear ;
 " Set not the roaring lion at a rat,
 " Nor call down thunder to destroy a gnat."
 When mad for honours †—softly have I said,
 " What imp cou'd put it in the Printer's head ?
 " Oh! may the fates the maniac over-rule,
 " For titles cannot dignify a fool."
 Complain not that I've wrong'd thy reputation,
 By calling thee the silliest in the nation ;
 No, John, be comforted—it cannot be ;
 I think I know a few that equal thee.

† John's ambition to be a Common-council man was violent for a long time ; great were the pains used, manifold were the contrivances employed, and prodigious was the interest made for the obtention of this honour—A vacancy happening in Farringdon ward, John's more lucky *genius* prevailed, and his wishes were gratified, thus is he in the way of being what I have in an ode augured of Mr. Auctioneer Skinner,

" If things go fair,
 " Proud London's proud Lord May'r."

Swear

Swear, swear not that I've said, to wound thy fame,
 That hirelings wrote each work which bears thy name;
 How false! I know thou wrotest many a line,
 Lo! all the blunders of the books are thine.
 A literary jackdaw thou, god wot!
 Yet by that thievish name I call'd thee not;
 A carrion crow that lives upon the dead;
 Yet hawk-like pounc'd I not upon thy head;
 A daring coiner, lo! I let thee pass,
 Nor once impeach'd thy literary brass!
 Speak—when enamour'd of thy monthly hash,
 Thou clapp'dst another sixpence on thy trash;
 Once didst thou hear me in a passion roar,
 "Was ever impudence like this before?"
 Instead of making in th' affair a fuss,
 In mild soliloquy I whisper'd thus:
 "How blest the fool! he thinks he all things knows;
 "With joy he wakes, with joy his eyelids close;
 "Pleas'd through the world to spread his own renown,
 "With calm contempt he looks on others down;
 "Self and his own dear works th' eternal theme,
 "His daily idol and his nightly dream;
 "Thrice envied Being, whom no tongue can wound,
 "In Pride's impenetrable armour bound!
 "How much in happiness beyond the wise,
 "Who view the greatest men with pitying eyes;
 "O'er human imbecility who groan,
 "And sigh to think how little's to be known!"
 Oh do not to the Muse's hill resort,
 Æsop's dull brute *!—a bumpkin midst a court:
 With brother council crack the clumsy joke;
 Midst beer and brandy, bread and cheese, and smoke;
 Descend the ladder to the clouds below,
 Where *ordinary* men of twopence go;

* The fable of the Gentleman, the Ass, and the Lap dog.

Where vagrant knives and forks are bound in chains,
 And never tablecloth is spoil'd by stains;
 Where in the board's black hole (superb design!)
 Pepper and salt in matrimony join;
 And in another hole with frown and smile,
 Much too like marriage, vinegar and oil!——
 Where for a towel (œconomic thought!)
 A monstrous massiff after dinner brought,
 Complacent waits on *Gentlemen's* commands,
 And yields his back of shag to wipe their hands—
 Such is the scene where thou should'st ever sit,
 Form'd to thy taste, and suited to thy wit—
 Deal not in Hist'ry; often have I said
 'Twill prove a most unprofitable trade:
 Talk not of PAINTING, for thou know'st her not;
 Such coy acquaintance will not boil thy pot:
 Nor make strong love to MUSIC, 'tis a Dame
 Who smiles not on the souls of earth, but flame.
 Push not thy brain to thought—thou canst not think—
 From metaphysics shou'd thy genius shrink!
 To thee superior, see the Goddess rise,
 And hide her lofty head amidst the skies!
 Behold eternal mist her beauties shroud,
 And 'tis not thy weak eye can pierce the cloud:
 Curs'd with the common *furor* of inditing,
 Yet if thy head possess the mange of writing;
 Go with biography and cool thy rage,
 Pen lives that cannot well disgrace thy page;
 Describe whom ev'ry nobler virtue curses,
 A PAIR who mump with millions in their purses.
 If loftier subjects thy ambition call,
 Descant upon the giants of Guildhall.

*The POET complaineth of the Cruelty of AUTHORS,
AUTHORESSES, and the BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.*

ELEGY TO APOLLO.

GREAT are my enemies in trade, god knows!
There's not a poet but wou'd stop my note;
With such a world of spite their venom flows,
With such good will the knaves would cut my throat.

Yet how have I offended, Phœbus, say,
To get so much ill blood, such cursing looks?
Is it because my more ambitious lay
Disdains to visit trunk-makers and cooks?

To go with theirs to grocers, and to men
Who fortune in that weed tobacco, see;
From thence come deeply laden back agen,
With sugar, pigtail, pepper, and rappee?

The man of words, the stilt-supported phrase,
The glist'ring Hayley scorns whate'er I write;
This Will-o'wisp of verse disdains my lays;
Tales, Odes, nor Loufiads yield the least delight!

So lofty, yet in ware so humble dealing!
So classically tasteless! big with nought!
So tender, yet so destitute of feeling!
So sentimental too without a thought!

I see the band of BLUE STOCKINGS arise,
Historic, critic, and poetic dames!
This lifts her palms, and that her marv'ling eyes,
And squeaks, "The fellow's stuff should feel the
flames;

“ Such

“ Such is the way his works shall come to *light* :”——

Thus rail the dames of classic erudition;
Thus, leagu'd with wit, unmerciful they bite
Thy fav'rite Bard, O Phœbus, and Physician!

And now I hear a score in union bawl,—

“ In cold contempt shall poor PIOZZI sigh?
“ MISS HANNAH MOORE into oblivion fall?
“ Dear MISTRESS MONTAGUE neglected lie?

“ Those rich Corinthian pillars of our club,
“ Sink to the ground so vile, with dust bespread;
“ Whilst *he*, of motley poetry the SCRUB*,
“ Erects, Colossus-like, his brazen head!

“ Oh! let the scullion use his vapid book,
“ Instead of dishclouts when her hands she wipes;
“ Oh! let the kindled leaves assist the cook,
“ And of old washerwomen light the pipes!”

Thus in my condemnation they agree,
The mighty cloud-capp'd PETTICOATED WISE;
While pleas'd (as conscious of the just decree)
In proud disdain their snuff-clad noses rise!

The Misses sad of elegy, my foes,
Say my rude genius wants the genuine fire;
Bald all my rhymes, my verses measur'd prose,
That bears would better touch the Muse's lyre.

The riddle and conundrum-mongers cry,
“ Pshaw! d-mn his Lyrics, Loufiads—d-mn 'em ail;
“ His strength in fields diarian dares he try?
“ Soon would the Almanac record his fall!”

* The Poet here most fancifully alludeth to Mr. SCRUB, the servant of all work, in Farquhar's play of the *Beaux Stratagem*.

Thus

Thus with dread voice my enemies exclaim !
 Thus am I doom'd to gulp the bitter pill !
 Themselves, " fair traders of the Mount," they name ;
 " But *me* a smuggler on thy sacred hill !

God of us Lyrics, shall I rouse my rhyme,
 Confound the gang, and vindicate my lay ;
 Or calmly leave them to devouring TIME,
 Who dines upon such *willings* every day ?

A discontent, mingled with some grumbling, amongst the more enlightened Members of the Royal Society, on Account of Sir Joseph's non-communication of Wisdom to the Royal Journals, spurred the Knight on at last (without the help of Balaam's Angel) to open his mouth—He told an intimate Friend that he had made a Discovery that would astonish the World, enrich the Journals, and render himself immortal—with the most important confidence and philosophic solemnity, he affirmed that he was upon the very eve of proving what had never entered into the Soul of Man; viz. that Fleas were Lobsters—that Jonas Dryander was ordered to collect fifteen hundred Fleas and boil them; which, if they changed to the fine Crimson of the Lobster, would put the Identity of the Species beyond the possibility of doubt—at length the Beds of the President were ransacked by his Flea-crimp, honest Jonas—fifteen hundred of the hopping inhabitants were caught, and passed the dreadful ordeal of boiling water; with what success, O gentle Reader, the Ode will inform thee.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND THE

BOILED FLEAS.

BLEST be the man who thought upon a college,
 The market of all sorts of knowledge,
 Th' emporium, as we classic people say:
 Nay, he upon societies who thought,
 To learning's stock a deal of treasure brought,
 Dragging OBSCURITY so deep to day;
 Making the dame turn out her bag,
 Conceal'd beneath her inky cloak;
 Examining the smallest rag,
 Black'ned by Time's most sacred smoke;

To

To use a *simile* a little rough,
 Stripping dame Nature to her very buff;
 Or to be somewhat more in speech refin'd,
 By dint of pow'rs of eye and mind,
 Enlight'ning what through darkness might escape,
 Embroid'ring thus with silver spangles crape.

The mention of societies recalls,
 Of Somerset * the lofty walls,

The hive where fam'd Sir Joseph reigns Queen Bee;
 Though men, to whom Sir Joseph is not known,
 Most certainly must take him for a drone;

Whose face by floven Nature's hard decree,
 Seems form'd fair ladies' pockets to alarm,
 Rather than steal fair ladies' hearts by charm.

Well! so much for Sir Joseph's face,
 And eke about the hive-like place,

Where our Sir Joseph reigns Queen Bee;
 And verily Queen Bee's a proper name,
 For, Reader, know it is a Royal dame,
 Who to her subjects issueth decree:

Sendeth her subjects east and west,
 To pitch on flowers and weeds the best,
 And bring sweet treasure to the hive;
 She keepeth, too, of gentlemen a band,
 To say soft things and flatter, kiss her hand,
 Who eat the honey for such deeds, and thrive.

Sir Joseph has his flatt'ers too, in hand,
 Who say soft things—yea, very soft indeed,
 For which the gentle flatt'ring band
 Gain butter'd toast, sweet Flatt'ry's oily meed.

* The Royal Society hold their meetings there.

A girl for novelty where'er it lies,
In mosses, fleas, or cockleshells, or flies,
Sir Joseph ever seeks for something new :
Of this, whene'er he sits, he gravely talks,
Or whilst he eats, or drinks, or runs, or walks,
Amidst his royal and attendant crew.

ONE morning at his house in Soho Square,
As with a solemn, awe-inspiring air,
Amidst some royal sycophants he sat ;
Most manfully their masticators using,
Most pleasantly their greasy mouths amusing
With coffee, butter'd toast, and birds-nest chat ;

In Jonas Dryander, the fav'rite came,
Who manufactures all Sir Joseph's fame—
“ What luck ? ” Sir Joseph bawl'd—say, Jonas,
“ say ”—
“ I've boil'd just fifteen hundred ”—Jonas whin'd—
“ The dev'l a one change colour could I find.”
Intelligence creating dire dismay !

Then Jonas curs'd, with many a wicked wish,
Then show'd the stubborn fleas upon a dish.
“ How ! ” roar'd the President, and backward fell—
“ There goes, then, my hypothesis to hell ! ”—
And now his head in deep despair he shook ;
Now clos'd his eyes, and now upon his breast,
He mutt'ring dropp'd his fable beard unblest ;
Now twirl'd his thumbs, and groan'd with piteous
look.

Dread-struck fat AUBERT, BLAGDON, PLANTA,
WOIDE,
Whose jaw-bones in the mumbling trade employ'd,

Half

Half open'd, gap'd, in sudden *stupor* lost ;
 Whilst from the mouth of ev'ry gaping man,
 In mazy rill the cream-clad coffee ran,
 Supporting dainty bits of butter'd toast.

Now gaining speech, the parasitic crowd
 Leap'd up and roar'd in unison aloud :

“ Heav'ns! what's the matter? dear Sir Joseph,
 pray ?”

Dumb to their questions the GREAT MAN remain'd :

The Knight, deep pond'ring, nought vouchsaf'd to
 say :

Again the *Gentlemen* their voices strain'd ;
 Sudden the PRESIDENT OF FLIES, so sad,
 Strides round the room with disappointment mad,

Whilst ev'ry eye enlarg'd with wonder rolls ;
 And now his head against the wainscot leaning,
 “ Since you *must* know, *must* know (he sigh'd) the
 “ meaning,

“ Fleas are not lobsters, d-mn their souls †.”

† The author would not have so frequently taken the liberty of putting vulgarisms into the worthy President's mouth, had he not previously known that Sir Joseph was the most accomplished swearer of the Royal Society,

A D V I C E

TO THE

FUTURE LAUREAT:

A N O D E.

*Nil nimium studeo, Cæsar, tibi velle placere ;
Nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo.*

CATULLUS.

So little, Cæsar's humour claims my care,
I know not if the Man be black or fair.

Th

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

THE Poet expresseth wonderful curiosity for knowing the future Laureat—reporteth the Candidates for the sublime office of Poetical Trumpeter—recommendeth to his Muse the praises of Economy, Poultry, Cow-Pens, Pigs, Dung-hills, &c.—adviseeth the mention of his present money-loving Majesty of Naples, also of the great People of Germany.—PETER gently criticiseth poor THOMAS, and uttereth strange things of Courts—he exclaimeth suddenly, and boasteth of his purity—he returneth sweetly to the unknown Laureat, asketh him pertinent questions, and informeth him what a Laureat should resemble.

P A R T II.

The Poet feeleth a most uncommon metamorphose—breaketh out into a kind of poetical delirium—talketh of Court-reformation, the Arts and Sciences; and seemeth to continue mad to the end of the Chapter.

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O D E.

WHO shall resume St. James's life,
And call ideal virtues into life?
On tiptoe gaping, lo, I stand,
To see the future Laureat of the land!

Dread rivals, splashing through the dirty road,
With thund'ring specimens of Ode,
The lyric bundles on each Poet's back,
Intent to gain the stipend and the Sack,
See MASON, HAYLEY, to the Palace scamper,
Like porters sweating underneath a hamper?
And see the backs of NICHOLS' Magazine
Rush, loyal, to berhyme a King and Queen;
And see, full speed, to get the tuneful job,
The Bellman's heart, with hopes of vict'ry, throb.

O thou, whate'er thy name, thy trade, thy art,
Who from obscurity art doom'd to start,
Call'd, by the Royal mandate, to proclaim
To distant realms a Monarch's feeble fame—
For fame of Kings, like cripples in the gout,
Demands a crutch to move about—

Whoe'er thou art, that winn'st the envied prize,
O, if for Royal smile thy bosom sighs,
Of pig-economy exalt the praise;—
O flatter sheep and bullocks in thy lays!

To

To saving wisdom boldly strike the strings,
And justify the grazier trade in Kings.

Descant on ducks, and geese, and cocks, and hens,
Haystacks, and dairies, cowhouses, and pens;
Descant on dunghills, ev'ry fort of kine;
And on the pretty article of swine;

Inform us, without loss, to twig
The stomach of a feeding calf, or cow;
And tell us, economic, how

To steal a dinner from a fatt'ning pig;
And, Bard, to make us still more blest, declare
How hogs and bullocks may grow fat on air.

Sing how the King of Naples sells his fish,
And from his stomach cribs the daintiest dish;
Sing, to his subjects how he sells his game,
So fierce for dying rich the Monarch's flame;

Sing of th' economy of German quality;
Emp'rors, Electors, dead to hospitality;
Margraves, and miserable Dukes,
Who squeeze their subjects, and who starve their
cooks:—

Such be the burthen of thy birth-day song,
And, lo, our Court will listen all day long.

TOM prov'd unequal to the Laureat's place;
He warbled with an Attic grace:
The language was not understood at Court,
Where bow and curt'sy, grin and shrug, resort;
Sorrow for sickness, joy for health, so civil;
And loves that wish each other to the devil!

TOM was a scholar—luckless wight!
Lodg'd with old manners in a musty college;
He knew not that a palace hated knowledge,
And deem'd it pedantry to spell and write.

TOM heard of royal libraries, indeed,
And, weakly, fancied that the books were read :

He knew not that an author's sense
Was, at a Palace, not worth finding ;
That what to notice gave a book pretence,
Was solely paper, print, and binding !

Some folks had never known, with all their wit,
OLD PINDAR's name, nor occupation,
Had not I started forth—a lucky hit,
And prov'd myself the Theban Bard's relation.

The names of DRUMMOND, BOLDERO, and HOARE,
Though strangers to Apollo's tuneful ear,
Are discords that the Palace-folks adore,
Sweet as sincerity, as honour dear !

The name of Homer, none are found to know it,
So much the Banker soars beyond the Poet ;
For Courts prefer, so classically weak,
A Guinea's music to the noise of Greek :
Menin aeide Thea, empty founds,
How mean to—" Pay the bearer fifty pounds !"

Angels, and ministers of grace, what's here !
See suppliant SAL'SB'RY to the Bard appear !
He sighs—upon his knuckles he is down !—
His Lordship begs I'll take the Poet's crown.

Avaunt, my Lord !—Solicitation, fly !
I'll not be Zany to a King, not I :
I'll be no Monarch's humble thrush,
To whistle from the laurel bush ;
Or, rather a tame owl, to hoot,
Whene'er it shall my masters suit.

I have no flatt'ries cut and dried—no varnish
For Royal qualities, so apt to tarnish,

Expos'd

Expos'd a little to the biting air:
 I've got a foul, and so no lies to spare;—
 Besides, too proud to sing for hire,
 I scorn to touch a venal lyre.

Avaunt, ye sceptred vulgar—purpled, ermin'd!
 The Muse shall make no mummies, I'm determin'd.
 World, call her prostitute, bawd, dirty b——,
 If meanly *once* she deals in spice and pitch;
 And saves a carcase, by its lyric balm,
 So putrid, which the very worms must damn.

Again to thee I turn, from their digression;
 To thee, ambitious of the Sack-possession!
 O thou, the future Laureat, yet unknown,
 The nightingale or magpie of a Throne!

Reveal the situation of thy brain.
 Or clear, or muddy is its fountain?
 Of molehills can it make a mountain,
 So strong the magic of its wizard strain?

Laureats should boast a bushel of invention,
 Or yield up all poetical pretension—
 Lo, flatt'ries form a Monarch's first delights!
 A solar microscope the Bard shall be,
 That to a camel's size can swell a flea,
 And give the guts of Aldermen to mites.

P A R T II.

MY soul assumes a loftier wing;
 I'm chang'd, I feel myself a king!
 I'm scepter'd—on my head the crown descends!
 To purple turn'd my coat of parson's grey,
 Now let my Majesty itself display,
 And show that Kings and glory may be friends.

Yet, though I feel myself a King,
 I hope, untainting, that the crown descends—
 Not on my people's shoulders bids me spring;
 And cry, forgetful of myself and friends,
 "Blood of the Gods within my veins I find—
 "Not the mean puddle of that mob, mankind."

Low at my feet the spaniel-courtier cower;
 Curl, wheedle, whine, paw, lick my shoe, for power;
 Prepar'd for ev'ry insult, servile train,
 To take a kicking, and to fawn again!

Off, PITT and GRENVILLE! you are not yet men—
 Go, children, to your leading-strings agen,
 Make not a hobby-horse of this fair Isle:—
 Yet, were no danger in the childish sway,
 A Kingdom might permit a baby's play,
 And at its weaknesses indulge a smile.
 Off, then!—once more upon your letters look—
 Go, find of politics the lost horn-book.

Off with EXCISE your Imp, with lengthened claws,
 And fangs deep-rooted in his hydra-jaws;
 That monster, damping Freedom's sacred joys;
 Fed by *your* hands, ye pair of foolish boys!
 My soul, to FREEDOM wedded, Freedom loves;
 Then blast me, lightnings, when, so coldly cruel,
 I to pomatum sacrifice the jewel,
 Rouge, pigtail, and a pair of gloves.

Off,

Off, J——! some dæmon did create thee:

Oh, form'd to fawn, to kneel, to lie, to flatter!

“Perdition catch my soul, but I do hate thee:

“And when I hate thee not,” I war with Nature.

Such reptiles dare not 'midst my radiance sport—

Curs'd be such snakes that crawl about a court.

Disgrace not, simp'ring sycophants, my throne!—

E——, and pigmy V——T, be gone!

BR——, thou stinkest!—weazel, polecat, fly!

'Thy manners shock, thy form offends my eye,

As for thy principles—they're gone long since—

Lost when a poor deserter from thy PRINCE.

——, avaunt!—thou'rt cowardly and mean;

Thy soul is fable, and thy hands unclean.—

Yet to minutiae to descend, what need?

Enough, that thou art one of Charles's breed.

Out with that SAL'SBURY!—DUNDAS, avaunt!

Off, water-gruel WESTMORELAND, and LEEDS!

You, verily, are not the men I want—

My bounty no such folly feeds.

Off, HARCOURT! who wouldst starve my kine,

Or make them, poor lean devils, dine

On vile horse-chefnuts—'tis a cursed meal—

Instead of turnips, corn and hay:

Thou shalt not, by this avaricious way,

Into my royal favour steal.

Off, UXBRIDGE!—Leeds, too, once more get along!

You shall not be Lord-Presidents of song;

You throw poor St. Cecilia into fits:

You've ears, but verily they do not hear,

Just as you've tongues that cannot speak, I fear;

And brains that want their complement of wits.

OF,

Off, WALSINGHAM!—thou putt'st me in a sweat :
 I hate a jack-in-office martinet—
 For ever something *most important* brewing ;
 For ever busy, busy, nothing doing.

Thou plague of Post-office, the teazer, fretter ;
 Informing clerks the way to seal a letter ;
 Who, full of wisdom, hold'st thyself the broom,
 Instructing Susan how to sweep the room ;

The letter man, to hold his bag ;
 The mail-guard (funk in ignorance forlorn !)
 To load his blunderbuss, and blow his horn ;

Off, off!—of consequence thou rag !
 Go to the fields and gain a Nation's thanks—
 Catch grasshoppers and butterflies for BANKS.

I want not fellows that can only prate,
 I want no whirligigs of state—
 No jack-a-lanterns, imitating fire,
 Skipping, and leading men into the mire.

Thou servile copyist, WEST, begone !
 With nought worth saving of thy own ;
 Phillis and Chloe, dancing dogs,
 PINETTI, and the fortune-telling hogs,
 Toymen and conj'rors, from my presence fly !
 I have no children to amuse—not I.

Off, Sw——G ! thou lean, old, wicked cat ;
 Restless and spitting, biting, mewling, mean,
 Thou shalt not in my chimney-corner squat,

Thou shalt not, harridan, be Queen :
 Off, to thy country, by the map forgot,
 Where Tyranny and Famine curse the spot.

Yet empty first thy bags of plunder'd gain,
 Wages of vile political pollution ;
 Then vanish, thou OLD FISTULA ! a drain
 Enervating our glorious Constitution !

Off,

Off, H——G's' Wife!—thy di'monds bode no good;
They shall not taint us—lo, they smell of blood!

Off, off, old G——'s spawn!—now E——'s fury,
In manners coarser than the dames of Drury!

O form'd for Ugliness itself a foil!
Sprung from the Church, the world might well suppose
Thy blood with some few drops of meekness flows—
No, vitriol!—not one particle of oil!

I'll have no Laureat—sacred be the ode;
Unfollied let its torrent roll!
Few merits mine, the Muse's wing to load;
Small grace of form, and no sublime of soul:
And yet, whate'er the merits that are mine,
By verse unvarnish'd shall they shine.

The real Virtues dare themselves display,
And need no pedestal to show away:
Each from herself her own importance draws,
And scorns a chatt'ring Poet's mock applause.

Have niggard Nature, and my stars, unkind,
Of sense and virtues stript my desert mind;
My name let Silence, with her veil, invade,
And cold Oblivion pour th' eternal shade.

Oblig'd not to an Author's rhyme,
Important, down the stream of Time,
O let me fail, or not at all;
Too proud for Bards to take in tow my name,
Just like the Victory,* or Fame,*
That drag along the jollyboat or yawl.

Away, the little sniv'ling spirit—
Away the hate of rising merit—

* Ships of the Line.

Thy heav'n-ward wing, aspiring Genius, wave;
 I will not, lev'ling with a jaundic'd eye,
 The secret blunderbuss let fly,
 To give thee, O thou royal bird! a grave.

I'll have no poet-persecution—no!
 Proud of its liberty, the verse shall flow;
 The mouth of Pegasus shall feel no curb:
 If idly wanton, Poets tax me wrong,
 Their's is the infamy, for their's the song—
 Such blasts shall ne'er my soul's deep calm disturb.

But, should fair Truth to Satire lend an edge,
 Bid with more force descend her thund'ring sledge,
 My justice dares not break that poet's pipe;
 And, like a school-boy, to the tyger's den,
 Who wanton flings a cat, a cock, or hen,
 I will not give him to † MACDONALD's gripe.

Wife let me hush of prejudice the storm,
 Difarm him for the future, and reform:—
 Yes; 'stead of giving him a *law-jobation*,
 Revenge the blow by reformation.

To TEOS, which of yore was reckon'd far,
 HIPPARCHUS really sent a man of war,
 To bring ANACREON, honied bard, to court;
 So PLATO says, a man of good report.

How diff'rent, Monarchs of the present day!
 From modern Kings each bee-like minstrel sculks,
 Whose love would clap the bards on board the hulks,
 Or send them out to warble at ‡ THIEVES BAY.

† The Attorney General.

‡ Commonly called *Botany-Bay*.

Come, Science, and the Arts, around me bloom—
 Thrice-welcome, half my empire claim—
 The eye of Genius shall not wear a gloom,
 Nor BOYDELL dash my cheek with shame.

Historians, Poets, Painters, ev'ry merit,
 Shall feel King PETER's fost'ring spirit.

Yes, men of Genius, be my equals, free—
 Imperious consequence you shall not feel;
 For shew collected, just to bend the knee,
 And grace, like slaves of yore, a chariot-wheel.

Avaunt, the parasitic dedication,
 A trap to catch my smile, deceive the Nation,
 And make the wide-mouth'd million blest my name:
 Ah! let my *deeds* alone, instead of *lies*,
 Proclaim me open, gen'rous, good, and wise—
 Those manly heralds of a virtuous fame.

Here, from your hovels, sons of science come:
 Oh, haste! and call King PETER's house your home:
 Your huts, your solitary mountains, quit,
 And make my court a galaxy of wit.

Come, VIRTUE, though a dungeon hide thy face,
 (For to thy lot too oft misfortune falls)
 Whose angel-form, from jails can blot disgrace,
 And cast a sacred splendor o'er the walls.

Thus shall our moments glide on golden wings;
 Thus will we triumph with expanded hearts;
 At times be merry upon thrifty Kings,
 And smile at Majesty that starves the arts.
 Ambitious, if with Wisdom thus we wed;
 A Farthing shall not blush to bear OUR head!

A
COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE
TO
JAMES BRUCE, Esq;
THE
ABYSSINIAN TRAVELLER.

— *Non Fabula mendax.*
WONDERS!—WONDERS!!—WONDERS!!!

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EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

PERMIT a poor son, of Apollo to make an offering of his Pamphlet (a sort of widow's mite), for the pleasure received from your five quartos. Aware of the dangers of launching into the foaming sea of usual dedication, in which many an unfortunate author has been drowned, I tremble at my present attempt. Exalted panegyric too frequently incurs the suspicion of a sneer. *Your* dedication, illustrious Sir, to the best of kings, strikes me as the most perfect model of imitation—it is a column of Attic elegance and simplicity, erected to a deserving monarch. Pray, Sir, did his august Majesty honour it with a perusal before publication? It truly forms the *ne plus ultra* of human panegyric; and what is marvellous, cannot be suspected of adulation. Pray, Sir, how much might his Majesty give you for it?

What a similitude, illustrious, Sir, between yourself and Mr. JAMES BOSWELL; and yet what a distance! Both gloriously ambitious, both great scholars, both intellectually adorned, both popular gentlemen, both dealers in history, and both descended from kings! But Mr. JAMES BOSWELL'S

P p

ambition

ambition was not of so bold a wing as yours. *He* was content with a journey to Scotland, to exhibit Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the Lexicographer, to the *literati* of that country. *Your* more exalted ideas could only be satisfied with a display of the headquarters of the IMMORTAL NILE, who had puzzled the pursuits of men for seven thousand years. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL entertains only with a breakfast on spaldings (*alias* dried whittings), the sublimer BRUCE treats us with a dish of lion. Whilst BOSWELL brings us acquainted with plain Scottish gentlewomen only, the gallant BRUCE charms us with romantic tales of QUEEN SITTINIA, &c. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL presents us only with an anecdote of a flannel nightcap, made by Miss M'LEOD, for the Doctor's bald head; the sublimer BRUCE tells of a piece of satin, and six handsome crimson and green handkerchiefs, most gallantly transmitted to the beautiful AISCACH, of TEAWA. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL amuses us only with his drunken bout, and consequently a simple emetic scene, the soaring BRUCE greets us with the more important history of a thundering DIARRHOEA. Whilst Mr. BOSWELL prides himself only upon his descent from a Scottish King, the penetrating BRUCE discovers an origin from KING SOLOMON and the QUEEN OF SHEBA; which, under the rose, must be establishing a bastardy in the family, as the Abyssinian Queen could be nothing more than Solomon's concubine, their marriage having never been proved.

Pray,

Pray, Sir, what may his Majesty intend to do with your invaluable Drawings, &c. &c.? Are they to be engraved, *pro bono publico*, at the expence of the royal purse; or kept *cautiously* locked up in a drawer at Buckingham-house, to induce the *dilettanti* to sigh for the publication? Possibly they are destined to be a posthumous work of the greatest of Kings; but not like posthumous works in general, to disgrace the dead.

I am, ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

P. P.

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COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE.

SWEET is the tale, however strange its air,
That bids the public eye *astonied* stare!
Sweet is the tale, howe'er uncouth its shape,
That makes the world's wide mouth with wonder gape!
Behold our infancies in tales delight,
That bolt like hedgehog quills the hair upright.
Of ghosts how pleas'd is ev'ry child to hear!
To such is Jack the giant-killer dear!
Dread monsters issuing from the flame or flood,
Charm, tho' with horror cloath'd they chill the blood!
What makes a tale so sleepy, languid, dull?
Things as they happened—not of marvel full.
What gives a zest, and keeps alive attention?
A tale that wears the visage of invention:
A tale of lions, spectres, shipwreck, thunder;
A wonder, or first cousin to a wonder.
Mysterious conduct! yet 'tis Nature's plan
To sow with wonder's seeds the soul of man,
That ev'ry where in sweet profusion rise,
And sprout luxuriant through the mouth and eyes!

What to the *vasty* deep * SIR JOSEPH gave,
As of the world, the sport of wind and wave?

* Sir Joseph Banks.

What

What bade the Knight amid those scenes remote,
 Sleep with Queen Oberea in the boat?
 What unconfounded leap to Newton's chair?
 What, but to make a world with wonder stare?
 What bids a — on Wimbledon, Blackheath,
 So oft rejoice the regiments of death;
 While Britain's mightier bulwark flighted lies,
 And vainly groaning for its Cæsar sighs?
 What with the vulgar pigs of Ascot taken,
 Devour on Ascot-heath his annual bacon?
 What bade that great, great man, a goodly sight,
 Watch his wife's di'mond petticoat all night;
 And what that wife of great, great, great renown,
 Wash her own caps, and darn a thread-bare gown?
 What bade the charming * LADY MARY fly
 MARCHESI'S squeeze for PACCHIEROTTI'S sigh?
 What MASTER EDGECUMBE deal in rhiming ware
 What, but to put all † Cawfand in a stare?
 Sweet child of verse, who with importance big,
 Pleas'd its own self, and eterniz'd a pig; ‡
 Whilst mad an equal weight of praise to share,
 OLD MOUNT plays Punchinello to a hair.
 What makes a girl the shops for novels rove?
 The sweet impossibilities of love;
 Quixotic deeds to catch the flying fair;
 To pant at dangers, and at marvels stare.
 What prompteth Chloe, conscious of the charms

* Lady Mary Duncan.

† A small fishing town near Mount Edgecumbe.

‡ This pig, Cupid, who many years ago fell in love with the Earl, has a monument erected to his memory, with an inscription on it by Lord Valletort, the Earl's son.—It is said, that His Majesty, when at Mount Edgecumbe, happening to be gravely pondering near his grave, the Queen, who was at some distance, asked him, what he was looking at so seriously. His Majesty, with a great deal of humour, immediately replied, "The family vault, Charly; family vault, family vault."

That

That croud the souls of swains with wild alarms,
 To give the swelling bosom's milk-white skin
 A veil of gauze so marvelously thin?
 What but a kind intention of the fair
 To treat the eyes of shepherds with a stare?
 Behold! Religion's self, celestial dame,
 Founds on the rock of miracle her fame:
 A sacred building, that defies decay,
 That sin's wild waves can never wash away!
 What made * JOHN ROLLE (except for EXON's stare)
 Drill-serjeant to the aldermen and may'r;
 Ere from the hall he led his chosen bands,
 To view the KING OF NATIONS, and kiss hands?
 How rarely man the haunts of wisdom seeks,
 Pleas'd with the life of cabbages and leeks!
 Tho' form'd to plough the soil, divinely strong,
 'Tis famine goads him, like an ox, along:
 But BRUCE, on *curiosity's* wild wings,
 Darts, hawk-like, where the game of marvel springs.
 Let envy kindle with the blush of shame,
 That dares to call thee, BRUCE, a thief of fame.
 Pleas'd to thy wonder's vortex to be drawn,
 A thousand volumes could not make me yawn:
 And (O accept a salutary hint)—
 The world will read as fast as thou canst print.

* Mr. JOHN ROLLE's dread of a failure in the *etiquette* of presentment to his Majesty when at Exeter, prevailed on him to take a deal of trouble with gentlemen who were to be introduced at the *Leves*: but, in spite of all his intellectual powers, which, like his corporeal, are of more than ordinary texture, much disorder happened; indeed the best of kings was three or four times nearly overturned. Many were the gentlemen that Mr. ROLLE was forced to place himself behind, to pull down properly on their knees; and many were the gentlemen he was obliged to run after, and make face to the right about, who uncourtously though unwittingly, in quitting the presence, had turned their unpolished tails on majesty.

Curs'd

Curs'd be the goose's and the critic's quill,
 What tortures tear us, and what horrors thrill!
 Thus that small imp, a tooth, a simple bone,
 Can make fair ladies and great heroes groan;
 Tear hopeless virgins from their happy dream,
 And bid for doctors 'stead of sweethearts scream;
 In tears the tender tossing infant sleep,
 And from its eyelids brush the dew of sleep;
 Where, with a cheek in cherub blushes drest,
 It seeks, with fruitless cries, its vanish'd rest.
 Far different, THOU, erect in conscious pride,
 Colossal dar'st the critic host bestride;
 Like yelping coward curs canst make them skip,
 And tremble at the thunder of thy whip.

How hard that thou, a busy working bee,
 Shouldst range from flow'r to flow'r, from tree to tree;
 Fly loaded home from shrubs of richest prime,
 Egyptian, Nubian, Abyssinian thyme,
 And plund'ring * drones upon thine honey thrive,
 Who never gave an atom to the hive!
 Huge WHALE of marvel-hunters, further say,
 And glad the present and the future day;
 Speak! did no angel, proud to intervene,
 Bear thee, like Habbakuk, from scene to scene?

Lo! moon-ey'd Wonder opes her lap to thee:
 How niggardly, alas! to luckless me!
 Where'er through trackless woods thy luckier way,
 Marvels, like dew-drops, beam on ev'ry spray,
 Blest man! whate'er thou wishest to behold,
 Nature as strongly wishes to unfold;
 Of all her wardrobe offers every rag,
 Of which thy skill hath form'd a conj'ror's bag.

* Alluding to an Abridgement of Mr. Bruce's Travels.

Thy deeds are giants, covering ours with shame !
 Poor wasted pigmies ! skeletons of fame !
 To thee how kindly hath thy genius giv'n
 The massy keys of yonder star-clad heav'n ;
 With leave, whene'er thou wishest to unlock it,
 To put a few eclipses in thy pocket !
 Nature, where'er thou tread'st, exalts her form ;
 The whisp'ring zephyr swells a howling storm ;
 Where pebbles lay, and riv'lets purl'd before,
 Huge promontories rise, and oceans roar.
 Thrice envy'd man (if truth each volume sings),
 Thy life how happy ! hand and glove with kings !
 A simple swain, a stranger to a throne,
 I ne'er sat down with kings to pick a bone !
 For smiles I gap'd not, crouch'd not for assistance ;
 But paid my salutations at a distance :
 Yet live, O KINGS, to see a distant date,
 Because I've got a pretty good estate ;
 A comely spot near Helicon, that thrives ;
 A leasehold tho', that hangs upon your lives ;
 Set to GEORGE KEARSLEY, at a moderate rent ;
 Enough for me, poor swain, it brings content.
 Were heav'n to place a crown upon my head,
 So meek, so modest, I should faint with dread :
 And like some honest bishop, with a sigh,
 " Pity my greatness, Lord ! " would be my cry.
 Poets, like spiders, now-a-days must spin,
 E'en from *themselves*, the threads of life so thin.
 Nought pleaseth now the rulers of great nations,
 But books of wonders, and sweet dedications.
 Kings, like the mountains of the moon, indeed,
 Proud of their stature, lift a lofty head ;
 Heads, like the mountains also, cold and raw,
 That, ice-envelop'd, seldom feel a thaw.
 O may the worst of ills my soul betide,
 For *me* if ever love-sick lady dy'd !

If fatal darts from these two eyes of mine,
 Play'd havock with fair ladies hearts, like thine
 No, no! I ever a hard bargain drove,
 And purchas'd ev'ry atom of my love.
 O BRUCE, I own, all candour, that I look
 With envy, downright envy, on thy book;
 A book like Pfallmanazar's, form'd to last,
 'That gives th' historic eye a sweet repast;
 A book like Mandeville's, that yields delight,
 And puts poor probability to flight;
 A book that e'en Pontopidan would own;
 A book most humbly offer'd to the throne;
 A book, how happy, which the King of Isles
 Admires (says rumour), and receiv'd with smiles!

The fool, with equal gape, astonish'd fees,
 Through wonder's glasses, elephants, and fleas;
 But thou, in Wonder's school long bred, full grown,
 Art pleas'd indeed with elephants alone:
 Hadst thou been GOD, an insult to thy sight,
 Thy majesty had scorn'd to make a mite.
 Know, where th' Atlantic holds th' unwieldy whale,
 My heart has panted at the monster's tail:
 Had BRUCE been there, th' invincible, the brave,
 How had he dash'd at once beneath the wave!
 Bold with his dirk the mighty fish pursu'd,
 And stain'd whole leagues of ocean with his blood;
 Then risen glorious from the great attack,
 Grac'd with the wat'ry tyrant on his back!

'Mid those fair * isles, the happy isles of old,
 Plains that the ghosts of kings and chiefs patrol'd,
 These eyes have seen; but, let me truth confess,
 No royal spectre came these eyes to bless:

* The Canaries, or the Insulæ Fortunatæ of the Ancients.

To no one chieftain-phantom too, I vow,
 With rev'rence, did I ever make my bow:
 Gone to make room, poor ghosts, so Fate inclines,
 For gangs of lazy Spaniards and their vines.
 But had thy foot, illustrious Trav'ler, trod,
 Like me, the precincts of th' Elysian sod;
 Full of enquiry, easy, unconfounded,
 By spectres hadst thou quickly been surrounded;
 Then had we heard thy book of wonder boast,
 How BRUCE the brave shook hands with ev'ry ghost!
 In vain did I phænomena pursue,
 For Wonder waits upon the chosen few.
 Whate'er I saw requir'd no witch's storm—
 Slight deeds, that nature could with ease perform!
 Audacious, to purloin my flesh and fish,
 No golden eagles hopp'd into my dish.
 Nor crocodiles, by love of knowledge led,
 To mark my figure, left their oozy bed;
 Nor loaded camels, to provoke my stare,
 Sublimely whirl'd, like straws, amid the air;
 Nor, happy in a stomach form'd of steel,
 On roaring lions have I made a meal.
 Unequal *mine* with lions' bones to cope;
Thy jaws can only on such viands ope.
 O hadst thou trod, like me, the happy isle,
 Whose * mountain treats all mountains with a smile;
 Bold hadst thou climb'd th' ascent, an easy matter,
 And, nobly daring, fous'd into the *crater*;
 Then out agen hadst vaulted with a hop,
 Quick as a sweeper from a chimney top.
 O had thy curious eye beheld, like mine,
 The † isle which glads the heart with richest wine!
 Beneath its vines, with common clusters crown'd,
 At eve my wand'ring steps a passage found,

* Teneriffe.

† Madeira.

Where rose the hut, and neither rich nor poor,
 The wife and husband, seated at the door,
 Touch'd, when the labours of the day were done,
 The wire of music to the setting sun;
 Where, blest, a tender offspring, ranged around,
 Join'd their small voices to the silver sound.
 But had *thine* eye this simple scene explor'd,
 The man at once had sprung a scepter'd lord;
 Princes and princesses the *bearns* had been;
 The hut a palace, and the wife a queen;
 Their golden harps had ravish'd thy two ears,
 And beggar'd all the music of the spheres;
 So kind is nature always pleas'd to be,
 When visited by favourites, like *thee*!
 Strange! thou hast seen the land, that, to its shame,
 Ne'er heard our good ——'s virtues nor his name!
 I've only seen those regions, let me say,
 Where his great *virtues* never found their way.

Alas, I never met with royal scenes!
 No vomits gave to Abyssinian queens!
 Drew not from royal arms the purple tide,
 Nor scotch'd with fleams, a scepter'd lady's hide;
 Nor, in anatomy so very stout,
 Ventur'd to turn a princess inside out;
 Nor, blushing, stripp'd me to the very skin,
 To give a royal blackamoor a grin.
 I never saw (with ignorance I own)
 Mule-mounted monarchs seek th' imperial throne;
 Which mule the carpet spoil'd—a dirty beast!
 First stal'd; then—What?—Oblivion cloud the rest.
 I saw no king, whose subjects form'd a riot,
 And, imp-like, howl'd around him for his quiet.
 Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas!)
 Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass.

Where'er,

Where'er, great Trav'ler, thou art pleas'd to tread,
 The teeming skies rain wonders on thy head :
 No common birth to greet thine eye appears,
 But sacred labours of a thousand years.
 Where'er the Nile shall pour the smallest sluice,
 The rills shall curl into the name of BRUCE.
 And, lo ! a universe his praise shall utter,
 Who, first of mortals found the parent gutter,
 And, let me add, of gutters too the QUEEN,
 Without whose womb the Nile had never been.
 Thus many a man, whose deeds have made a pother,
 Has had a scurvy father or a mother.
 O form'd in art and science to surpass ;
 To whom e'en VALOUR is an arrant ass ;
 O BRUCE, most surely TRAVEL's eldest son ;
 Tell, prithee, all that thou hast seen and done !
 I fear thou hidest half thy feats, unkind ;
 A thousand wonders, ah ! remain behind !
 Where is the chariot-wheel with PHARAOH's name,
 Fish'd from the old Red Sea to swell thy fame ?
 Where the horse-shoe with Pharaoh's arms, and found
 Where wicked Pharaoh and his host were drown'd ?
 Where of that stone a slice, and fresh account,
 Giv'n by the LORD to MOSES on the Mount ?
 And where a slice of that stone's elder brother,
 That, broken, forc'd th' ALL-WISE t' engrave another ?
 Where of the cradle too, a sacred rush ?
 Where a true charcoal of the burning bush ?
 And O the jewel, curious gem, disclose,
 That dangled from the Queen of Sheba's nose,
 When, with hard questions, and two roguish eyes,
 She rode to puzzle Solomon the Wise ?
 Sagacious Terrier in DISCOVERY's mine,
 Shall Nature form no more a nose like thine ?
 No more display'd the pearls of wonder beam,
 When thou, great man, art past the Stygian stream ?

To

'To Afric wilt thou never, BRUCE, return?
 Howl, Britain! Europe, Abyssinia mourn!
 Droop shall DISCOVERY's wing, her bosom sigh,
 And MARVEL meet no more the ravish'd eye;
 Nature outstep her modesty no more;
 Her cataracts of wonder cease to roar,
 Forc'd to a common channel to subside,
 And pour no longer an astounding tide?
 O bid not yet thy lucky labours cease;
 Still let the Land of Wonder feel increase:
 Thy loads of dung, delightful ordure, yield,
 And blossom with fertility the field:
 Gates, hedges mend, that Ignorance pull'd down,
 And bring in triumph back each kidnapp'd town.
 Though Envy damns thy volumes of surprise,
 Blest I devour them with unfated eyes!
 What tho' four JOHNSON cry'd, with cynic sneer,
 " I deem'd at first, indeed, BRUCE had been there:
 " But soon the eye of keen investigation,
 " Prov'd all the fellow's tale a fabrication."
 But who, alas! on Johnson's word relies,
 Who saw the too kind North with jaundiced eyes;
 Who rode to Hawthornden's fair scene by night,
 For fear a Scottish tree might wound his sight;
 And bent from decent candour to depart,
 Allow'd a Scotchman neither head nor heart?
 Grant fiction half thy volumes of surprise,
 High in the scale of merit shalt thou rise:
 Still to Fame's temple dost thou boast pretension;
 For thine the *rara avis* of invention!
 And, lo! amidst thy work of lab'ring years,
 A dignity of egotism appears;
 A stile that classic authors should pursue;
 A stile that peerless * Katerfelto knew!

* A late celebrated Philosopher and Conjuror.

Thou dear man-mountain of discovery, run ;
 Again attempt an Abyssinian fun !
 Yes go ; a second journey, BRUCE, pursue ;
 More volumes of rich hist'ry bring to view.
 O run ere time the spectred tombs invade,
 And seize the crumbling wonders from the shade ;
 Croud with fair columns, struck by Time, thy page,
 And snatch the falling grandeur from his rage :
 Give that old Time a vomit too, and draw
 More of Egyptian marvels from his maw ;
 Bid him disgorge (by moderns call'd *a bum*)
 Scratch'd by ten thousand trav'lers, Memnon's bum ;
 And, what all rarities must needs surpass,
 The tail, the curious tail, of Balaam's ass.
 Say, what should stop, O BRUCE, thy grand career ;
 Of Fame the fav'rite, and no child of Fear ?
 DANGER's huge form, so dread to vulgar eyes,
 Pants at thy presence, and a coward flies.
 Where other trav'lers, fraught with terror, roam,
 Lo ! BRUCE in Wonder-Land is quite at home ;
 The same cool eye on Nature's forms looks down ;
 Lions and rats, the courtier and the clown.
 Whate'er thine action, wonder crouds the tale ;
 It smells of Brobdignag—it boasts a scale !
 Fond of the lofty, BRUCE no pigmy loves—
 Who likes a pigmy that a giant moves ?
 Again—what pigmy, with a form of lath,
 Lost in his shadow, likes the MAN of GATH ?
 The bowerly hostess, for a cart-horse fit,
 Scorns DAPHNE's reed-like shape, and calls her *chit* ;
 Whilst on the rough *robustious* lump of Nature,
 Contemptuous DAPHNE whispers “ What a creature ! ”
 Pity ! pursuits like thine should feel a pause,
 More than half smother'd by fair Fame's applause !
 I see thee safe return'd from MARVEL's mine,
 Whose gems in ev'ry rock so precious shine ;

Proud

Proud of the product of a world unknown,
 Unloading all thy treasure at the throne;
 While courtiers cry aloud with one accord,
 "Most marv'lous is the reign of George the Third!"
 How like the butchers' boys we sometimes meet,
 Stuck round with bladders, in a London street:
 In full-blown majesty who move, and drop
 The bloated burthen in an OILMAN'S shop;
 Whilst country bumpkins, gazing at the door,
 Cry they "*ne'er zeed zo vine a zight bevore.*"

I see old NILE, the king of floods, arise,
 Shake hands, and welcome thee with happy eyes;
 Otters and alligators in his train,
 Made by thy five immortal volumes vain;
 Weasels and polecats, sheregrigs, carrion-crows,
 Seen and smelt only by thine eyes and nose.
 "Son of the Arts, and Cousin of a King,
 "Loud as a kettle-drum whose actions ring,"
 Exclaims the king of floods, "thy books I've read,
 "And for thy birth-place, envy Brother TWEED."
 O BRUCE, by Fame for ever to be sung;
 Job's war-horse fierce, thy neck with thunder hung:
 When envious Death shall put thee in his stable,
 Snipp'd life's fine thread, that should have been a cable;
 Lo! to thy mem'ry shall the marble swell,
 Mausoleum huge, and all thy actions tell!
 Here in fair sculpture, the recording stones
 Shall give thee glorious, cracking lions' bones;
 There, which the squeamish souls of Britain shocks,
 Rich steaks devouring from the living ox;
 Here, staring on thee from the realm of water,
 Full many a virtuoso alligator;
 There, BRUCE informing queens, in naked pride,
 The feel and colour of a Scotsman's hide;
 Here of the genealogy a tree,
 Branching from Solomon's wise trunk to thee:

There

There, with a valour nought could dare withstand,
 BRUCE fighting an hyæna hand to hand;
 Which dread hyæna (what a beast uncouth!)
 Fought with a pound of candles in his mouth:
 Here temples bursting glorious on the view,
 Which HIST'RY, though a gossip, never knew:
 There columns starting from the earth and flood,
 Just like the razor-fish from sand and mud;
 Here a wise Monarch with voracious looks,
 Receiving all thy drawings and thy books;
 Whilst Fame behind him all so solemn sings
 The lib'ral spirit of the best of kings.

Man says, O BRUCE, that thou wert hardly us'd;
 That our great king at first thy book refus'd;
 Indeed look'd grimly 'midst his courtier crew,
 Who, gentle courtiers! all look'd *grimly* too!
 Thus when in black the lofty SKY looks down,
 The sympathizing SEA reflects a frown;
 Vale, cattle, reptile, insect, man and maid,
 All mope, and seem to sorrow in the shade.

Steep is th' ascent, and narrow is the road,
 Ah me! that leads to Fame's divine abode:
 Yet thick (through lanes, like pilgrimaging rats,
 Unaw'd by mortals, and unscar'd by cats)
 What crawling hosts attempt her sacred fane,
 And dizzy, drunk-like, tumble back again;
 Fast as the swains, whose arms the damsels fill,
 Embrace of elegance down Greenwich Hill;
 Whilst thou, Briareus like, with dauntless air,
 Resolv'd to ravish FAME, immortal Fair;
 Just like our London bullies with the w——,
 Hast scal'd the cloud-capt height and forc'd her doors!
 O form'd the travellers of the east to scare,
 Although thy pow'rs are mighty, learn to spare:

Dog should not prey on dog, the proverb says ;
 Allow then brother trav'lers crumbs of praise ;
 Like thee, let others reap applause and rise
 By daring visits to Egyptian skies :
 But calmly, lo ! thou canst not see them pass ;
 " This is a rogue or fool, and that's an ass :
 Thus on a tree, whene'er the weather's fine,
 JACK KETCH, the SPIDER, weaves the fatal line ;
 Beneath a leaf he hides with watchful eye,
 Now darts, and roping hangs the trav'ling FLY.
 Again, most tiresome, let me say, Go, go,
 Proceed, and *all about it* let us know :
 Led safely by thine enterprising star,
 Hyænas shall not with thy journey war :
 Un-eat by tygers, dare the forest's gloom,
 To bid the barren field of knowledge bloom :
 Wave o'er new pyramids thine eagle wings ;
 And, hound-like, scent fresh tombs of ancient kings,
 Which time had buried with the mighty dead,
 And cold Oblivion swallowed in her shade :
 And mind, 'tis HIST'RY's province to *surprize* ;
 That tales are sweetest, that sound most like lies.

*As the confessed superiority of Mr. BRUCE to Mr. Bos-
WELL entitles him to a more eminent mark of distinc-
tion, I have added an ODE, in my best Manner, to
this Complimentary Epistle, which the Congratulatory
Epistle to Mr. Boswell cannot boast.*

ODE TO JAMES BRUCE, Esq.

O BRUCE, for this short and sweet epistle,
Thou bidd'st perhaps the gentle bard "go whistle;"
Or somewhat worse, *perchaunce*, that rhimes to knight;
That is to say, knights of the blade,
One time so busy in the dubbing trade,
That, like to silver, it was shoulder'd bright.

Pity by hungry critics thou shouldst fall,
So clever, and so form'd, to please us all!
Again!—by royal favour all-surrounded,
A balm so rich, like cloves and nutmegs pounded!
Thus the BAG FOX, (how cruelly alack!)
Turn'd out with turpentine upon his back,
Amidst the war of hounds and hunters flies;
Shows sport; but, luckless, by his fragrance dies!
Safe from the fury of the critic hounds,

O BRUCE, thou treadest Abyssinian grounds;
Nor can our British noses hunt thy foil:
Indeed, thou need'st not dread th' event;
Surrounding clouds destroy the scent,

And mock their most sagacious toil:
Yes, in thy darkness thou shalt leave the dogs;
For hares, the hunters say, run best in fogs.
Of thee and me, two great physicians,
How different are the dispositions;

Thy soul delights in wonder, pomp, and bustle ;
Mine in th' *unmarvellous* and placid scene,
 Plain as the * hut of our good King and Queen ;—
 I imitate the stationary muscle.

Yet, boldly thou, O BRUCE, again proceed ;
 Of wonder ope the fountain head ;
 Deluge the land with Abyssinian ware ;
 Whilst I a simple son of peace,
 The world of *bagatelle* increase,
 By love-sick sonnets to the fair :

Now to Sir Joseph, now a Duke, now Wren,
 Now Robin Red-breast, dedicate the pen ;
 Now Glow-worm, child of shade and light, not flame ;
 To whom, of wicked wits, the tuneful art,
 So very apt, indeed, from truth to start,
 Compares the nightly street-meand'ring dame.

Mild INSECT, harmless as myself, I ween ;
 Thou little planet of the rural scene,
 When summer warms the vallies with her rays ;
 Accept a trifling sonnet to thy praise.

* A house close by the glorious castle of Windsor.

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
 Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
 To me, O nightly be thy splendor giv'n:
 O could a wish of mine the skies command,
 How would I gem thy leaf with lib'ral hand,
 With ev'ry sweetest dew of Heav'n!

Say, dost thou kindly light the Fairy train,
 Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
 Hanging thy lamp upon the moisten'd blade?
 What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
 Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
 And chase the horrors of the midnight shade!

Oh! may no feather'd foe disturb thy bow'r,
 And with barbarian beak thy life devour:
 Oh! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
 O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy feat;
 Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
 And bid thee midst the humming myriads die.

QUEEN of the insect world, what leaves delight?
 Of such these willing hands a bow'r shall form,
 To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
 And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet Child of Stillness, midst the awful calm
 Of pausing Nature thou art pleas'd to dwell;
 In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
 And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

How

How diff'rent man the imp of noise and strife,
 Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life;
 Blest when the passions wild the soul invade!
 How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease;
 To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
 And shine in solitude and shade!

A ROWLAND

A
ROWLAND for an OLIVER;

OR A
P O E T I C A L A N S W E R
T O T H E
B E N E V O L E N T E P I S T L E
O F
Mr. P E T E R P I N D A R.

A L S O T H E
M A N U S C R I P T O D E S , S O N G S , L E T T E R S , & c . & c .

O F
The above Mr. *P E T E R P I N D A R*,
N O W F I R S T P U B L I S H E D B Y
S Y L V A N U S U R B A N .

Sir you lie!—I scorn your word,
Or any man's that wears a sword.
For all you huff, who cares a t—d?
Or who cares for you?

CATCH.

LITTLE did I think that a Man of my mild and peaceable disposition, that would not hurt a cat, should be forced out to battle:—but such is the audacity of the times—(*O tempora ô mores!*) I have ventured forth to attack this Goliath of Ode and Impudence; and I hope, with God's assistance, like little David, to cut off his head. I communicated with my good friend Mr. *William Hayley*, who is a constant communicant to my *Gentleman's Magazine*, both in verse and prose, that is to say, in rhyme and criticism;—whom I rightly term one of the great pillars of my *Gentleman's Magazine*, which every Gentleman in the kingdom, I hope, reads,—which, if he doth not read, I hope he will read, as it is not only the greatest favourite with our Most Gracious Sovereign, who is the greatest Monarch upon earth,—but also with his Nobles, who are men of judgment and learning; also with foreign parts, who translate it constantly into their language:—so that, if I may be permitted to verify the praise of my monthly Publication (for indeed I must own I have a great itch for poetry), I will do it in this poetical distich:

My Magazine all magazines excels;
And, what's still better too for JOHN, it sells.

I asked Mr. *Hayley*, paying him the compliment first, if he would be the champion to encounter this great Mr. PETER PINDAR. To this, Mr. *Hayley* replied, after some hesitation, and pondering, and blowing his nose in his handkerchief, that he did not much admire a public exhibition; that it would wear the aspect of a bruising-match, too much like a set-to of *Johnson* and *Big Ben*; but
added

added that I might do it, if I thought proper. "But," says my good Friend, "I will privately attack him, under a fictitious signature;"—which he did indeed, and gave the audacious Fellow many a good thump, in verse and prose;—but this was only small shot, with deference to Mr. Hayley; the grand artillery was reserved for me.

Kind reader, wilt thou permit me to say something of myself, in simplicity and candour, before I go to work with this Caliban? When I first took the chair of criticism, I own that I trembled; for I am not ashamed to confess, that so great was my ignorance, that when a correspondent sent me an account of an ancient coin, I did not know a syllable about it—neither the meaning of *reverse*, *exergue*, or *legend*: but now, thank God, I know every thing appertaining to *numismata*, if I may be indulged with a Latin expression. Indeed the legends used to perplex me much, in as much as I exposed myself greatly; for I am not ashamed to confess my ignorance. I thought that AUG. upon a Roman Medal, meant the month in which it was struck off; and therefore I deemed it August: and G. P. R. which I now know to be *Genio Populi Romani*, I verily thought to be a coin struck by one George Peter Richardson. The figures of *Romulus* and *Remus* sucking a she-wolf, I took to be two children milking a cow. D. M. for *Diis Manibus*, I took to be David Martin, or Daniel Musgrove. The half-word HEL. signifying *Helicopolis*, I imagined to be no other than the House of Satan. JAN. CLU. that is to say, *Janum clausit*, I took to be the name of a man. LUD. SÆC. F. I verily thought to be downright filthy, and blushed for the Romans: but, lo, I afterwards discovered it to be *Ludos sæculares fecit*. COS. I thought to be Cos Lettuces, which only meaneth *Consul*; M. F. Mr. Ford, which meaneth *Marci Filius*.
N. C.

N. C. (would thou think it, Reader?) I translated Nincompoop; when, lo, it meaneth *Nobilissimus Cæsar*. P. P. which signifieth *Pater Patriæ*, I thought might mean Peter Pounce, or Philip Pumpkin. R. P. I also thought might mean Robert Penruddock, or Ralph Pigwiggin, or any other name beginning with those initials: but, lo, its true meaning I find to be *Respublica*, signifying, in English, the Republic.—Thus it will appear that I am not ashamed to confess my error, which this Enemy of mine dareth not.

TRIB. POT. which only meaneth *Tribunitia Potestate*, I actually imagined meant a Tribe of Potatoes, and that the coin was struck on account of a plentiful year of that fruit. S. P. Q. R. which meaneth only *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, unwisely, yet funnily, did I make out to be Sam Pad-don, a Queer Rogue; for as much as I was informed that the Romans struck coins on every trifling occasion. SCIP. AS. which signifieth no more than *Scipio Africanus*, I read literally Skip As; but for why, I could not say:—such was my ignorance.

Many were the impositions upon me;—rings for pigs noses were sent me for nose-jewels worn by the Roman Ladies; a piece of oxycroceum, just made in a druggist's shop, for the pitch that surrounded the body of Julius Cæsar; a large brown jordan, for a lacrymatory; a broken old black sugar-bason, for a druid urn; a piece of a watchman's old lantern, for a Roman lamp. The wig of the famous *Boerhaave* was also sent me as a curiosity; the roguery of which I did not discover till an engraving of the wig was nearly finished, costing me upwards of thirty shillings:—for, lo! Reader, this great Man never wore a wig in his life:—In my Obituary too I made great mistakes, from imposition; as I gave the deaths of many that were
not

not dead, and others that never existed. Sometimes the wickedness of correspondents was such, that I have perpetuated the deaths of bull-dogs, greyhounds, mastiffs, horses, hogs, &c. in my Obituary, under an idea that they were people of consequence. Indeed I have not stuck to the letter of my assertion at the head of my Obituary, that declares it to be a record of considerable persons; for as much as I have sometimes put a scavenger over a Member of Parliament, a pig-driver over a Bishop, a lamp-lighter over an Alderman, and a chimney-sweeper over a Duke: but as I was desired by the friends of the deceased to do it, (for who is not ambitious?) and I was paid for it too, (and who can withstand a fee?) I have in some little measure disgraced my Journal, and forfeited my word.—My present antiquarian knowledge, gratitude maketh me confess that I owe it all to Mr. R. Gough, of Enfield, who some years ago was also an ignorant and illiterate Gentleman, like myself,—but, by hard study, hath attained to his present perfection, as may be seen in our *Topographia Britannica*, which is not, as that arch-enemy PETER PINDAR hath asserted it to be, the idle production of a couple of fellows that want to make a fortune by a history of cowballs, old chamber-pots, and rusty nails. My friend Mr. Gough's zeal for the promotion of antiquarian knowledge cannot be better proved than by his running the risk of being well trounced, for borrowing one of KING EDWARD's fingers, as he lay exposed, a few years since, in Westminster Abbey; which finger, my friend, after having gently put it in his pocket, was, by order of the Bishop of Rochester, who, unluckily seeing the deed, did, to the disgrace of the science, order him to be searched, and forced him to refund. Had it not been for this impertinent and hawk-eyed attention of the Bishop, Sir

Joseph

Joseph Ayloffe, and other Antiquarians present at the opening of the Monarch's coffin,—such was the intrepidity of my antiquarian friend *Gough*, that he would have attempted the head, instead of a pitiful finger, as he had on a large watchman's coat for the purpose. Nor must I omit the zeal of my friend Sir *Joseph Banks* on the occasion; who, on hearing what was going on, and suspecting that King Edward might have been lodged in pickle, galloped off with a gallon jug, in a hackney coach, in order to fill it with the precious liquor, as a sauce for his future Attic entertainments in Soho-square: but unfortunately no pickle was found.

I confess that an impudent fellow sent me for my Obituary the following, which was really printed off, (but cancelled) before I was informed, by a friend, of the fallacy—to wit: “On Saturday
“night last died Mrs. *Margery Moufer*, a widow
“Lady, beloved in life, and lamented in death;
“she was the only daughter of *Roger Grimalkin*,
“Esquire, of *Ratley*.”—Ignorant indeed was I that it was an imposition; for, gentle Reader, it was a dead cat!—Many a good customer have I gained by my Obituary, who liked to see themselves dead in my magazine—I mean their relations liked to see their deaths displayed in a work of so much respectability as mine.—But enough of myself; and now for Master PETER.

In the fullness of my passion, I at first set me down, and said to myself, *Facit indignatio versus*—when, behold! in less than two hours I knocked off the following Poem. Some time after, however, after a deal of deep thought on the subject, it struck me that I might fight this Poet PETER against himself; make him like some game-cocks, cut his own throat with his own spurs. Accordingly I set about it, and collected from every quarter his manuscript verses of every denomination;
some

some written in Cornwall, others in Devon, others in the West-Indies, others in Bath, others in London; as also some of his Letters, particularly those to the KING of the MOSQUITOES, who was sent for by the Governor of Jamaica, soon after that Gentleman arrived at his government. I have also collected some of his Observations, and Sayings, and Speeches;—I may verily say, Observations on men and manners, without any manners at all, or, in plainer phrase, much ill manners. PETER must not complain of my showing him no mercy by this Publication, as he is the most merciless Mohawk that ever scalped.

— *Nec lex est justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

A
P O E T I C A L A N S W E R
T O
Mr. *P E T E R P I N D A R*'s
Benevolent Epistle to *JOHN NICHOLS*.

O SON of wicked Satan, with a soul
Hot as his hell, and blacker than his coal!
Thou false, thou foul-mouth'd Censurer of the times,
I do not care three straws for all thy rhymes.
Thy wit is blunter than old worn-out sheers:—
I'll make a riddle with thee for thy ears;
Write any sort of verse, thou blust'ring Blade!
Egad! I'll say, like *Kecksey*, "Who's afraid?"—
Thank God, I've talk'd to greater folks than thee:
In that I will not yield to any HE;
No, not to any HE that wears a head—
Again I'll say like *Kecksey*, "Who's afraid?"
Thank God, whene'er I wish like Kings to fare,
I go, unask'd, and dine with my Lord May'r.
But thou, who asks thee, varlet! to their houses?
Fear'd by the husbands, dreaded by the spouses?
May God Almighty hear what now I speak!—
Some Aldermen would gladly break thy neck.
Thou tell'st us thou hast struck thy lyre to Kings—
Yes, faith, and founded very pretty things.

Thou

'Thou blockhead, thou pretend to think thy rhymes
 Shall live to see the days of after-times !
 Fool, to pretend on subjects great to shine,
 Or e'en to Printers Dev'ls to tune the line !
 Sir, let me humbly beg you to be civil—
 Thou know'st not that I was a Printer's Dev'l :
 So, Sir, your satire wants the pow'r to drub,
 In thus comparing NICHOLS to a grub.
 Whate'er thou say'st, I'm not of vengeance full,
 Nor did I ever bellow like a bull :
 And grant I am a bull, I sha'n't suppose
 A cur like *thee* can nail me by the nose.
 Thou liest when thou sayest like a top,
 With anger rais'd I spinn'd about my shop :
 Nor did I ever, madden'd by thy stripes,
 Thou Prince of Liars, kick about my types.
 Books have I written ; books I still will write,
 And give, I hope, to gentlefolks delight :
 With charming print, and copper-plates so fine,
 Whose magazine goes off so well as mine ?
 Who, pray, like *me*, the page so fond of filling ?
 Who gives more curious matter for a shilling ?
 England's first geniuses I keep in pay ;
 Much prose I buy, and many a poet's lay :
 The silk-worm HAYLEY spins me heaps of verse,
 And GOUGH, antiquities exceeding scarce :
 Great HORACE WALPOLE too, with sweet good-will,
 Sends me choice anecdotes from Strawb'ry-hill :
 Miss SEWARD, Mistres YEARSLEY, and Miss MORE,
 Of lines (dear Women !) send me many a score.
 These are the Nymphs at whom thine envy rails—
 Fool ! of their gowns not fit to hold the tails—
 These are the Men, of prose and verse the Knights,
 With genius flashing, like the northern lights ;
 These are the Men whose works immortal show
 The men of literature from top to toe.—

But

But thou'rt a wen,—a blue, black, bloated tumour,
 Without one single grain of wit or humour :
 Thy Muse too all so consequential struts,
 As if all Helicon were in her guts ;—
 A fish-drab, a poor, nasty, ragged thing,
 Who never dipp'd her muzzle in the spring.
 Thou think'st thyself on Pegasus so steady ;
 But, PETER, thou art mounted on a *Neddy* :
 Or, in the London phrase,—thou Dev'nshire Monkey,
 Thy Pegasus is nothing but a Donkey.
 I own, my vanity it well may raise,
 To find so many gaping for my praise ;
 Who send such flatt'ring things as ne'er were seen,
 To get well varnish'd in my Magazine :
 Indeed I often do indulge the elves,
 And suffer authors to commend themselves ;
 Wits of *themselves* can write with happiest spirit,
 And men are judges of their proper merit.
 Lumps have I giv'n them too of beef, and pudding,
 That helps a hungry genius in its studying :
 And humming porter, when their Muse was dry—
 For this be glory unto God on high !
 And not to *me* who did not make the pudding,
 Nor beef assisting genius in its studying.
 To authors, yes, I've giv'n both boil'd and roast,
 And many a time a tankard with a toast—
 But God forbid, indeed, that I should boast !
 And halfpence too, and sixpences, ecod !
 But boast avaunt !—the glory be to God !
 To Bards, good shoes and stockings I have giv'n—
 But not to *me* the glory, but to Heav'n !
 Yes, yes, I see how much it swells thy spleen,
 That I'm head Master of the Magazine ;
 Who let no author see the house of FAME,
 Before he gets a passport in my name.

Art thou a Doctor? Yes, of thinning skill;
 For thousands have been poison'd by thy pill.
 But let my soul be calm:—it sha'n't be said
 I fear thee, O thou Monster!—"Who's afraid?"
 What though I know small Latin, and less Greek,
 Good sterling English I can write and speak:
 Yet thousands, who presume to be my betters,
 Can't spell their names, and scarcely know their letters.
 Belike, the curious world would hear with joy
 What trade I was design'd for, when a boy:
 "A barber or a taylor," said my mother—
 "No," cried my father, "neither one nor t'other;
 "A soldier, a rough soldier, JOHN shall wander,
 "Pull down the French, and fight like Alexander."
 But unto *letters* was I always squinting,
 So ask'd my daddy's leave to study Printing;
 And got myself to uncle Bowyer's shop,
 Where, when it pleas'd the Lord that he should drop,
 The trade and good-will of the shop was mine;
 Where, without vanity, I think I shine;
 And where, thank God, in spite of dull abuse,
 I'm warm, and married, and can boil my goose.
 And had I been to swords and musquets bred,
 P'rhaps I had shin'd a *Cæsar*, or the *Swede*:
 Hadst thou a soldier been, thou sorry mummer,
 Thy rank had never rose above a drummer.
 How dar'st thou say, that should His ROYAL HIGHNESS
 (A Prince renown'd for modesty and shyness)
 Be Generalissimo of all our forces,
 A jack-ass's old back, and not a horse's
 Should carry the good Prince into the field,
 Whose arm a broomstick, for a staff, should wield,
 That very, very broomstick which his Wife
 Oft us'd to finish matrimonial strife?
 Why dost not praise the virtues of the *****,
 As great in soul, as noble in her mien,

Whose

Whose virtues make the foul of Envy sick,
 Strong as her snuff, and as her di'monds thick?—
 But wherefore this to PETER do I say?
 Owls love the dark, and therefore loath the day.—
 The ****, as wise a man as man can be;
 The ****, so mild, who cannot kill a flea;
 Brave GLO'STER's Highness, and his sober Wife,
 Who lead the softest, sweetest, calmest life;
 RICHMOND and LEEDS, each Duke a first-rate star,
 One fam'd for politics, and one for war;
 The open HAWKSB'RY, stranger to all guile,
 Who never of a sixpence robb'd our isle;
 The modest PITT, the Joseph of the day,
 Who never with lewd women went astray;
 And many others, that I soon could mention,
 Are much oblig'd, indeed, to thy invention!
 But where's the oak that never feels a blast?
 Or sun, at times that is not overcast?
 Alas! ev'n people dress'd in gold and ermine
 May feel at times the bites of nasty vermin:
 And when thou dar'st great Quality attack,
 What art thou but a bug upon its back?
 What harm, pray, hath my friend Sir JOSEPH done,
 So good, and yet the subject of thy fun?
 Just in his ways to women and to men—
 Indeed he swears a little now and then.
 Behold, his breakfasts shine with reputation!
 His dinners are the wonder of the nation!
 With these he treats both commoners and quality,
 Who praise, where'er they go, his hospitality:
 Ev'n from the north and south, and west and east,
 Men send him shell, and butterfly, and beast.
 Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON sends gods and mugs;
 And for his feast, a sow's most dainty dugs.
 And shall such mob as thou, not worth a groat,
 Dare pick a hole in such a great Man's coat?

Whenever at St. James's he is seen,
 Is not he spoke to by the KING and QUEEN?
 And don't the Lords at once about him press,
 And, like his Sov'reigns, much regard profess?
 Tell him they'll come one day to him, and dine,
 Behold his rarities, and taste his wine?
 Such are the honours, to delight the soul,
 On which thy longing eyeballs vainly roll:
 Such are the honours that his heart must flatter,
 On which thy old dog's mouth in vain may water.
 Whether in Dev'nshire thou hast got a house,
 I value not three capers of a louse;
 Whether in Cornwall thou a house hast got,
 And at elections only, boil'st thy pot;
 Whether a Doctor, Devil, or a Friar,
 I know not—but I know thou art a liar.
 Whene'er I die, I hope that I shall read
 This honest epitaph upon my head:
 " Here lies JOHN's body; but his soul is seen
 " In that fam'd work, the Ge'mman's Magazine:
 " Brave, yet possess'd of all the softer feelings;
 " Successful with the Muses in his dealings;
 " Mild, yet in virtue's cause as quick as tinder—
 " Who never car'd one f—ig for PETER PINDAR.'

Mr. PETER PINDAR's Apology for the variety of entertainment in his pretty Poetical Olio, is the first thing I shall present to the Public.

P E T E R ' s A P O L O G Y .

LADIES, I keep a rhyme-shop—mine's a trade:
 I sell to old and young, to man and maid:
 All customers must be oblig'd; and no man
 Wishes more universally to please:
 I'd really crawl upon my hands and knees,
 T' oblige—particularly lovely woman.

Yet some, (the Devil take such virtuous times)
 Fastidious, pick a quarrel with my rhymes,
 And beg I'd only deal in love-sick sonnet—
 How easy to bid others cease to feed!
 On beauty I can quickly *die* indeed,
 But, trust me, can't *live long* upon it.

If there is not a deal of impudent *double entendre* in this Sonnet, I do not know what purity meaneth—sweetly wrapped up indeed, 'Squire PINDAR!

Instead of a formal commentary on *every* composition, I shall make short work with them, by giving them their true character in a few words, as for example:

Impudence, Egotism, and Conceit.

The expulsion of a most excellent set of Players from Kingsbridge in Devonshire, with the asylum offered them by the Author's Barn in an adjoining parish, is the foundation of the following Ode.

ODE TO MY BARN.

SWEET haunt of solitude and rats,
Mice, tuneful owls and purring cats;
Who, whilst we mortals sleep, the gloom pervade,
And wish not for the sun's all-seeing eye,
Your mousing mysteries to spy;
Blest, like philosophers, amidst the shade;

When Persecution, with an iron hand,
Dar'd drive the moral members from the land,
Call'd Players,—friendly to the wand'ring crew,
Thine eye with tears survey'd the mighty wrong,
Thine open arms receiv'd the mournful throng,
Kings without shirts, and Queens with half a shoe.

Alas! what dangers gloom'd of late around—
Monarchs and Queens with halters nearly bound—
Duke, Dukeling, Princess, Prince, consign'd to jail!
And, what the very soul of Pity shocks,
The poor old Lear was threat'ned with the stocks,
Cordelia with the cart's unfeeling tail.

Still cherish such rare Royalty forlorn—
A Garrick in thy bosom may be born,
A Siddons too, of future fair renown:
For Love is not a squeamish God, they say;
As pleas'd to see his rites perform'd on hay,
As on the goose's soft and yielding down.

The same impudence, egotism, and conceit, as in the
first Ode.

To

T O M Y B A R N.

BY Lacedæmon men attack'd,
 When Thebes, in days of yore, was sack'd,
 And nought the fury of the troops could hinder;
 What's true, yet marv'lous to rehearse,
 So well the common soldiers relish'd verse,
 They scorn'd to burn the dwelling house of Pindar.

With awe did Alexander view
 The house of my great Cousin too,
 And, gazing on the building, thus he sigh'd—
 “ General Parmenio, mark that house before ye!
 “ That lodging tells a melancholy story:
 “ There Pindar liv'd (great Bard!) and there he died.
 “ The King of Syracuse, all nations know it,
 “ Was celebrated by this lofty Poet,
 “ And made immortal by his strains:
 “ Ah! could I find like *him* a bard, to sing me;
 “ Would any man, like *him* a Poet bring me;
 “ I'd give him a good pension for his pains.

“ But, ah! Parmenio, 'mongst the sons of men,
 “ This world will never see his like agen;
 “ The greatest Bard that ever breath'd is dead!
 “ General Parmenio, what think *you*?”—
 “ Indeed 'tis true, my Liege, 'tis very true,”
 Parmenio cry'd, and, sighing, shook his head;

Then from his pocket took a knife so nice,
 With which he chipp'd his cheese and onions,
 And from a rafter cut a handsome slice,
 To make rare toothpicks for the Macedonians;
 Just like the toothpicks which we see
 At Stratford mead, from Shakespear's mulb'ry-tree.

What

What pity that the Squire and Knight
 Knew not to prophesy as well as fight;
 Then had they known the future men of metre;
 Then had the General and the Monarch spied,
 In Fate's fair book, our nation's equal pride,
 That very Pindar's Cousin PETER!

Daughter of thatch, and stone, and mud,
 When I, no longer flesh and blood,
 Shall join of lyric bards some half a dozen;
 Meed of high worth, and, 'midst th' Elysian plains,
 To Horace and Alcæus read my strains,
 Anacreon, Sappho, and my great old Cousin;

On *thee* shall rising generations stare,
 That come to Kingsbridge and to Dodbrook Fair: *
 For such thy history, and mine shall learn;
 Like Alexander shall they ev'ry one
 Heave the deep sigh, and say, "Since PETER's gone,
 "With rev'rence let us look upon his Barn."

*The following Ode of Mr. PINDAR's is what rhetoricians
 would call ironical. The leading feature seems to be im-
 pudence.*

ODE TO AFFECTATION.

N YMPH of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
 And lisping tongue so soft, and head awry,
 And flutt'ring heart, of leaves of aspin made;
 Who were thy parents, blushful Virgin? say—
 Perchance DAME FOLLY gave thee to the day,
 With GAFFER IGNORANCE's aid.

* Held annually at those places.

Say, Virgin, where dost thou delight to dwell?
With Maids of Honour, startful Virgin? tell—

For I have heard a deal of each fair Miss;
How wicked LORNS have whisper'd wicked things
Beneath the noses of good Queens and Kings,
And sigh'd for pleasures far beyond a kiss!

Great is thy delicacy, dainty Maid;
At slightest things, thy cheek with crimson glows.
Say, art thou not ashamed, abash'd, afraid,
Whene'er thou stealest forth to *pluck* a rose?
Or hast thou lost, O Nymph, thy pretty gall;
So never pluckest any rose at all?

I'm told, thou keepest not a single male;
Nothing but females, at thy board to cram;
That no he-lap dog near thee wags his tail,
Nor cat by vulgar people called a *ram*.

I've heard too, that if e'er, by dire mishap,
Some ravishers should make thy fav'rites wh—s,
Staring as stricken by a thunder-clap,
Thy modesty hath kick'd them out of doors.

'Tis said, when wag-tails thou behold'st, and doves,
And sparrows, busy with their feather'd loves;
Lord! thou hast trembled at their wicked tricks;
And, snatching up thy blush-concealing fan,
As if it were a lady and a man,
Hast only peep'd upon them through the sticks.

And yet so variously thou'rt said to act,
That I have heard it utter'd for a fact,
That often on old Thames's funny banks,
Where striplings swim, with wanton pranks,
On bladders some outstretch'd, and some on corks,
Thou squinting, most *indiff'rent* girl, art seen,
In contemplation of each youthful skin,
Admiring God Almighty's handy-works.

Prim Nymph, thou art no fav'rite with the world :
I hear the direst curses on thee hurl'd !

Sorry am I, so ill thy manners suit :
'Tis said, that if a mouse appear to view,
We hear a formidable screech ensue,
As if some huge devouring brute ;

And if beneath thy petticoat he run,
Thou bellowest as if thou wert undone,
And kickest at a cow-like rate, poor foul ;
When, if thou wert to be a little quiet,
And not disturb the nibbler by a riot,
The mouse would go into his proper hole.

I've heard it sworn to, Nymph, that in the streets,
When running, dancing, capering at thy side,
Thy Chloe other dogs so brazen meets,
That wriggling, ask thy bitch to be their bride ;
Quick hast thou caught up Chloe in thy arms,
From violation to preserve her charms ;

And, bouncing wildly from the view
Of those same faucy canine crew,
Hast op'd so loud and tunefully thy throat,
(Seeming as thou hadst learnt to scream by note)
Loud as the Sabine girls that tried to 'scape
The speechless horrors of a Roman rape.

No novels readest thou, O Nymph, in sight ;
And yet again I'm told that ev'ry night,
In secret, thou art much inclin'd to doat
On rhymes that Rochester so warmly wrote.

Oft dost thou wonder how thy sex, so sweet,
Can fellows, those great two-legg'd monsters, meet,
And swoon not at each Caliban ;
And wonder how thy sex can fancy blisses
Contain'd within the black rough-bearded kisses
Of such a bear-like thing as man.

'Tis

'Tis also said, that if a flea at night,
 Pert rogue, hath dar'd thy luscious lip to bite,
 Or point his snout into thy snowy breast,
 At once the house hath been alarm'd—the maids
 Call'd idle, nasty, good-for-nothing jades ;
 Who, Eve-like, rushing to thy room undrest,

Have thought some wicked ravisher so dread,
 On Love's delicious viands to be fed,
 Had seiz'd thee, to obtain forbidden joys ;
 Which had he done, a most audacious thief,
 Of ev'ry maid it was the firm belief
 Thou wouldst not, Nymph, have made a greater noise.

And yet 'tis said, again, O Nymph so bright,
 Thou sleep'st with John the coachman ev'ry night—
 Vile tales ! invented to destroy thy fame ;
 For wert thou, fearful Lass, this instant married,
 At night thy modest cheek would burn with shame,
 Nor wouldst thou *go*, but to the bed be *carried* :

There, when thy Strephon rush'd, in white array'd,
 To clasp with kisses sweet his white-stol'd Maid,
 And riot in the luxury of charms ;
 Flat as a flounder, seeing, hearing gone—
 Mute as a fish, and fairly turn'd to stone—
 O Damsel ! thou wouldst die within his arms.

*More impudence, with a lick at one of the Ten
Commandments.*

T O F O R T U N E.

AH! loit'ring Fortune, thou art come too late:
Ah! wherefore give me not thy smiles before;
When all my youthful passions in a roar,
Rare hunters, fearless leap'd each five-bar gate?

Unknown by thee, how often did I meet
The loveliest forms of nature in the street,
The fair, the black, and lasting brown!
And, whilst their charms enraptur'd I survey'd,
This pretty legend on their lips I read—
“ Kisses, O gentle shepherd, for a crown.

How oft I look'd, and sigh'd, and look'd agen,
Upon the charms of ev'ry Phillis!
How wish'd myself a cock, and her a hen,
To crop at once her roses and her lillies!
Indeed not only without paying—
But for her liberty without once staying.

“ At Otaheité,” I have said with tears,
“ No gentleman a jail so horrid fears
“ For taking liberties with lasses:
“ Soon as they heard how Love in England far'd,
“ The glorious Otaheitans all were scar'd,
“ And call'd us Englishmen a pack of asses.—

“ But they, indeed, are heathens—have no souls
“ But such as must be fried on burning coals.
“ But I'm a Christian, and abhor a rape;
“ Yet if a lass would *sell* her lean and fat,
“ I'm not so great an enemy to *that*—
“ Though *that* might whelp a little kind of scrape;
“ Since

“ Since ’tis believ’d that simple fornication
 “ May step between a man and his salvation.”

Damn’d Fortune! thus to make me groan!
 To offer *now* thy shining pieces—
 For *now* my passions all are flown,
 Gone to my nephews and my nieces.

ODE to Madam SCHW—G and Co.

On their intended VOYAGE to GERMANY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1789.

WE wish you a good voyage to that shore
 Where all your friends are impudent and poor.
 Oblige us, Madam—don’t again come over—
 To use a cant phrase, we’ve been finely fobb’d,
 Indeed have very dextrously been robb’d—
 You’ve liv’d just eight and twenty years in clover.

Pray let us breathe a little—be so good—
 We cannot spare such quantities of blood:
 At least for some ten years, pray cross the main;
 Then, cruel, should you think upon returning,
 To put us Britons all in second mourning,
 We may support phlebotomy again.

To you and your lean gang we owe th’ Excise:
 PITT cannot any other scheme devise,
 To pay the nation’s debt, and fill your purses.
 With great respect I here assure you, Ma’am,
 Your name our common people loudly damn;
 Genteeler folks attack with silent curses.

Madam

Madam, can *you* speak Latin?—No, not much—
 I think you principally spew * High-Dutch :
 But did you Latin understand, (God blefs it)
 I'd offer up the pithiest, prettiest line,
 Unto your avarice's sacred shrine—
 “ *Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*”

The which translation of this Latin line
 Is this—‘ Alas ! that maw profound of thine
 ‘ May like the stomach of a whale be reckon'd :
 ‘ Thrown into it the nation's treasury,
 ‘ But for a minute it will pleasure ye ;
 ‘ That gullet would be gaping for a second.’

Madam, we wish you a long, long adieu—
 Good riddance of the snuff and di'mond crew !
 Your absence, all, alone the State relieves ;
 For, hungry Ladies, as I'm here alive,
 A house can never hope to thrive,
 That harboureth a nest of Thieves.

*An insupportable APOLOGY for keeping MISTRESSES,
 and a LAUGH at that most respectable State MATRI-
 MONY.*

O D E.

THAT I have often been in love, deep love,
 A hundred doleful ditties plainly prove.
 By marriage never have I been disjointed ;
 For matrimony deals prodigious blows :
 And yet for this same stormy state, God knows,
 I've groan'd—and, thank my stars, been disappointed.

* The Author thinks this expression, though a dirty one, more descriptive than any other of the guttural German ; and therefore chooses not to sacrifice truth to a little *bienfiance*.

With

With Love's dear passion will I never war :

Let ev'ry man for ever be in love,
E'en if he beats, in age, old *Par* :

'Tis for his chilly veins a good warm glove ;
It bids the blood with brisker motion start,
Thawing's Time's ices around his heart.

Wedlock's a faucey, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate :
Love keeps a *modest* distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says ev'ry thing that's fine.

Love writes sweet sonnets, deals in tender matter ;
Marriage, in epigram so keen, and satire.

Love seeketh always to oblige the fair ;
Full of kind wishes, and exalted hope :

Marriage desires to see her in the air,
Suspended, at the bottom of a rope.

Love wishes, in the vale or on the down,
To give his dear, dear idol a green gown :
Marriage, the brute, so snappish and ill bred,
Can kick his fighting turtle out of bed ;
Turns bluffly from the charms that taste adores,
Then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and snores.

Wedlock at first, indeed, is vastly pleasant ;
A very showy bird, a fine cock-pheasant :
By time, it changeth to a diff'rent fowl ;
Sometimes a cuckow, oft'ner a horn-owl.

Wedlock's a lock, however large and thick,
Which ev'ry rascal has a key to pick.

O Love ! for heav'n's sake, never leave my heart :
No ! thou and I will never, never part—
Go, Wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
Who hate variety, and sigh for chains.

A bare-

A bare-faced Apology for leaving a loving Wife.

T O C H L O E.

An Apology for going into the Country.

CHLOE, we must not always be in heav'n,
 For ever toying, ogling, kissing, billing;
 The joys for which I thousands would have giv'n,
 Will presently be scarcely worth a shilling.

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine snows,
 And, sweetly swelling, beats the down of loves;
 Thy cheek of health, a rival to the rose;
 Thy pouting lips, the throne of all the Loves;
 Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expression,
 That beauty fadeth by too much possession.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
 Much like economy in worldly matter:
 We should be prudent, never live too fast;
 Profusion will not, cannot always last.

Lovers are really spendthrifts—'tis a shame—
 Nothing their thoughtless, wild career can tame,
 Till pen'ry stares them in the face;
 And when they find an empty purse,
 Grown calmer, wiser, how their fault they curse,
 And, limping, look with such a sneaking grace!
 Job's war-horse fierce, his neck with thunder hung,
 Sunk to a humble hack that carries dung,

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant rose—
 Smell twenty times—and then, my dear, thy nose,
 Will tell thee (not so much for scent athirst)
 The twentieth drank less flavour than the *first*.

Love,

Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows;
 Yet often should the little God retire—
 Absence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows,
 That keeps alive the sacred fire.

In the same impudently ironical style.

ODE TO LAIS.

O NYMPH with all the luxury of skin,
 Pea-bloom breath, and dimpled chin;
 Rose cheek, and eyes that beat the blackest floc;
 With flaxen ringlets thy soft bosom shading,
 So white, so plump, so lusciously-persuading;
 And lips that none but mouths of Cherubs know!

Oh, leering, lure me not to Charlotte-street,
 That too, too fair, seducing form to meet;
 Warm, unattir'd, and breathing rich delight;
 Where thou wilt practise ev'ry roguish art,
 To bid my spirits all unbridled start,
 Run off with me full tilt, and steal my sight.
 Then shall I trembling fall, for want of grace,
 And die perhaps upon my face!

Ah! cease to turn, and leer, and smile,
 My too imprudent senses to beguile!

Ah! keep that leg so taper from me,
 Ah! form'd to foil a Phidias's art;
 So much unlike that leg in ev'ry part
 By me abhorr'd—and christ'ned *gummy*.

In vain I turn around to run away:
 Thine eyes, those basilisks, command my stay;

S s

Whilst

Whilst through its gauze thy snowy bosom peeping,
 Seems to that rogue interpreter, my eye,
 To heave a soft, desponding, tender sigh—
 Like gossamer, my thoughts of goodness sweeping.

Pity my dear religion's dread debility,
 And hide those orbs of sweet inflammability!—
 Abound, I say, abound in grace, my feet;
 And do not follow her to Charlotte-street.

Alas! alas! you have no grace, I see,
 But wish to carry off poor struggling *me*;
 Yes, the wild bed of beauty wish to seek!—
 Yet, if you do—to make your two hearts ake,
 A sweet, a sweet revenge I mean to take;
 For, curse me if you shall not stay a week.

But let me not thus pond'ring, gaping, stand—
 But, lo, I am not at my own command:
 Bed, bosom, kifs, embraces, storm my brains,
 And lawless tyrants, bind my will in chains.
 O lovely Laïs! too pow'rful are thy charms,
 And fascination dwells within thy arms.

The passions join the fierce invading host;
 And I and Virtue are o'erwhelm'd and lost—
 Passions that in a martingal should move;
 Wild horses, loosen'd by the hands of LOVE.

I'm off—alas! unworthy to be seen—
 The Bard, and VIRTUE a poor captive Queen!
 O LAÏS, should our deeds to *sins* amount,
 Just Heav'n will place them all to *thy* account.

The following Stanza, on the Death of Lady MOUNT E———'s favourite Pig Cupid, is verily exceeded by nothing in the annals of impertinence.

A CONSOLATORY STANZA

To Lady MOUNT E———,

On the Death of her Pig CUPID.

O DRY that tear, so round and big;
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind!
Death only takes a single pig—
Your Lord and Son are still behind.

Superlatively impudent, and, I hope, untrue; sent to me two days after my publication of my Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, one of which is now actually in his Majesty's glorious Library at Buckingham-House..

To Mr. J. NICHOLS,

ON HIS

History of the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.

JOHN, though it asks no subtilty of brain
To write QUEEN BESS's Progress through the land;
Excuse the freedom, if I dare maintain
The theme too high for *thee* to take in hand.

On Vanity's damn'd rock what thousands split!
Thou shouldst have labour'd on some humbler matter—
On somewhat on a level with thy wit—
For instance—when Her Majesty made w———,

To

*To show that I can be candid, even to people of no candour,
I shall conclude this First Part with a few Songs that are
not totally destitute of merit.*

T O D E L I A.

W H I L S T poets pour their happiest lays,
And call thee ev'ry thing divine;
Not quite so lavish in thy praise,
To censure be the province mine.

Though born with talents to surprise,
Thou seldom dost those pow'rs display:
Thus seem they trifling in thine eyes;
Thus heav'n's best gifts are thrown away.

Though rich in charms, thou know'st it not;
Such is thine ignorance profound:
And then such cruelty thy lot,
Thy sweetest smile inflicts a wound.

T O F O R T U N E.

Y E S Fortune, I have sought thee long,
Invok'd thee oft, in prose and song;
Through half Old England woo'd thee:
Through seas of danger, Indian lands,
Through Afric's howling, burning sands:
But, ah! in vain pursued thee!

Now, Fortune, thou wouldst fain be kind;
And now I'll plainly speak my mind—

I care

I care not straws about thee:
 For Delia's hand alone I toil'd;
 Unbrib'd by wealth, the Nymph has smil'd;
 And bliss is ours without thee.

T O C H L O E.

CHLOE, a thousand charms are thine,
 That give my heart the constant sigh!
 Ah! wherefore let thy Poet pine,
 Who canst with ease his wants supply?

O haste, thy charity display;
 With little I'll contented be:
 The kisses which thou throw'st away
 Upon thy dog, will do for me.

I cannot, however, conclude this First Part of Mr. PETER's lucubrations without a severe reprehension of his want of loyalty, as well as want of respect, for that first of Courts St. JAMES's; and, moreover, to prove that disloyalty and disrespect, I give the following Ode, which he, with all his impudence, dares not deny that he wrote. I suppose that it was written in the last reign, since it is impossible it should be in the present.

T O A FRIEND IN DISGRACE.

SO then, thy SOV'REIGN turns away his face!
 Thank God, with all thy soul, for the disgrace.

This instant down upon thy knee,
 And idolize the man who makes thee free;

T t

N o

No more endeavour FOLLY's hand to kifs :
 At first I look'd with pity on thy state ;
 But now I humbly thank the foot of Fate,
 That kindly kicks thee into blifs.

I've been disgrac'd too—felt a Monarch's frown,
 And consequently quitted town :—
 But have my fields refus'd their smiles so sweet ?
 Say, have my birds grown sulky, with the KING ?
 My thrushes, linnets, larks, refus'd to sing ?
 My winding brooks to prattle at my feet ?
 No ! no such matter !—Each unclouded day
 On dove-like pinions gayly glides away :
 In short, all Nature seems dispos'd to please—
 Then prithee quit thy qualms ; look up and laugh ;
 The rural pleasures let us largely quaff,
 And make our *congé* to the Gods of Ease.

By day, shall NATURE's simple voice
 Our walks, and rides of health rejoice,
 Far from an empty Court where Tumult howls ;
 And should at night, by chance, an hour
 Be with *ennui* inclin'd to low'r,
 We'll go and listen to our Owls ;

Birds from whose throats 'tis said that *wisdom* springs—
 How very diff'rent from the throats of Kings !



